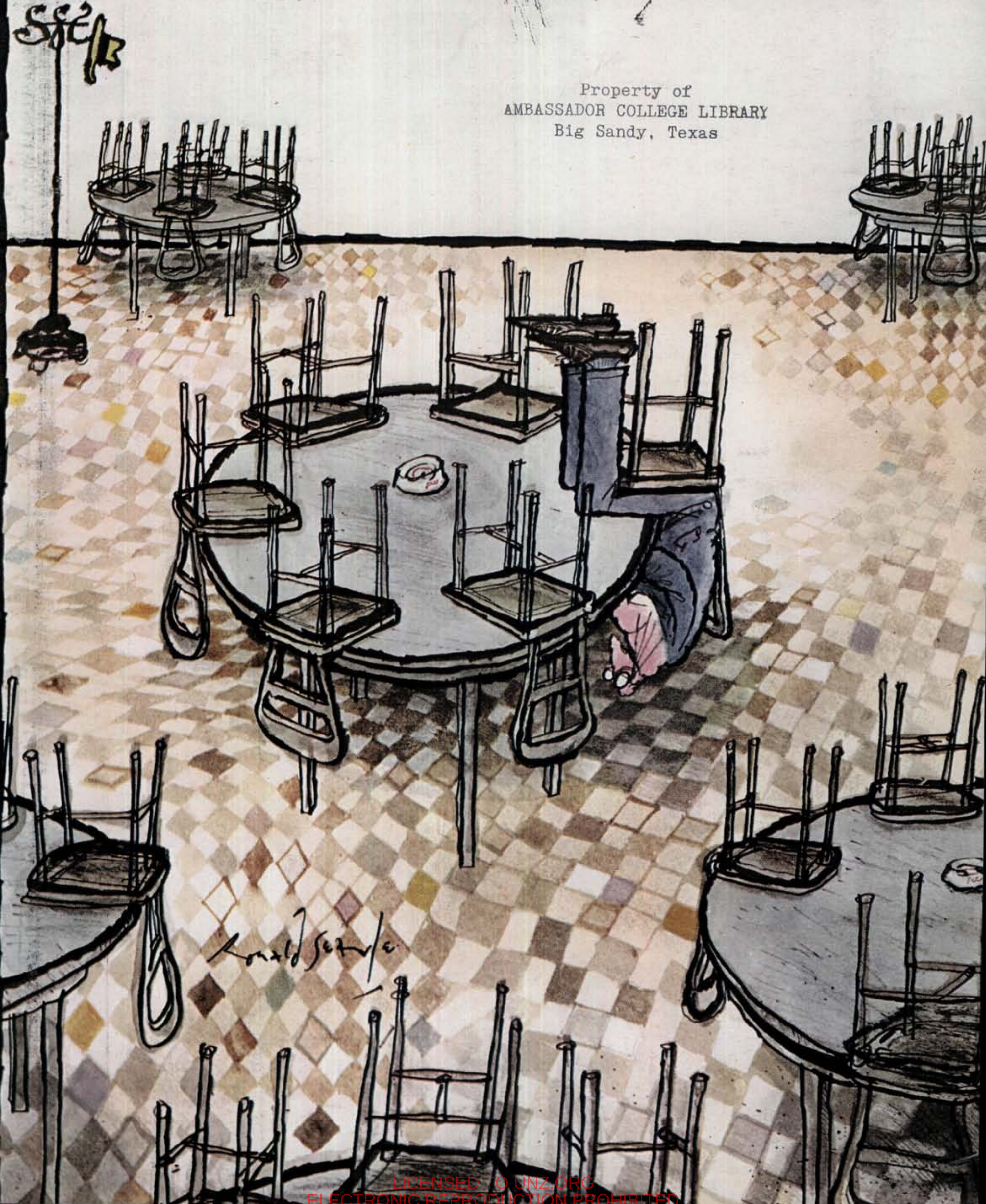
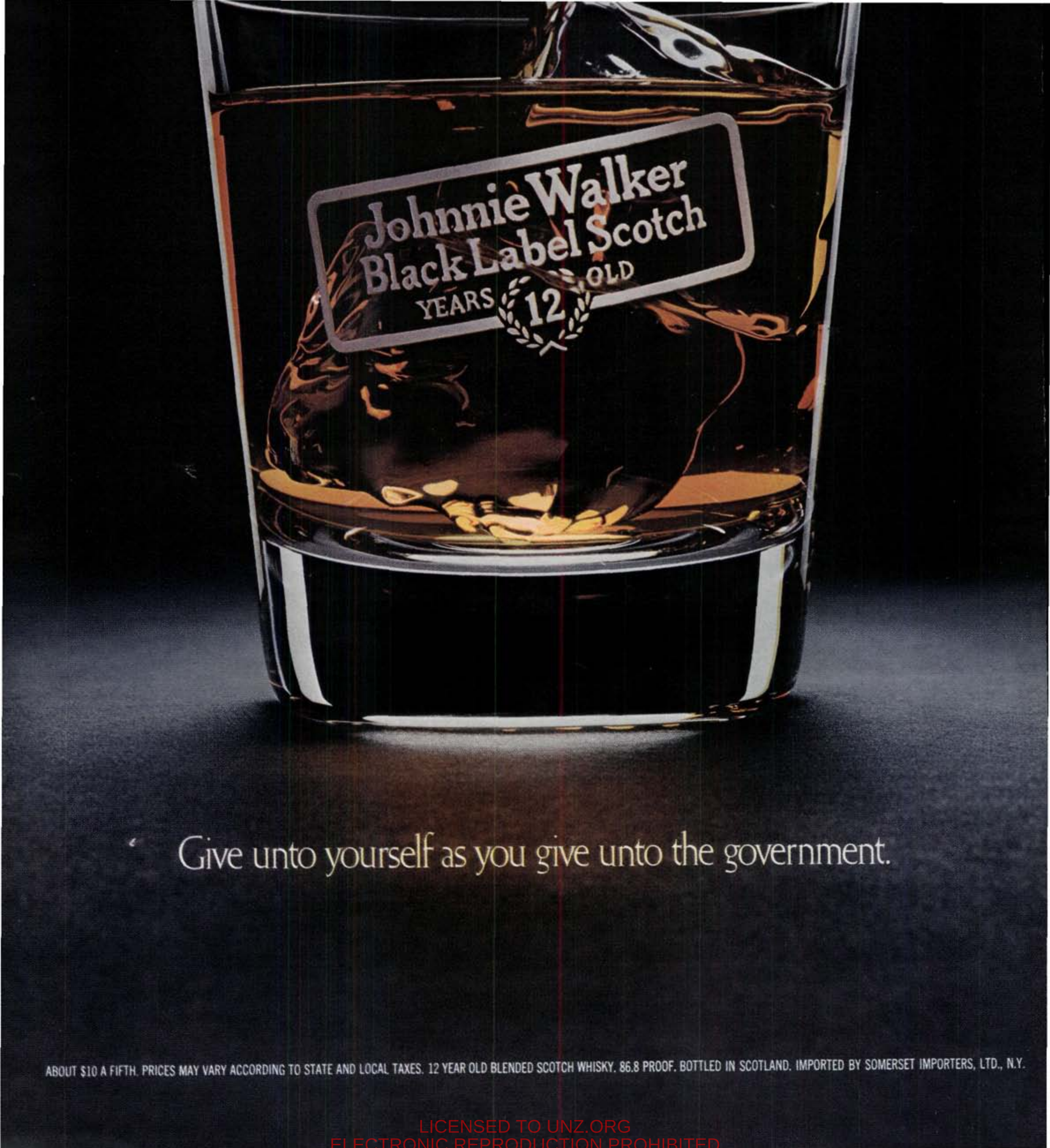
Mar. 31, 1973

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas


Ronald Searle



Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD
Give unto yourself as you give unto the government.

ABOUT $10 A FIFTH. PRICES MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES. 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

Lord & Taylor

Our pencil-line voile—another McMullen accomplishment.
Cool sheer cotton with self buttons and a separable sash.
Glade green or navy crisscrossed with white. 8 to 18, 56.00
Sports Dresses, Fifth Floor—and at all Lord & Taylor stores.
Now open! Lord & Taylor, Oakbrook, our first Chicago area store.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Changing Room—A team of mumbling, down-at-heel, semi-professional Rugby players undress and put on their gear and play a match and take off their gear and shower and sing and go home. Little nourishment is to be got from overhearing them, though the cast is able. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Echoes—A play by N. Richard Nash, with David Selby, Lynn Milgrim, and Paul Tripp. (Bijou, 45th St., W. 757-8455. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Emperor Henry IV—Rex Harrison, Eileen Herlie, and Paul Hecht in a five-week engagement of the Pirandello play. Directed by Clifford Williams. Opens Wednesday, March 28. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Endgame—André Gregory's Manhattan Project in the Beckett play. (Normandy Room, New York University, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. 228-7160. Fridays and Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:15.)

An Evening with the Poet-Senator—Leslie Weiner's play within a play gets pretty confusing, and his ideas are naïve, at best, but he is a promising dramatist who can write interesting scenes and characters. The acting is good. With Henderson Forsythe, Margaret Linn, David Margulies, and Tandy Cronyn. (Playhouse 2, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Finishing Touches—Jean Kerr's new play is, as you might expect, full of funny lines. The plot concerns some infinitesimal sexual longings in Academe. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Lansing, Gene Rupert, and Pamela Bellwood. The director is Joseph Anthony. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fly Chelsea to Brooklyn—A series of four shows. The first one, called "From Palo Alto to Brooklyn," will play through Sunday, April 1. The performers are Paul E. Richards and Gerald Hiken, of the New Theatre, in Palo Alto, California. . . . ¶ The second production, "The Naming," will be a workshop by the Iowa Theatre Lab. Opens Tuesday, April 3, and will run through Wednesday, April 18. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A funny, brief lark, set in a seedy night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White, who also appear in it, and was written by them and the three other members of the cast—Alan Shearman, John Neville-Andrews, and Sally Willis. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8 and 10; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Here Are Ladies—Siobhan McKenna in a revival of her solo program of scenes and poems by practically everyone's favorite Irish writers of the twentieth century. Preview Wednesday, March 28. Opens officially on Thursday, March 29. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

The Hot l Baltimore—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is somewhat synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them comparatively inexperienced, perform very well, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Irene—Debbie Reynolds, George S. Irving, Monte Markham, and Patsy Kelly are so charming and energetic that they make this simpleminded curiosity of a musical seem first-rate. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Little Night Music—A sweetly romantic and yet coolly amoral musical about making love and its consequences. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, the book (borrowed from a Bergman screenplay) is by Hugh Wheeler, and the brilliant direction is by Harold Prince. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Karl Marx Play—A play by Rochelle Owens, with music by Galt MacDermot. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 7:30; Thursdays at 6:15; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 14.)

National Lampoon's Lemmings—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No Hard Feelings—Eddie Albert and Nanette Fabray in a comedy by Sam Bobrick and Ron Clark. Abe Burrows directed. Previews

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 29
"ON BAIL" . . . . *R. Prawer Jhabvala* 34
"IN THE VILLAGE" (POEM) . . . . *Andrew Oerke* 36
"LIFE WITHOUT MIND" (POEM) . . . . *David Shapiro* 42
PROFILES (PIERRE BOULEZ—II) . . . . *Peter Heyworth* 45
THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . *Edith Oliver* 77
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 79
A REPORTER AT LARGE (INTERNATIONAL ART AND ANTIQUITIES TRAFFIC—II) . . . . *Karl E. Meyer* 80
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 104
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 110
CONCERT RECORDS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 113
BOOKS . . . . *Anthony West* 117
BRIEFLY NOTED 118

COVER: *Ronald Searle*

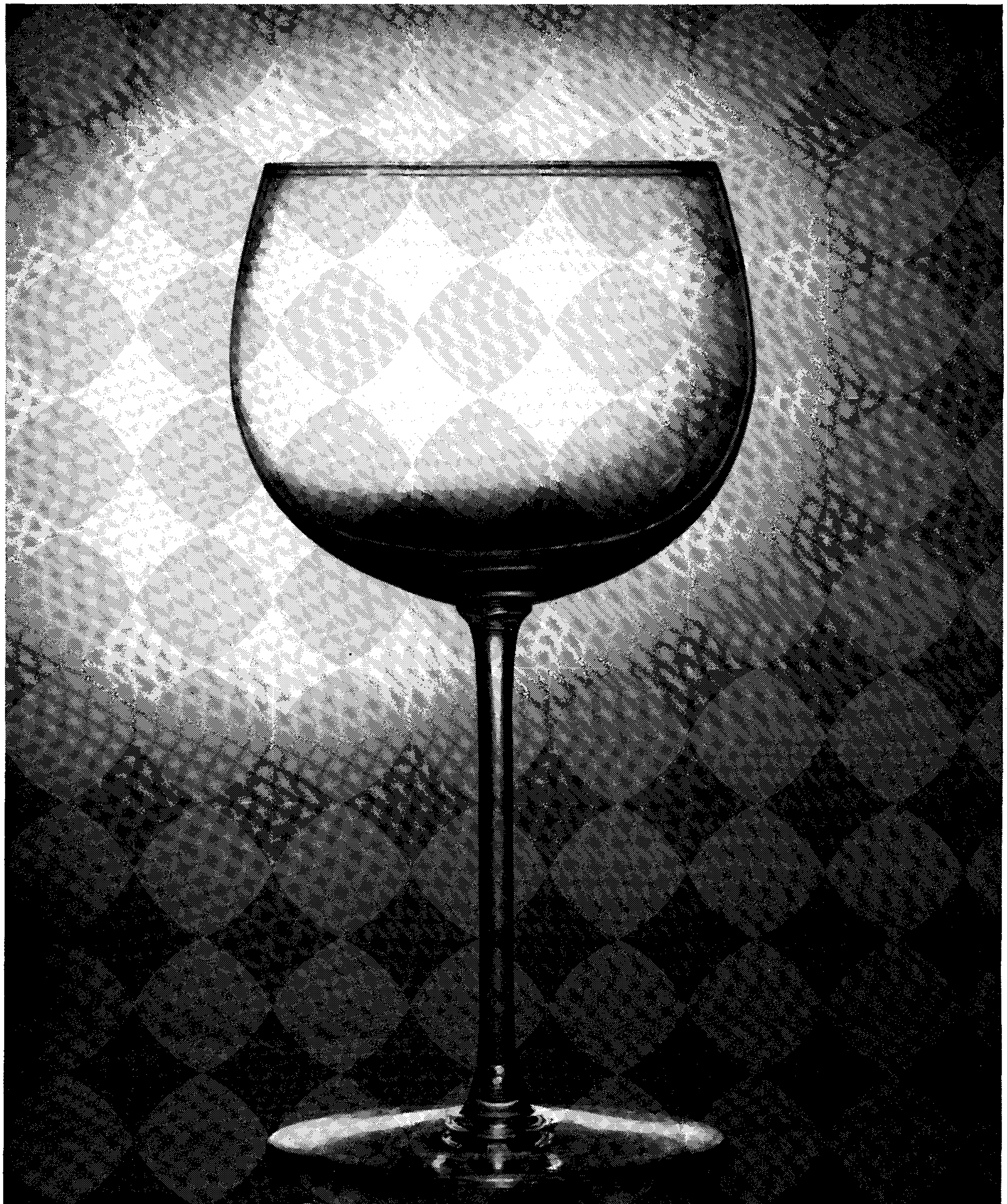
DRAWINGS: *James Stevenson, Joseph Farris, William Von Riegen, Mischa Richter, Charles Saxon, Edward Koren, Donald Reilly, Lee Lorenz, Charles E. Martin, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Robert Weber, Stan Hunt, Eldon Dedini, Warren Miller, William Hamilton, Frank Modell*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein, vice-president; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLIX, No. 6, March 31, 1973. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1973 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $12.00; two years, $20.00. In Canada, Latin America, and Spain, one year, $14.00. Other foreign, $16.00.



The Tiffany all-purpose glass.
The only glass you will ever need.
Seven inches high. Seven dollars each.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK, PHONE ORDER (212) 759-9110, FIFTH AVE. & 57TH ST. · ATLANTA · CHICAGO · HOUSTON · SAN FRANCISCO · BEVERLY HILLS
Please add one dollar for shipping and handling plus sales tax where applicable. American Express · BankAmericard

through Saturday, March 31. Opens officially on Sunday, April 1. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Pippin—A great big gorgeous show, built by prestidigitation upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Leland Palmer. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Shakespeare's **THE MERCHANT OF VENICE**, directed by Ellis Rabb, with Rosemary Harris. The third in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 7.)

The River Niger—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Seesaw—Several handsome production numbers almost make up for the shaky little lonely-man-and-lonely-girl story, which ought never to have been blown up into a musical. With Michele Lee and Ken Howard. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

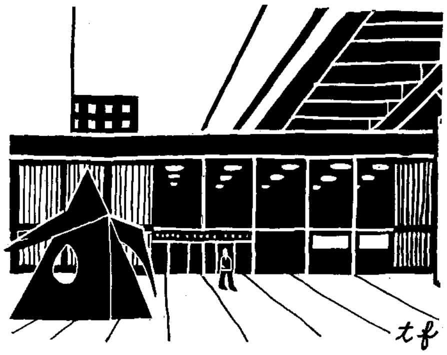
6 Rms Riv Vu—Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander bring to life a thin little comedy by Bob Randall about contemporary urban marriage. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Step Lively, Boy and **Croesus and the Witch**—Two musicals by Micki Grant, directed by Vinnette Carroll. Miss Carroll adapted the first from Irwin Shaw's play "Bury the Dead." "Croesus" is the curtain-raiser. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Sunday at 2 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's latest comedy, worth seeing for the performances by Jack Albertson and Sam Levene as a pair of querulous elderly vaudevillians. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Thoughts—A light, ironic little musical about a black boy in Alabama who becomes a black man in this city. Lamar Alford wrote the lively jazz-and-rock score and most of the words, and his songs are very well sung by a gifted company of assorted colors. Howard Porter is splendid as the young hero, and he is well supported by, among others, Barbara Montgomery and Mary Alice. Michael Schultz directed, and Ken Billington designed the excellent lighting. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Tooth of the Crime—This new satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators, as they literally track the action all over the playing area and up and down ladders. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. The acting is quite good. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Try It! You'll Like It!—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Two Noble Kinsmen—The play by William Shakespeare (maybe) and John Fletcher (absolutely). Preview Wednesday, March 28. Opens officially on Thursday, March 29, at 7:30. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,374 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie are now in Neil Simon's comedy, in which we are made to laugh all evening long at how miserable we are (and deserve to be) as resident New Yorkers. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND** and **AFTER MAGRITTE:** Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SUGAR:** Not even a patch on the great movie ("Some Like It Hot") from which it was borrowed, but Robert Morse deserves your attention, in and out of drag. A musical. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** A musical by John Guare, Galt MacDermot, and Mel Shapiro, directed by Mr. Shapiro, in which the Bard receives an amusing roughing-up at the hands of some remarkably attractive actors. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, March 28, at 8: "Square Dance," "The Lesson," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais."... ¶ Thursday, March 29, at 8: "Square Dance," "Parade," and "Trinity."... ¶ Friday, March 30, at 8: "Reflections," "Parade," and "Trinity."... ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 2: "Chabriesque," "Valentine," "After Eden," and "Interplay." ... ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 8: "Reflections," "Jive," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Sunday, April 1, at 2: "Interplay," "Jackpot," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Sunday, April 1, at 7:30: "Kettentanz," "Valentine," "After Eden," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

National Dance Company of Senegal—A troupe of thirty-seven singers, dancers, musicians, and acrobats. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, April 3, at 6:45; Wednesday, April 4, at 12:30 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, April 5-6, at 7:30; Saturday, April 7, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, April 8, at 2 and 5:30.)

Emily Frankel—In a concert for the benefit of the Dance Collection of the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, March 31, at 8.)

Indrani—With her company of Indian dancers and musicians. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 3-4, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Whatever happened to the old steam calliope? (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Wednesday, March 28, at 1 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Mondays at 12:30. No performance Friday evening, March 30, because of a basketball playoff. Closes Monday, May 28. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Negro Ensemble Company Dance and Music Festival—The opening events in a series of eight. Wednesday through Friday, March 28-30: Morse Donaldson Dance Theatre.... ¶ Saturday and Sunday, March 31-April 1: Black Dance Workshop (from Buffalo).... ¶ Tuesday through Friday, April 3-6: Alpha-Omega 1-7 Dance Company.... ¶ Saturday and Sunday, April 7-8: Chuck Davis Dance Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Bunraku—Opening performances of a two-week engagement (two programs) by the National

and now there are two Jensens

JENSEN INTERCEPTOR III

The Jensen story is the story of nearly 100 years of quality coach-building. Our latest product, the Jensen Interceptor III, can truly be called an international product. It is a beautiful blending of Italian styling, American power, and English design and craftsmanship. The result gives the Jensen owner a most satisfying experience. The car sits solid on the road and immediately demonstrates its superior handling and road-holding. Yet it is the quiet, effortless running that is the most impressive, with smooth power and easy controls. Nothing has been spared in giving the interior a comforting feeling of luxury, a feeling that makes time spent in your car particularly pleasurable. If you are not a car enthusiast, beware! This car is likely to make you one! If you are, you will love it.

JENSEN INTERCEPTOR III ($15,000)

JENSEN-HEALEY

. . . the new Jensen-Healey from the makers of the hand-built Jensen Interceptor. In appearance, performance and convenience, the epitome of the classic British sports car. Designed by Donald Healey, C.B.E., and powered by an engine specially built by Lotus, Jensen-Healey is everything you expect a fine sports car to be. The power plant is a 4 cylinder 2 litre cast aluminum engine which features twin overhead camshafts and four valves per cylinder for the kind of performance few cars can deliver. This superb engine is the most efficient on the market today—it passed 1973 emission tests with the highest horsepower per cubic inch of any engine so far. And all this with no air pump or recirculation exhaust. The Jensen-Healey—classic good looks with the latest in advanced engineering.

JENSEN-HEALEY ($4995)

Send for FREE color brochure

Public Information Department

JENSEN MOTORS INC.

1200 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, CA 94109

(415) 776-7700

Ask about our overseas delivery plan.

Please send free color brochure

JENSEN INTERCEPTOR ☐

JENSEN-HEALEY ☐

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________ STATE ________ ZIP ________

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Puppet Theatre of Japan. The almost life-size puppets will perform the first program Tuesday through Sunday, April 3-8. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Sundays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Engagement ends Sunday, April 15.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Why angry? The inhabitants look pacific enough as they listen to jazz—some of it quite advanced—produced by a trio led by pianist John Foster, which is here Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Thursday through Saturday, March 29-31, alto-saxophonist Charles McPherson will sit in, and Thursday through Saturday, April 5-7, tenor-saxophonist George Coleman will do the same. No music Sundays through Wednesdays. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Singer Claudia Lennear opens here Wednesday, April 4. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths. Thursday through Sunday, March 29-April 1, pianist Barry Miles will conduct a trio. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 3-4, bassist Sam Jones will conduct one, and Thursday through Sunday, April 5-8, tenor-saxophonist Clifford Jordan will be in charge of a quartet. Music from nine to two. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. Guitarist Joe Beck will lead a trio through Saturday, March 31. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when Bill Rubenstein, a fine pianist, is at the keyboard between nine and one. Dinner.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short, with glitter and finesse, savoir-faire and aplomb, virtuosity and a clear ability to remain on top of the situation, is back where he belongs, as are his customary sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Songs, with lyrics you can understand, at nine-forty-five every night but Sunday and Monday. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mary Lou Williams, a pianist, composer, and arranger who has a solid place in the history of jazz, is working with bassist Milton Suggs six nights a week. Saturdays, Dick Hyman brings his ripple-jazz approach to the keyboard. Music from eight until one. Saturdays and Sundays, between three and seven, a potent pianist named Roland Hanna contributes his talents. Dining in pleasant surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and take your chances (some of the acts here are topflight, some not). Through Saturday, March 31, an outfit called Mount Airy will share the stage with folk singer Bob McCarthy. The mikes are switched on at about nine. Sundays are a very mixed bag. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A happy combination of music, ambience, and circumstance has turned this little corner into a solid winner. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of tried-and-true sensibilities, plays with flawless taste, accompanied by bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. On Sunday, April 1, between five and eight, the pair will present a program consisting entirely of Frederick Loewe songs. On Mondays, another piano-and-bass team is here. Snacks.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, sleek, slick midtown home, this club is offering two jazz groups each night. Through Saturday, March 31, the Modern Jazz Quartet (perfection under glass) will alternate with two strong guitarists, Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma. Sonny Rollins, one of the world's most satisfying tenor saxophonists, brings in his foursome on Monday, April 2. The Newport Ensemble, which includes Larry Ridley on bass, Al Harewood on drums, and George Wein on piano, will be on the same bill. All these people play from nine-thirty until three or four. Sundays, from nine until two, Dick Cone and Leo Ball lead a big band.

Horn & Hardart, 1557 Broadway, at 47th St.—Going beyond the Salisbury-steak principle, the Automat has decided to convert to live music and dancing on Fridays and Saturdays between nine and one. The lights are dimmed, a dance floor is created, and snacks and alcoholic drinks are served. A group called Harpy provides the sound.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jimmy Young takes over. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty to three nightly. Sundays, between four and seven, the Quantzy Major Trio (violin, oboe, and bassoon) changes the pace, doing sixteenth-to-eighteenth-century material.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—It does not float, but it swings, being a new, long bar with a back room in which some high-calibre people perform. Through Sunday, April 1, singer Grady Tate will be here with a backup quartet. Pianist Barry Miles will bring in a combo on Tuesday, April 3. On Mondays, the bandstand is turned over to vocalist Joe Lee Wilson and a quartet headed by saxophonist Frank Foster. Entertainment from nine to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland. Roy Eldridge, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, Eddie Locke, Major Holley, and Bobby Pratt are the musicians. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A new midtown restaurant that looks like a new midtown restaurant. In the bar—which is as round as a faucet washer—pianist Barry Harris and bassist Larry Davis turn out some intelligently swinging jazz Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one. Mondays, singer-pianist Dottie Stillwall guides a trio. A fairly full dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—The bar is a museum piece, and the crowd tends to be young and enthusiastic. Sandy Bull, an eclectic instrumentalist (part of his head is into Eastern music, part of it into the blues), will appear through Sunday, April 1. The New York Dolls, a group of deliberately epicene lads who are one of this season's more lightweight conversation pieces, will turn up Tuesday, April 3. Mondays, various other musical types drop in. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Roughhewn furnishings and some rough-and-ready entertainment. Folk singer John Herald and singer-songwriter Garland Jeffreys will remain through Sunday, April 1. A British group known as If will make music Monday through Thursday, April 2-5. Singer Tim Buckley will be here Friday through Sunday, April 6-8. Shows Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty the rest of the week. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the **blue room cabaret,** on the second floor of this theatre complex, some young, insistent, and variously talented performers play and sing at ten and midnight.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—More than just a pub, this restaurant offers Britannic décor and some good music. Pianist Ray Bryant and bassist Hal Dodson are turning out some high-level stuff Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until one. Mondays, a Dixieland band plays from nine until midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Thursdays through Saturdays, March 29-31 and April 5-7, drummer Freddie Waits will direct a trio between ten and three. No live sounds the rest of the week. The club has a comfortable main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery. Dining.

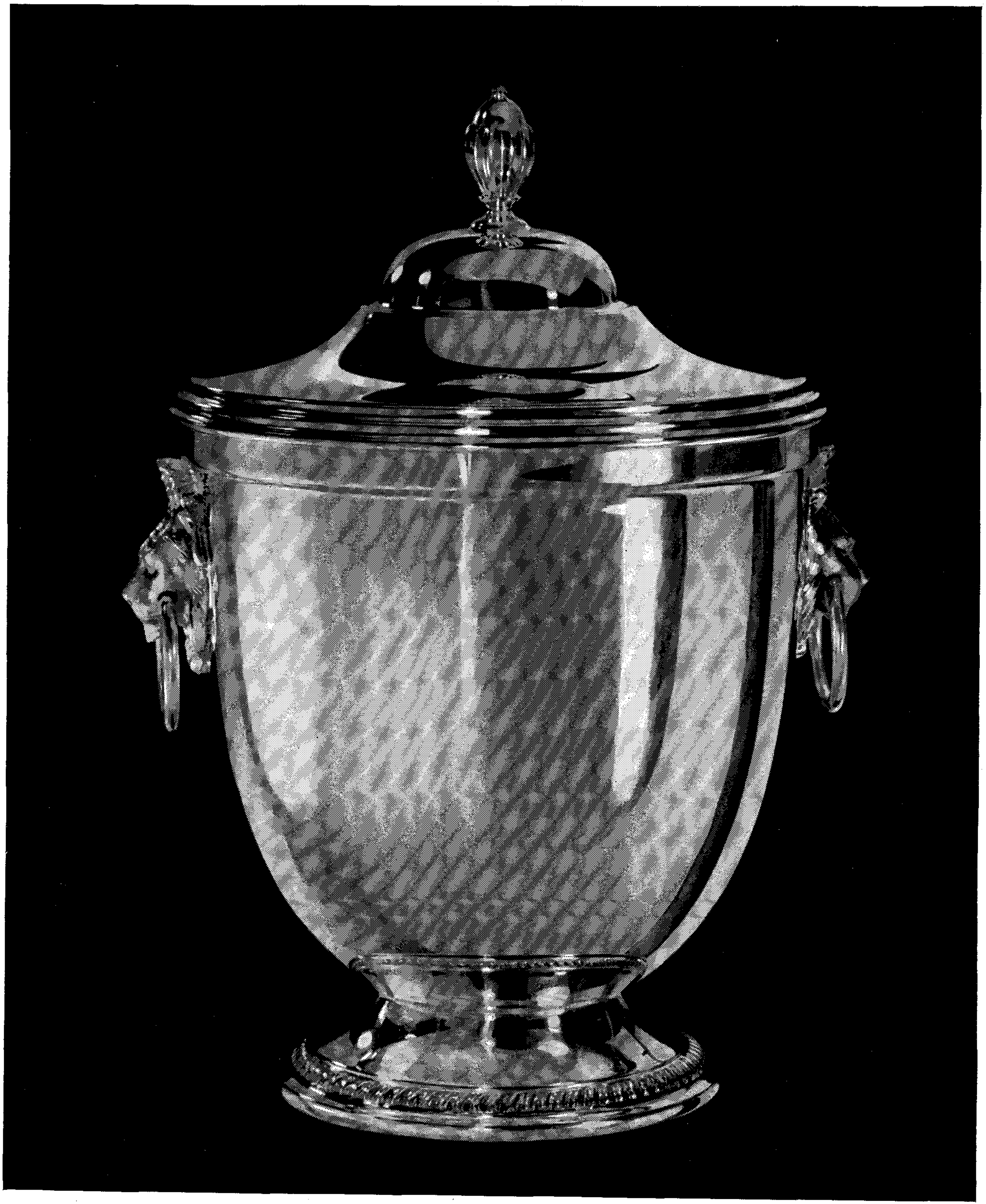
Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—A bar, some tables, some food, some jazz. Patti Wicks plays a stimulating piano and sings, in company with bassist Perry Lind, Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to twelve, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to two. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A shipshape bar-and-restaurant with an entertainment policy that runs from the nineteen-twenties to the nineteen-seventies with no perceptible hitch. Permanent members of the cast are pianist Sammy Benskin and singer-host Jimmie Daniels. Betty Rhodes, who does Jacques Brel material, among other things, is also in evidence. Mr. Benskin is present between seven and one. The others do shows at nine and eleven Tuesdays and Wednesdays and at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five Thursdays through Saturdays. Mondays, a variety of budding entertainers are invited in. Dining. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, poised and elegant, sits in a straight-backed chair and does songs that owe much of their meaning to timing, gesture, and intonation. The tales she tells are of love and loss and youth and age, and they are supported by Jimmy Lyon's sensitive piano. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Small jazz groups play on Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty in this attractive, restful club. Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, flutist and saxophonist Richard Clay will head a quartet. Snacks.

Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303)—If Blossom Dearie were a bell, she could go on ringing forever, and a lot of people would be ecstatic about it. When she sits at the piano and sings in her small, clean, honest voice, something happens that makes a lot of other singers



THE LION'S HEAD ICE BUCKET,
FOR SOCIAL LIONS WHO WOULD NEVER DREAM OF SERVING A LUKEWARM DRINK.
In silverplate, 2 quarts capacity, 11 inches tall, $75.00. At finer silverware stores.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 · TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

sound like tin buckets in comparison. She is performing in this little bar-and-restaurant Thursdays through Saturdays from six to eight and Sundays at four-thirty and at six-thirty. She does it concert-style, with a pause or two to enable patrons to replenish their drinks.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Sax man Sonny Stitt will be here with his trio through Sunday, April 1. Ahmad Jamal, a pianist who manages to create a certain amount of excitement, will arrive with two colleagues on Tuesday, April 3. Wednesdays, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman trades sets with the other musicians. Music from about ten. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Pianist Randy Weston will present his African Rhythms Jazz Quartet through Sunday, April 1. Tenor-saxophonist Eddie Harris will come in with a foursome on Tuesday, April 3. Mondays, the big, dynamic Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band has the stage to itself. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Kenny Brawner and a bassist play Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a revue, is up for inspection Mondays through Thursdays at ten-fifteen and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Preceding the show, comedian Jimmy Walker appears at nine-thirty, and following the show on Wednesday and Thursday Hattie Winston does a spate of songs at eleven-thirty; on Friday and Saturday, Miss Winston goes on at eleven. Miss Winston and Mr. Walker will finish on Saturday, March 31. Singer John C. Attle will arrive on Monday, April 2; he will do shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Thursdays and at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*Schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band). The two get along famously and cacophonously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX,** trumpeter Bobby Hackett is presenting a hearty crew of musicians, including Vic Dickenson on trombone, Hank Jones on piano, and Remo Palmier on guitar. They alternate with the George Cort trio Tuesdays through Saturdays, and with pianist Roger Steele on Mondays. Mr. Steele goes it alone on Sundays. The music begins at five-thirty; dancing from seven-thirty.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España have been around long enough to know that life is not all sangría and skittles, but their homespun, woven-in-Barcelona philosophy, expressed in cantata and cavorting, makes it seem that way. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **FLAMENCO SUITE,** there is activity, after eight-thirty, by vocal and physical athletes who are madrileños in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—On Wednesday, March 28, singer Sarah Vaughan and comedian Lonnie Shorr will be ending their revels, so that, on the following evening, Don Rickles can begin talking. Pete Lemongello, arriving the same night, will do the singing. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT,** a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, the Colin Beaton orchestra and a soft-rock group named Boogie provide the dance music from seven-thirty to two. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Phil Wayne spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the **CAFÉ** with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Herb Winner's triad is on duty Sundays and Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** there are song recitals by Sig and Gary at dinner and supper. On Monday, April 2, they will be succeeded by soprano Ethel Ennis. Dick Lewis is on the bandstand, heading up his dance crew. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand every day from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Mondays through Thursdays from eight to midnight and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—It's open season for grouse on this plateau, and Jack E. Leonard, who has an unkind word for almost everything, is the lead gunner. His cheerful grousings occur during dinner and supper, and so do the songs of Carolyn Daye. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE,** still a fair copy of a royal palace, amuses its house guests with dinner and supper visitations by George Shearing and his jazz quartet. On Monday, April 2, the Count Basie band will take over the podium. Dancing to Anthony Terini's orchestra and trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE,** the next-door sylvan glade, offers the rustles of eternal spring—the violin of Jani Sarkozi, who shows up for dinner and supper every night but Monday. A Russian menu.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. The interior design is elegantly ornate, and the cuisine is on the *haute* side. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by a hard-sell floor show (all your favorite jukebox hits, etc.). Dancing begins at five, but the live entertainers don't appear until about nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the **EMPIRE ROOM,** at dinner and supper, there is Peggy Lee, making ballads come alive. She departs on Saturday, March 31, and Sergio Franchi will come in, singing his Roman head off, on Tuesday, April 3. Mr. F. will on his first night appear only at ten. Dancing all evening to the Charles Turecamo orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Bill Halsey, a near-complete pianist, goes from Handy to Ellington (and sometimes beyond) between eight-thirty and two Mondays through Saturdays. Leonard Gaskin is his bassist. A gaslight flickers. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Eating, dancing (sometimes to rock), and merrymaking in this shadow of the Acropolis until very, very late. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, from eight-thirty until four. Additionally, every night but Sunday, singer-guitarist Robert Miano performs at ten-thirty and midnight. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table, and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Charlie La Torella plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek to the beat of an agile Athenian quartet. Every night but Sunday. Dancing. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri surveys her small domain from the top of a piano, whence she sings during dinner and supper. Dancing, too. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **FRANK'S PLACE,** 41 E. 58th St. (838-0364): Norman Kubrin, who has a jazz-and-pop voice and deft fingers, sings and plays piano for cocktails and early dining from five-thirty to eight-thirty Mondays through Fridays. He is absent Saturdays, and the restaurant is closed Sundays.

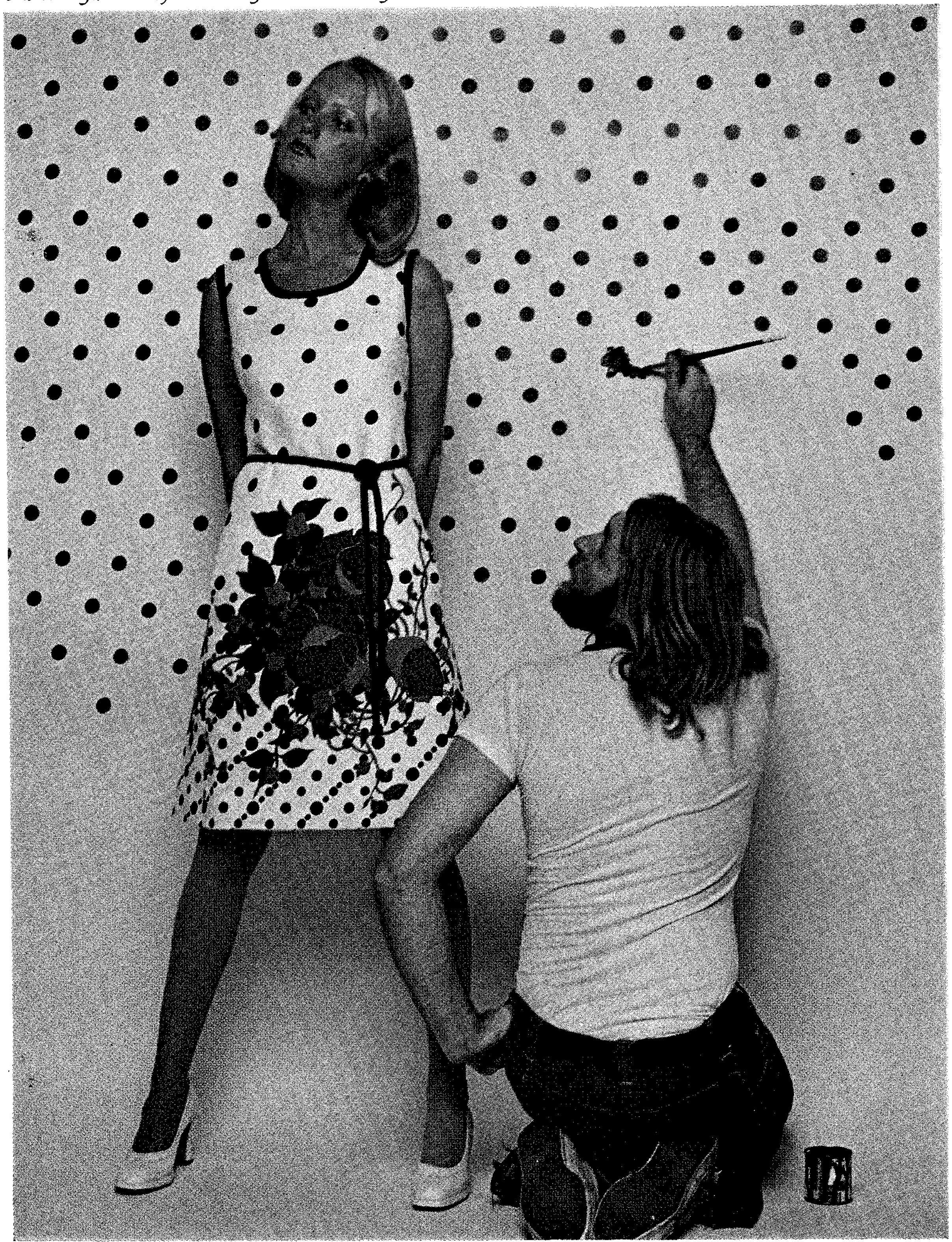
SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): The setting is Roman circa 1975, and the music is the voice and guitar of Gino Toscano. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Underneath Iperbole, in an equally ornamented, compartmented grotto, dance music flows from the Three Romans, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Moat, armor, medieval architecture. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): The dinner piano in this pleasurable and polite refectory is the work of Richard Wilkins. His hours are seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): High above First Avenue, wherefore a view. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the instrument to other hands on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar-and-grill, every night, except Sunday and Monday, Robert Poitevin, whose piano once hung on Piaf's every word, adds to the sparkle. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): The piano practitioner in this extremely matter-of-fact Village grill is Gration Oullette, who plays Wednesdays through Sundays, from eight to two. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from four-thirty to ten-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (355-

"IT'S A SCENE STEALER."

"Talk about stealing the show . . . this number did!
Everyone raved about the bold border print, and the U-neckline and belt in a contrasting color.
It's 100% cotton with linen trim. Comes in sizes 6-16. Costs a mere $44.00.
That night in my dressing room I hung the star."



IT'S TANNER.

New York, Abercrombie & Fitch
Indianapolis, L. S. Ayres
Cincinnati, Gidding-Jenny
Phoenix, Goldwaters
Florida, Jordan Marsh
Louisville, Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Or write: Tanner of North Carolina,
530 Seventh Avenue, N.Y. 10018

The Getaway Porsche

When you want to fly the coop, the 914 is the coupe to fly with.

It hugs and corners rugged winding roads as only a mid-engine car can.

It has a 5-speed gearbox and rack and pinion steering, so it really reacts.

And the 914 has a built-in feeling of freedom about it.

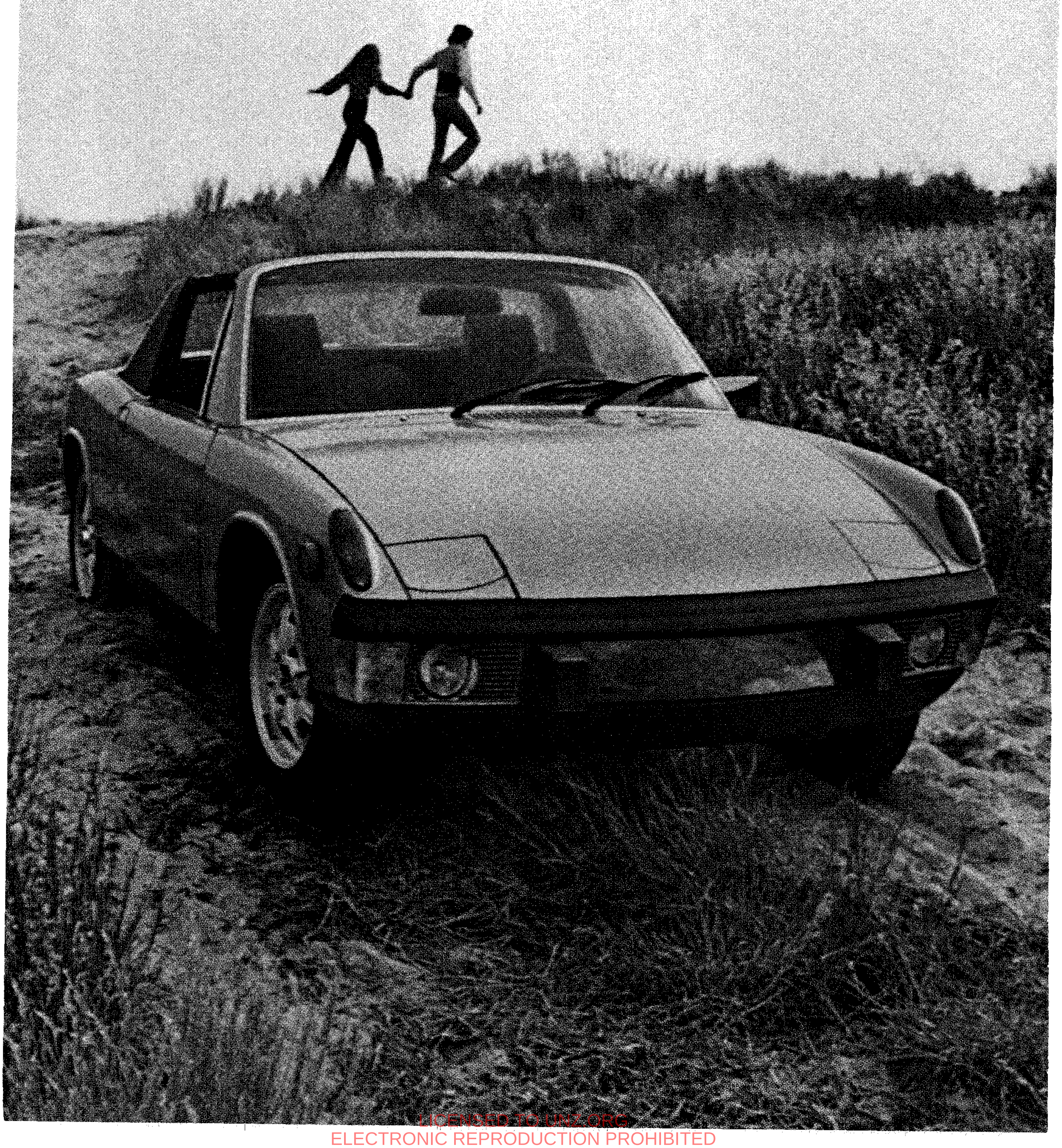
It has as much legroom as a luxury sedan.

A roof that snaps off in seconds when you want to taste the wind.

Bucket seats that fit to the body.

And 2 roomy trunks, so there's nothing between the two of you but what's between the two of you.

For getting out of the doldrums, there's nothing like getting into a Porsche.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8989): Marty Berns' piano is always urbane and frequently nostalgic in this candle-lit, red-carpeted little restaurant. Mondays through Fridays from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Concours d'élégance.* George Feyer's Viennese piano and occasional murmured lyrics can be heard from eight-thirty to one-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the roads that lead to Rome. On and around a wayside bandstand is a crew of musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **NIRVANA**, penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): A little bit of Bangladesh, with a view. Arooj Lazewal, on sitar, and Badal Roy, on drums and tabla, provide a subdued background for dining, every night but Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **LAIR**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): Behind the heavy wooden door, a sanctuary in which Larry Oleno sings and plays piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until midnight. Dining, meanwhile, merges into supping. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): On the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, and in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be postprandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ—Thirty-four Optical paintings creating effects of halos of light; through Saturday, March 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

MIKE BAKATY—Light-catching forms in plastic; starting Saturday, March 31. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Bright-colored combinations of collage and painting; through April 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

RALPH H. BLAKELOCK (1849-1919)—Seventy paintings covering the entire career of this outstanding American artist; through Saturday, March 31. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

MAUDE BOLTZ / NANCY SPERO—Rope-and-string sculptures. / Works on paper incorporating figurative elements and writings of Artaud. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Through Wednesday, April 4. Closed Mondays.)

WARREN BRANDT—Still-lifes by a veteran colorist; through April 12. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK BRUSCA—Paintings of cartoon figures, numbers, and letters, with a three-dimensional effect; through Saturday, March 31. (Landry-Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

DAVID BUDD—Monochromatic paintings; starting Tuesday, April 3. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

REG BUTLER—Four life-size figures in bronze and fifteen drawings by a leading British artist; through April 14. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JON CARSMAN—Paintings of New York cityscapes; through April 20. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD CHILDS—Fifteen large abstract oil paintings; through Saturday, March 31. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

RUSSELL COWLES—Landscapes from the late thirties to the present; through April 14. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

RALSTON CRAWFORD—Freely painted works by an abstractionist; through Saturday, March 31. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

GENE DAVIS / BILL JENSEN—Drawings and lithographs by an artist who has specialized in stripes. / Abstract paintings that emphasize texture, some through the use of sand. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Through Thursday, April 5. Closed Mondays.)

PETER DEAN AND PHILIP SHERROD—Figurative Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, March 31. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID DIAO—One huge abstract painting in heavy pigment; through Tuesday, April 3. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

LOUIS MICHEL EILSHEMIUS (1864-1941)—Fifty paintings by this American Romantic; starting Tuesday, April 3. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.) . . . ¶ Drawings and watercolors from the artist's sketchbooks; starting Tuesday, April 3. (Lewison, 30 E. 60th St. Closes Saturdays at 4:30.)

MARY FRANK—Figurative stoneware sculptures and monoprints by a leading young New Yorker; starting Tuesday, April 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

SIDEO FROMBOLUTI—Cape Cod landscapes and figure paintings, frequently consisting of two or three panels, with heavily painted surfaces; through Friday, March 30. (Landmark, 469 Broome St.)

CRISTOS GIANAKOS—Cast sculptures in colored polyester; starting Saturday, March 31. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

LIONEL GILBERT—Abstract and semi-abstract oils of still-lifes, landscapes, and interiors, some with suggestions of the human figure; through April 14. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANCES GODOWSKY—Abstract paintings and collages; through April 14. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

SIDNEY GOODMAN—Paintings, watercolors, pastels, and drawings of figures, frequently with ominous overtones; through April 14. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Large-scale paintings by a well-known New York experimentalist; starting Saturday, March 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HARVEY GORDON—Photo-realist paintings of the urban scene; through Saturday, March 31. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

SUSAN HALL / CARLOS VILLA—Representational paintings, mostly landscapes. / Paintings in dark earth colors, with beads and feathers. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Through April 11. Closed Mondays.)

DALE HENRY—One large four-part painting that reflects light; starting Saturday, March 31. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

AUGUSTE HERBIN (1882-1960)—Twenty-five works, from 1917 through the nineteen-fifties, by a geometrical abstractionist who has recently aroused interest in Europe and the United States; through Thursday, April 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—Fifty years of drawings, lithographs, and etchings by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through April 28. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

SHEILA ISHAM AND ARLENE SLAVIN—Abstract paintings; through Thursday, April 5. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL JENKINS—Watercolors in this artist's free-flowing rich colors; through April 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

WASSILY KANDINSKY (1866-1944) / **CRAIG KAUFFMAN**—Forty watercolors and drawings from 1911 to 1914./Vacuum-formed colored plastics by a Los Angeles artist. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Through Wednesday, April 4. Closed Mondays.)

CONSTANTINE KERMES—Primitive paintings featuring American rural religious groups; through Saturday, March 31. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

HARRIET KLINE—Painting-constructions using Plexiglas; through April 14. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

LEROY LAMIS—Cubic constructions in clear and colored plastic; through April 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

BARRY LEVA—One sculpture of circular metal elements and connecting rods; through April 17. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

ETHEL MAGAFAN—Paintings based on studies done in the mountains of the Far West; starting Tuesday, April 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

ALFRED H. MAURER (1868-1932)—Forty-five paintings of this early twentieth-century American modernist's Fauve period, done before World War I; through Saturday, March 31. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ Twenty-five paintings; through Saturday, March 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

JAN MCEVOY—Paintings and collages of abstract landscapes; starting Tuesday, April 3. (Gallery 84, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

BILL MCGEE—Color-field paintings; through Wednesday, April 4. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

HANS MOLLER—Landscapes, most of them of Monhegan, Maine; through Saturday, March 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

ARMANDO MORALES—Paintings of nudes, pears, and apples, by a Nicaraguan; through April 21. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ED MOSES—Paintings built up in several layers of paper; through April 18. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

LOWELL NESBITT—Romantic paintings, based on photographs and postcards, with the theme of water; through Saturday, April 7. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

COSTANTINO NIVOLA—Terra-cotta plaques and figures, including a series with a seaside motif; through April 14. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

KENZO OKADA—Abstract paintings of nature in subdued tones; through Saturday, March 31. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

CLAES OLDENBURG—Twelve years ago, in his manifesto written for the "Environments, Situations, Spaces" exhibition at Martha Jackson, Oldenburg declared, "I am for an art that is political-erotical-mystical, that does something other than sit on its ass in a museum." Today, elegant lithographs and silk-screens of baked potatoes, bread slices, toilets, and wall plugs, and photo-offsets of notebook sketches and scribbled words hang in Knoedler's fifth-floor print gallery, and they look as venerable as the Whistler etchings they have replaced. The "fine-art" look that Pop Art has taken on in little over a decade is one of the anomalies—or perhaps inevitabilities—of the movement. The prints on view here are largely derived from earlier drawings for sculptures and monuments, and followers of Oldenburg's career (or readers of Barbara Rose's definitive study of the Pop master published by MOMA in 1970) will not be surprised by anything in the exhibition except, perhaps, by the prices, which, considering what art—not to say food—costs today, are pretty reasonable, and are conveniently posted on the wall right next to each print. Through April 21. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

MICHAEL PRICE—Sculptures and reliefs based on the human figure; starting Saturday, March 31. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT REED—A show of Abstract Expressionist paintings that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Whitney; through Saturday, March 31. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

SOPHY REGENSBURG—Still-lifes in high-keyed colors, some using collage; starting Saturday, March 31. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

LARRY RIVERS—Large paintings, some with cutouts; through April 14. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KURT SELIGMANN (1900-62)—A comprehensive exhibition of the graphic work by this well-known Surrealist; through April 14. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St. Closed Mondays.)

YVONNE THOMAS—Drawings and collages on the theme of the waterfall; through Thursday, April 5. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

LLOYD TUGWELL—Paintings of Chinese architectural subjects; through Saturday, March 31. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

RUTH VOLLMER—Mathematical interpretations of

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

seashells, done in Plexiglas; starting Tuesday, April 3. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

H.C. Westermann—Sculptures in several mediums, and drawings and lithographs, by a constructor of fantasies; through Saturday, April 7. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Ulfert Wilke—Calligraphic paintings in color and black-and-white; through Saturday, April 7. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Wilson—*Still-lifes by this painter also* known for her landscapes; starting Tuesday, April 3. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Isaac Witkin—Five large steel sculptures for the outdoors; through Saturday, April 7. *(Elkon, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)*

Group Shows—At the **ARRAS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Sculptures and wall hangings by Enrico Baj, Peter Collingwood, Lee Krasner, Miró, Bernard Pfriem, Vasarely, and others; through Saturday, April 7. (Closed Mondays.)... **AUSTRIAN INSTITUTE**, 11 E. 52nd St.: Watercolors, drawings, and graphics by Hundertwasser and other members of the "Vienna School of Fantastic Realism;" starting Tuesday, April 3. (Closed Saturdays.)... **CHINESE CULTURAL CENTER**, 159 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: Examples of contemporary calligraphy from the Republic of China; through April 8. (Daily, 10 to 6.)... **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Newly acquired paintings by Picasso, Matisse, Mondrian, Braque, and others; through April 30.... **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Sculptures by Archipenko, Arp, Lipchitz, Maillol, Nadelman, and others; through Friday, April 6. (Closed Mondays.) ... **GORDON**, 37 W. 57th St.: Thirty-seven items of American folk art; through Saturday, April 7. (Closed Saturday afternoons.) ... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Carved ivories, figurines, paintings, and artifacts by thirty-seven Eskimos from Alaska, as well as works by American painters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, such as Copley, Homer, Eakins, Johnson, and Peto; through Saturday, March 31.... **LOGIUDICE**, 59 Wooster St.: Paintings and sculptures by Artschwager, Budd, Marden, Ryman, Warhol, Andre, Chamberlain, di Suvero, Serra, and others; through Wednesday, April 4. (Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.) ... **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Abstract paintings on paper by Manny Farber, realist paintings by Martin Hoffman, and slide projections by two other artists; starting Saturday, March 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER**, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: Black-and-white photographs, color slides, and rubbings of plaster casts of folk art on gravestones in the United States; through April 14. (Closed Saturday mornings.)... **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Approximately a hundred watercolors by artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—Hassam, Heade, Homer, Pascin, Prendergast, Walkowitz, and others; through May 19. (Closed Mondays.)... **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by German Expressionists; through Tuesday, April 3. (Closed Mondays.)... **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Thirty-six works on paper (drawings, pastels, and watercolors) by nineteenth-century Continental and British artists, among them Turner, Corot, Lawrence, Millet, Lear, Cruikshank, Bonheur, Cabanel, Gros, and Sickert; through April 10. (Closed Mondays.)... **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Sculptures by David Smith, Lipton, Bourgeois, Ferber, Hare, Noguchi, and Lassaw; through April 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6:30 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 4.)... **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings and sculptures by six artists, one of them Jan Doubrava (1911-72); through Sunday, April 1. (Thursdays and Fridays, 4 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—About sixty outstanding East Indian sculptures, paintings, costumes, textiles, armor, and jewelry, from 2700 B.C. to the nineteenth century, taken from the Museum's collection; through April 1....¶ Over a hundred and fifty gowns designed by Cristobal Balenciaga (1895-1972), plus Spanish paintings, tapestries, and prints from the Museum's collection; through July 1....¶ Thirty-six paintings, mostly of Greek and Roman subjects, by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema; through April 29....¶ A retrospective of the photographs of Paul Strand, dating from 1915 to 1968; through April 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An expanded exhibit, in newly remodelled galleries, of paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection....¶ A survey of the work of Charles Eames, the furniture designer and architect; through May 30.... ¶ Sixty-five prints of Edvard Munch (1863-1944), some of them devoted to the relationship of man and woman; through April 29. ...¶ Eighty twentieth-century collages, watercolors, and drawings, representing major artists and movements in twentieth-century art, by Boccioni, Léger, Sheeler, Oldenburg, and others; through May 16....¶ Two hundred and twenty-eight examples of news photography; through April 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—First museum exhibit in America by Ferdinand Hodler (1853-1918), a Swiss. It consists of approximately a hundred and ten Symbolist and Art Nouveau paintings and drawings. Through April 8....¶ Forty-five paintings from the Museum's permanent collection, done since 1952; through Sunday, April 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Two hundred paintings, watercolors, wood engravings, and etchings by Winslow Homer (1836-1910), one of America's leading painters and illustrators; starting Tuesday, April 3....¶ A hundred and seventeen pieces—sculptures, drawings, films, video tapes, holograms, and environments—by the West Coast avant-gardist Bruce Nauman, who has been labelled in such categories as anti-form, process, conceptual, and body art; starting Friday, March 30....¶ Seven large purple Abstract Expressionist canvases by Robert Reed; through April 8. A complement to this show is his exhibit (ending Saturday) at the Washburn Gallery, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-nine etchings by artists of Paris (Cassatt, Corot, Daubigny, Degas, Monet, and others); through April 15. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"And Then There Were None," a continuous slide-showing of extinct and endangered animal species. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works submitted for Institute awards by thirty-five painters and sculptors; through April 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Ceramics from tenth- to twelfth-century Manchuria and North China; through May 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Eighty-four etchings by Salvator Rosa (1615-73), done between 1651 and 1663; through April 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Rare English and American books, manuscripts, historical documents, and original drawings for book illustrations; through April 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Manuscripts and first and fine editions of Greek and Latin classics; through May 2....¶ A series of illuminations from an early twelfth-century English manuscript; through May 2.... ¶ Major acquisitions of the last two years; through May 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Eighteenth- and twentieth-century altars used for witchcraft rituals, plus dolls and other items employed in voodoo, Pennsylvania hexerei, and other aspects of the occult; through April 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Eighty works from Africa, Oceania, and the Americas showing varieties of form, stylization, and scale in representations of the human face. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St.—Sixty-two masks, sculptures, ceramics, and other examples of the use of the skull as a motif by American Indians; through Saturday, March 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A multi-medium exhibit about East Harlem, with paintings by artists from the community (notably Carl Vicars), along with paintings and photographs done by East Harlem children and adults in five community workshops; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Works in soft materials by Oldenburg, Serra, Robert Morris, Rauschenberg, and others; through May 6....¶ Landscapes, animals, and birds by Chu Ta, a seventeenth-century Chinese; through April 15....¶ More than eighty works dealing with New York City subjects and country-house scenes done in the past thirty-five years by John Koch; through Sunday, April 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors: the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Documents: Famous & Infamous," an exhibition of letters of historical importance and literary forgeries of great cunning; through May 31....¶ Prints by women, from Diana Ghisi (1535-87) to Lee Bontecou; through May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, March 28: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Yvonne Minton, Marcia Baldwin, Walter Berry, John Alexander, and Morley Meredith; conducted by Christoph von Dohnanyi....¶ Thursday evening, March 29: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Viorica Cortez, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, and Paul Plishka; Carlo Felice Cillario....¶ Friday evening, March 30: "Peter Grimes," with Phyllis Curtin, Lili Chookasian, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Donald Gramm; Sixten Ehrling....¶ Saturday matinée, March 31: "Roméo et Juliette," with Colette Boky, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, John Macurdy, and Clifford Harvuot; Alain Lom-

The Music Radio.

It's got a lot more going for you than just news, weather and sports.

LOUDNESS
BALANCE
TONE
FUNCTION
AM
FM
FM STEREO
AUX
FM 88 90 92 94 96 98 100 102 104 106 108
ZENITH
AM 55 60 70 80 100 120 140 160
AFC ON
AFC OFF
TUNING
ON

If all you want to hear is the headlines, the precipitation probabilities, and the ball scores, any radio will do.

But when you're listening to Beethoven, Bartok, or Blood, Sweat & Tears, your ears deserve something better.

You need The Music Radio.

The Music Radio is a high-style, high-quality instrument from Zenith (model E441W) that makes FM, AM, and stereo FM broadcasts come alive as no ordinary radio can.

Its powerful, sensitive receiver drives through two compact, full-range speaker units that can go just about anywhere for best stereo separation.

You get full stereo controls, too, to let you adjust balance, tone, and other stereo functions to your heart's content.

And you can even add on an optional record changer (model C9024W), if you like.

The Music Radio. It's one radio that's a lot more than just talk.

At Zenith, *the quality goes in before the name goes on.*®

ZENITH®

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bard. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 31: "Carmen," with Rosalind Elias, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and Tom Krause; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Monday evening, April 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Franco Bonisolli, Hermann Prey, Fernando Corena, and Cesare Siepi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 3: "Pique Dame," with Regina Resnik, Shirley Love, Jon Vickers, John Reardon, and William Walker; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 4: "Roméo et Juliette," with Colette Boky, Judith Forst, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Dominic Cossa, John Macurdy, and Clifford Harvuot; Alain Lombard. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 5: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Yvonne Minton, Marcia Baldwin, Walter Berry, John Alexander, and Morley Meredith; Christoph von Dohnanyi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 6: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, and Paul Plishka; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 7: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Franco Bonisolli, Hermann Prey, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 7: "Tosca," with Martina Arroyo, Franco Corelli, Tito Gobbi, and Fernando Corena; Carlo Felice Cillario. A nonsubscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 28, at 7: The New York première of Hans Werner Henze's "The Young Lord" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Betty Allen, Richard Fredricks, Kenneth Riegel, and Sir Rudolf Bing (*lui-même*); conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 29, at 8: "Beatrix Cenci," with Arlene Saunders, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Justino Díaz, and John Stamford; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, March 30, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte," with Johanna Meier, Deborah Kieffer, Kenneth Riegel, and John Darrenkamp; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 2: "La Traviata," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Raymond Gibbs, and Richard Fredricks; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 8: "La Bohème," with Emily Derr, Nancy Shade, Luciano Rampaso, and Samuel Timberlake; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 1, at 1: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Patricia Brooks, Ruth Welting, Harry Theyard, and Michael Devlin; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 1, at 7: "Beatrix Cenci," with Arlene Saunders, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Justino Díaz, and J. B. Davis; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 3, at 8: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Rose Wildes, John Alexander, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 4, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Harry Theyard, and Michael Devlin; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 5, at 8: "The Young Lord" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Ruth Welting, Richard Fredricks, Kenneth Riegel, and Sir Rudolf Bing; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, April 6, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Beverly Sills, Hilda Harris, André Turp, and William Chapman; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 7, at 2: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, José Carreras, Richard Fredricks, and Jerold Siena; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 7, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Beverly Evans, Kenneth Riegel, and Dominic Cossa. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 29.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of a double bill: Puccini's "Suor Angelica," conducted by James Conlon and directed by Lee Owens; and the first New York performances of Walton's "The Bear," conducted by David Ramadanoff and directed by Boris Tumarin. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 29-31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Pierre Boulez conducting performances of Haydn's opera "L'Incontro Improvviso" in concert form on Thursday, March 29, at 8:30; Friday, March 30, at 2; Saturday, March 31, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 3, at 7:30 (all with Henry Butler, narrator; Sheila Armstrong, Maralin Niska, and Barbara Shuttleworth, sopranos; George Shirley and Andrea Velis, tenors; Spiro Malas, bass-baritone; and Bruce Prince-Joseph, harpsichord). . . . ¶ Aldo Ceccato conducting a varied program on Thursday, April 5, at 8:30; Friday, April 6, at 2; and Tuesday, April 10, at 7:30 (all with Rafael Druian, violin). . . . NOTE: An hour before the concerts on Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, and Tuesday, April 3, there will be half-hour all-Stravinsky recitals by Miss Armstrong; Paul Jacobs, piano; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; the Gramercy String Quartet; and others.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Pittsburgh Symphony—William Steinberg directing a performance of Beethoven's Symphony No. 9, with Eileen Schauler, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Jess Thomas, tenor; Arnold Voketaitis, bass; and the Pennsylvania State University Choirs. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 28, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Lorin Maazel conducting the final performances of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 28, and Friday, March 30, at 8:30, both with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, March 29, at 8:30, with Israela Margalit, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 31, at 8, the same program as in Brooklyn.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Antal Dorati conducting, with Zino Francescatti, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 1, at 3.)

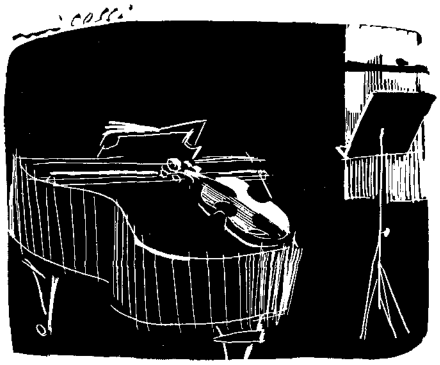
Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting and acting as piano soloist in a program of baroque music, with the Concord String Quartet; Lois Bove and Neva Pilgrim, sopranos; Sophia Steffan, mezzo-soprano; Nico Castel, tenor; the Gregg Smith Singers; the New York Choral Society; the New York Kantorei; the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society; and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, March 31, from 6 to 10:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting performances of Bach's "St. John Passion," with Benita Valente, soprano; Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler and Leo Goeke, tenors; Thomas Paul and Paul Plishka, basses; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; and Leonard Raver, organ. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 31, at 8, and Sunday, April 1, at 5:30.)

Handel Society Orchestra and Chorus—Stephen Simon directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Saul," with Irene Jordan and Patricia Wise, sopranos; Maureen Forrester, mezzo-soprano; John Stewart and Henry Price, tenors; Donald Gramm, baritone; Elaine Comparone, harpsichord; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 3, at 8.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Mozart program, with Gina Bachauer, piano. The final concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 4, at 8.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Alvaro Cassuto conducting, with Alison Deane, piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, April 9, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)



National Chorale—Martin Josman directing a program of American music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 4, at 8.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt," with Bonita Glenn and Susan von Reichenbach, sopranos; Sophia Steffan, mezzo-soprano; Melvin Brown, tenor; and John Anthony and Gene Hollmann, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 7, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Béla Szilágyi—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 28, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Hiroko Yajima, violin; John Graham, viola; Ronald Leonard, cello; Julius Levine, double bass; Lee Luvisi, piano; and others. The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 30, at 8.)

Prospective Encounters with Members of the New York Philharmonic—Pierre Boulez conducting the last in a series of programs of contemporary chamber music, this one with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; and Richard Frisch, baritone. The performances take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, March 30. For information about tickets, call TR 4-2424.)

Alexander Schneider, Leslie Parnas, and Murray Perahia—Violin, cello, and piano, in a program of trios postponed from Dec. 9. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 31, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; and John Browning and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 1, at 5, and Tuesday, April 3, at 7:30.)

Pierre Cochereau—Organ. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 1, at 8.)

Igor Kipnis—Harpsichord, in a program of Bach concertos. (Grand Ballroom, Riverside Plaza Hotel, 253 W. 73rd St. Sunday, April 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 265-0425.)

Eleanor Lawrence—Flute, with Joseph Seiger, piano; Gino Sambuco, violin; Henry Nigrine, viola; and David Wells, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 1, at 8.)

Renata Tebaldi—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 1, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The third in this season's series of four programs entitled "The Continuing Avant-Garde" will be devoted to the chamber music of Arthur Berger, with the composer at the piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 1, at 8.)

Mona Golabek—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, April 3, at 8.)

Jennie Tourel and Earl Wild—Mezzo-soprano and piano, in a concert postponed from March 14. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, April 3, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 3, at 8.)

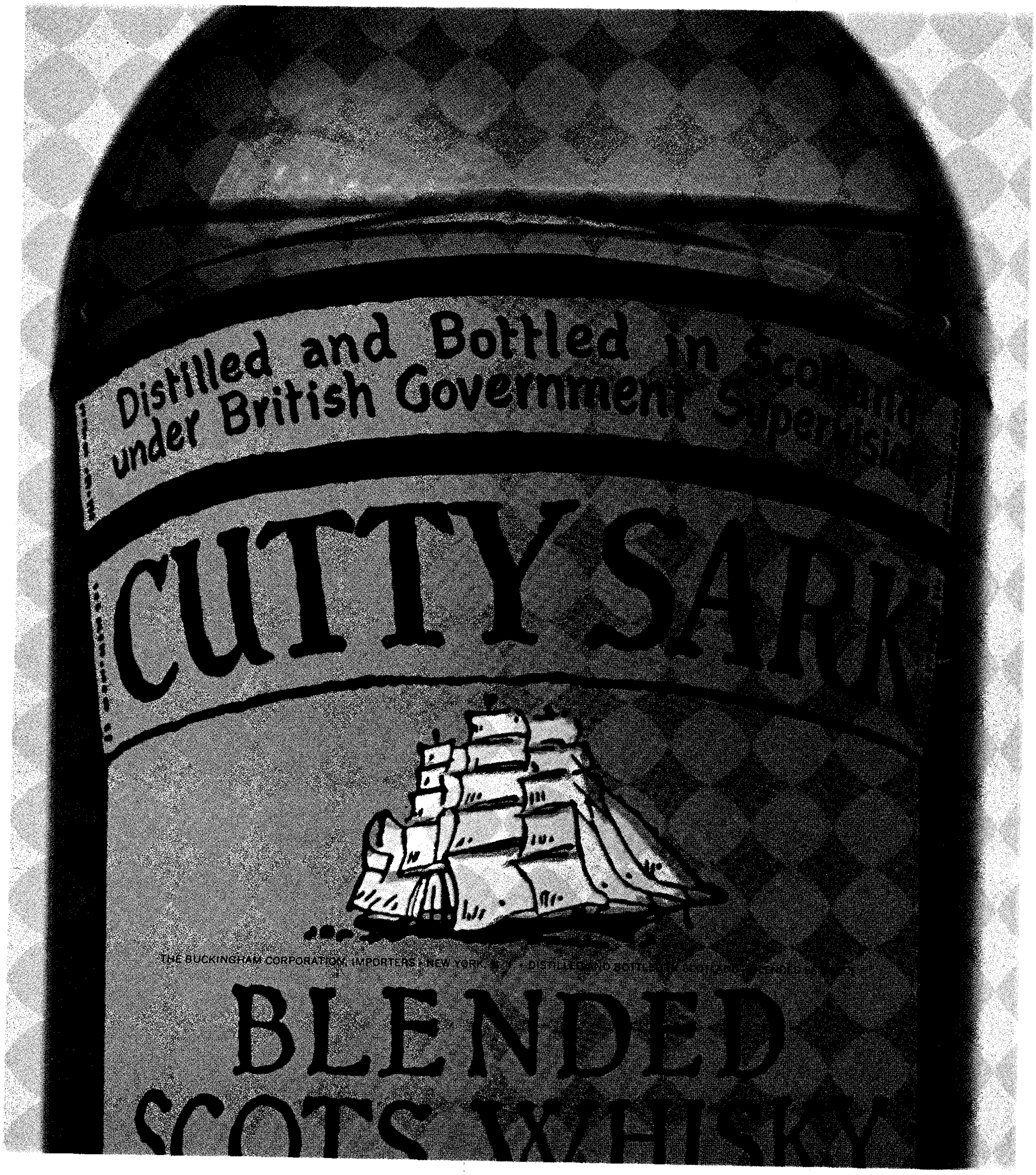
Gary Graffman—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 4, at 8.)

Amadeus String Quartet—In the first in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 5, at 8.)

New York Camerata—Paula Hatcher, flute; Charles Forbes, cello; and Glenn Jacobson, piano, with Jeannette Walters, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 5, at 8:30.)

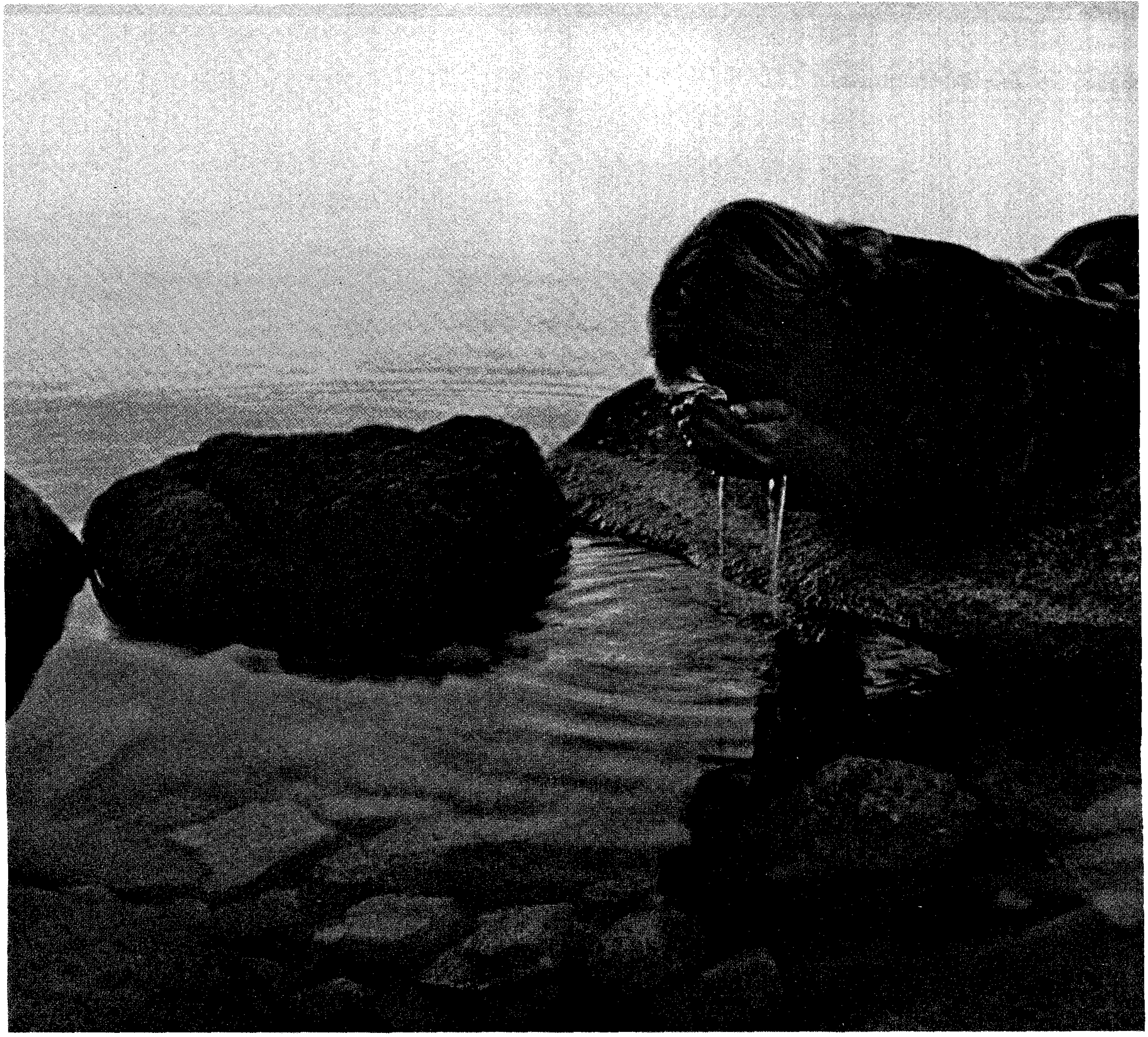
Isaac Stern—Violin, with Jules Eskin, cello; Nobuko Imai, viola; Jaime Laredo and Alexander Schneider, also violin; and Ruth

Two things America has learned in the past 5 years: "Black is Beautiful," and...


Distilled and Bottled in Scotlan
under British Government Supervisio
CUTTY SARK
THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED
BLENDED
SCOTS WHISKY

"Don't give up the ship!"

Forget all the adjectives.
The only thing that matters
in Scotch is taste.
Buy one bottle.



There's at least one lake still pure enough to drink. General Electric is helping keep it that way.

Lake Tahoe has been called the most beautiful lake in the world. To keep it that way, the people who live there needed one of the world's most advanced sewage treatment systems.

With General Electric's help, they now have it on the lake's south shore.

Water from the system, like the lake itself, is pure enough to drink. But the people of Tahoe want only natural mountain streams flowing into the lake. So the treated water is pumped over a mountain pass into a reservoir.

GE motors, controls and meters keep the whole system working. And GE equipment will power a similar system for the north shore.

It's only one example of how GE technology is working to help preserve the environment.

GE jet engines for the DC-10 are virtually smoke-free. GE nuclear plants are just about the cleanest way there is to make electricity. A new GE incinerator can burn most trash without any annoying smoke or odor.

As long as man is on earth, he's likely to cause problems. But the men at General Electric will keep trying to find answers.

Men
helping
Man

GENERAL ELECTRIC

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Laredo and Alexander Zakin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 6, at 8.)

Benita Valente and Fernando Valenti—Soprano and harpsichord, in an all-Handel program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 6, at 8.)

Martha Argerich—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 7, at 8.)

Martti Talvela—Bass. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 7, at 8.)

Quartetto Italiano—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 7, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Composers' Forum—The last in a series of programs, this one devoted to works by Eric Richards and Richard Trythall. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Saturday, April 7, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 28, at 5:45: **BLOSSOM DEARIE**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 4, at 5:45: **NIKKI GIOVANNI**, poet.

Ragtime—William Bolcom and Joan Morris in a benefit program of Scott Joplin rags and pop songs. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Friday, March 30, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 790-4395.)

Rick Nelson—With the Stone Canyon Band and Claudia Lennear. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 30, at 8.)

Fleetwood Mac, Elf, and John Heisman's Tempest—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, March 30, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Quicksilver and Canned Heat—Academy of Music. Saturday, March 31, at 8 and 11:30.

Jazz/Tap—Baby Laurence, Chuck Green, L. D. Jackson, Buster Brown, and John T. McPhee. The show that surrounds them is of lesser quality. They come on at 6. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Every Sunday. Admission by contribution.)

Genesis and Sandy Denny—Philharmonic Hall. Monday, April 2, at 8:30.

Miriam Makeba—With Ruby Dee and Ossie Davis, in a benefit recital. (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. Friday, April 6, at 7. For information about tickets, call 348-0952.)

Paul Butterfield's Better Days, with Doug Sahm and His Band—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 6, at 8.

Curtis Mayfield and Taj Mahal—*Philharmonic* Hall. Saturday, April 7, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—Mets vs. Philadelphia—the first National League games here. (Shea Stadium. Friday, April 6, at 2:05, and Saturday, April 7, at 2:15.)

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association Eastern Division playoffs, Knicks vs. Baltimore. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 30, at 8, and Sunday, April 1, at 2:05.). . . ¶ American Basketball Association Eastern Division playoffs, Nets vs. Carolina. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Tuesday, April 3, and Thursday, April 5, both at 7:35.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, March 28, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 1, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Detroit.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 12. The Westchester Handicap, Saturday, March 31, and the Gotham, Saturday, April 7. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, June 2.

Tennis—Lady Gotham Classic: Chris Evert, Virginia Wade, Olga Morozova, Linda Tuero, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Wednesday through Friday, March 28-30, at 6; Saturday, March 31, at 7:30; and Sunday, April 1, at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, May 24.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN**: "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday and Sunday, March 31-April 1, at 4. . . . ¶ "Patience," Saturday, April 7, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.). . . **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the final children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, April 7, at 12:10 and 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "Band-Wagon." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . **B. GAY PUPPETS**: "The Three Wishes." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, March 31, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.). . . **LITTLE THEATRE OF THE DEAF**: A program of visual language, mime, and spoken word. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Sunday, April 1, at 1.). . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Looice," Saturday, March 31, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "On Behalf of the Laugh," Saturday, April 7, at 2:30. (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. For tickets, call 260-4863.). . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS**: "To the Rescue." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.). . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE**: "Aladdin." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, April 1, at 2. Children under five not admitted.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Edge of the Universe." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Saturday Nights with the Filmmakers—The second in a series of six programs, this one consisting of film clips from movies directed by John Schlesinger, followed by a discussion between Richard Brown and Mr. Schlesinger. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 31, at 8.)

Artists' Studios—Four artists—Chaim Gross, Stanley Boxer, Pat Lipsky, and Peter Reginato—will open their studios to the public on Saturday, April 7, from 2 to 5:30, in a benefit tour. (For information about tickets, call 874-0414.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, March 29, at 2: Art Nouveau glass and lamps, from several owners. . . . ¶ Friday, March 30, at 2: English ceramics, including a collection of Wedgwood; from many sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 10:15: Modern European and American paintings by such artists as Mary Bauermeister, Arman, and Soto; from various collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from a number of owners.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—The first programs in a twelve-day festival of new films by new directors. March 30 at 6 and March 31 at 8:30: "Helen, Queen of the Nautch Girls" (India; Anthony Korner) and "Kodou" (Senegal; Ababacar Samb). . . . ¶ March 30 at 8:30 and March 31 at 6: "Les Zozos" (France; Pascal Thomas). . . . ¶ April 1 at 6 and April 2 at 8:30: "Time Within Memory" (Japan; Toichiro Narushima). . . . ¶ April 1 at 8:30 and April 2 at 6: "The Goat Horn" (Bulgaria; Metodi Andonov). . . . ¶ April 3 at 6 and April 6 at 8:30: "Daddy" (England/Switzerland; Peter Whitehead and Niki de Saint-Phalle). . . . ¶ April 3 at 8:30 and April 6 at 6: "Tonight or Never" (Switzerland; Daniel Schmid). . . . ¶ April 7 at 6 and April 8 at 8:30: "Themroc" (France/Italy; Claude Faraldo). . . . ¶ April 7 at 8:30 and April 8 at 6: "John Reed (Insurgent Mexico)" (Mexico; Paul Leduc). (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 956-7284.)

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 28 at 5:30: "Doctor Beware" (1941), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Anna Magnani. . . . ¶ March 29 at 5:30: "July '71" (1972), directed by Peter Hutton; and "Rien Que les Heures" (1926), directed by Alberto Cavalcanti. . . . ¶ March 29 at 8: "The Koumiko Mystery" (1965), in French, directed by Chris Marker. . . . ¶ March 30 at 2 and March 31 at noon: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928), a French film, with an English narration, directed by Carl Dreyer. . . . ¶ March 31 at 3: "The Koumiko Mystery" (1965). . . . ¶ April 1 at 12:30 and 3: "Monkey Business" (1931), directed by Norman McLeod, with the Marx Brothers. . . . ¶ April 2 at 2: "David Holzman's Diary" (1967), directed by Jim McBride. . . . ¶ April 3 at 2 and April 4 at 5:30: "The Testing Block" (1920), directed by Lambert Hillyer, with William S. Hart. . . . ¶ April 5 at 5:30: "David Holzman's Diary" (1967). . . . ¶ April 5 at 8: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will *not* be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through March 29: "The Naked Jungle" (1954), directed by Byron Haskin, with Eleanor Parker and Charlton Heston. . . . ¶ March 30: "The Searchers" (1956), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne and Ward Bond. . . . ¶ March 31-April 1: "The Public Enemy" (1931), directed by William A. Wellman, with James Cagney and Jean Harlow. . . . ¶ April 4-5: "Blonde Crazy" (1931), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with James Cagney and Joan Blondell. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Jacobs, Hanoun, Markopoulos, Jordan, Landow, Keaton, Menken, Mekas, Murnau, Méliès, Nelson, Smith, Ozu, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except March 31) at 10. No Mondays. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—March 28: "Deathstyles," directed by Richard Myers. . . . ¶ March 29-31: "Luminous Procuress," directed by Steve Arnold; no one under eighteen will be admitted. . . . ¶ April 1: "Quick Billy," directed by Bruce Baillie. . . . ¶ April 2-3: "New Directions 71-72," a program of seven short films. . . . ¶ April 4: "Dreamwood," directed by James Broughton; no one under eighteen will be admitted. . . . ¶ April 5: "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son," directed by Ken Jacobs. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings); on April 5 at noon, 2, and 4. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"César and Rosalie."
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through March 31: "Gold Diggers in Paris" and "Gold Diggers of 1935."
April 1-3: "The Scoundrel" and "Design for Living."
From April 4: "Dancing Lady" and "San Francisco."
St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through April 3: "Death in Venice," "Performance," and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls."
From April 4: "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean," "Burn!," and "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."
Orpheum, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
Through April 3: "The Hellstrom Chronicle," "Trash," and "Putney Swope."
From April 4: To be announced.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Lady Sings the Blues."
Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 3: "Cabaret."
From April 4: "The Spider's Stratagem" and "The Conformist."
Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Godfather."
Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"César and Rosalie."
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."
Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Crazies."
Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Heartbreak Kid."
Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last Tango in Paris."
Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Sleuth."
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Billy Jack."
Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Two People."
Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Slither."
East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."
East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Ludwig."
Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Lady Sings the Blues."
Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cries and Whispers." (No evening performances on Thursday, April 5.)
Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."
First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
March 28: "Love."
March 29-April 4: "Phèdre."
Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"White Sister."
Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Godspell."
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Thief Who Came to Dinner."
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me."
Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Lost Horizon."
72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 3: "Lady Sings the Blues."
From April 4: "The Ruling Class."
Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Poseidon Adventure."
Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Godfather."
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"César and Rosalie."
U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Crazies."
Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"5 Fingers of Death."
Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Save the Tiger."
86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Black Mama, White Mama."
R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Vault of Horror."
R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through April 3: "Black Caesar."
From April 4: "The Mack."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"The Godfather."
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 3: "Travels with My Aunt" and "The Boy Friend."
From April 4: "Cabaret."
5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Painters Painting."
Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through April 3: "Shamus" and "Beat the Devil."
From April 4: To be announced.
Quad Cinemas 1, 2, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through April 3: "The Conformist" and "Harold and Maude"/"Jeremiah Johnson" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"/"Le Boucher" and "Women in Love."
From April 4: To be announced.
Quad Cinema 3, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through March 29: "The Assassination of Trotsky" and "Hour of the Wolf."
From March 30: "The Damned" and "The Devils."
Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through March 29: "The Damned" and "Death in Venice."
March 30-April 3: "King of Hearts" and "Women in Love."
April 4-5: "Straw Dogs" and "The Killing of Sister George."
R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through April 3: "Jeremiah Johnson" and "THX 1138."
From April 4: "Black Caesar" and "Bloody Mama."
National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"The Sound of Music."
Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Man of La Mancha."
Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Sounder."
Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Tom Sawyer."
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
From March 28 at 8: "I Am a Dancer." (Opening night is a benefit performance.)
Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Ten from Your Show of Shows."
Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448) Tentative.
March 28: "Raven's End" and "The Fire Within."
March 29-30: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" and "Une Femme Douce."
March 31-April 1: "La Salamandre" and "Four Nights of a Dreamer."
April 2-3: "La Chinoise" and "Pickpocket."
April 4-5: "The Idiot" and "The Miracle."
Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"I Love You Rosa."
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Money, Money, Money."
Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."
Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Lady Sings the Blues."
Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"César and Rosalie."
Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through April 3: "Cabaret" and "There's a Girl in My Soup."
From April 4: "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean" and "Pocket Money."
Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"The Godfather."
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 3: "Days and Nights in the Forest" and "Toni."
From April 4 (tentative): "The Milky Way" and "Borsalino."
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 3: "Jeremiah Johnson" and "Sometimes a Great Notion."
From April 4: "The Ruling Class" and another feature, to be announced.
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through March 29: "Ten Days That Shook the World" and "Portrait of Lenin."
March 30-April 1: "Repulsion" and "Macbeth."
April 2-3: "Arsenic and Old Lace" and "The Big Sleep."
April 4-5: "The Bride Wore Black" and "Breathless."
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through April 3: "Pete 'n' Tillie."
From April 4: "Steelyard Blues."
Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
Through April 3: "The Poseidon Adventure."
From April 4: "Sleuth."
Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 3: "Cabaret."
From April 4: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—Maybe the success of the play rubbed off on the movie, because it was inexplicably popular. Frank Capra directed this laborious farce in which Cary Grant gives one of his rare terrible performances—he runs around in a frenzied, dithering manner, doing enormous double takes. With Raymond Massey and Peter Lorre, and, as the little old murderesses, Josephine Hull and Jean Adair. (Thalia; April 2-3.)

The Assassination of Trotsky—Not for anyone who knows, or cares, anything about Leon Trotsky. With Richard Burton as a stuffed-shirt Trotsky, and Alain Delon as the angel-of-death assassin; directed by Joseph Losey. (Quad Cinema; through March 29.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (Greenwich; through April 3.)

Beyond the Valley of the Dolls (1970)—The controversial Russ Meyer film, from Roger Ebert's script. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 3.)

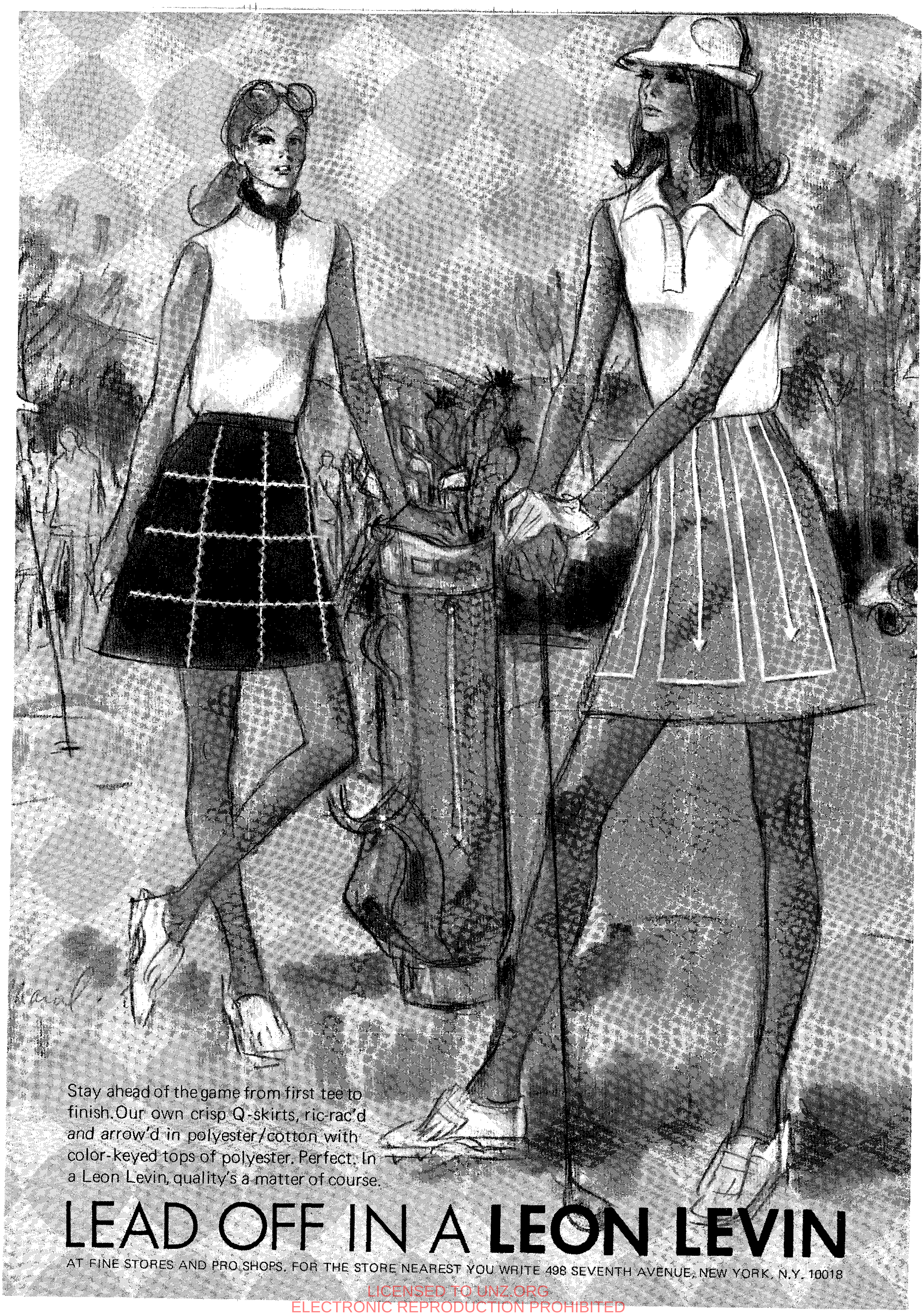
The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller, which is peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendoes. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot got so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out, either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Thalia; April 2-3.)

Billy Jack (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naïve feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystic powers on behalf of the young. (Plaza.)

Black Caesar—With Fred Williamson, directed by Larry Cohen. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through April 3. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting April 4.)

Black Mama, White Mama—With Pam Grier and Margaret Markov, directed by Eddie Romero. (86th St. East.)

Bloody Mama (1970)—Shelley Winters as incestuous Ma Barker, whose monstrous mo-



Stay ahead of the game from first tee to finish. Our own crisp Q-skirts, ric-rac'd and arrow'd in polyester/cotton with color-keyed tops of polyester. Perfect. In a Leon Levin, quality's a matter of course.

LEAD OFF IN A **LEON LEVIN**

AT FINE STORES AND PRO SHOPS. FOR THE STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE 498 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018

Encore! Nothing says more about Cadillac leadership.

The facts are dramatically clear. Cadillac commands the greatest owner loyalty of any American-built car. Figures show that the percentage of repeat Cadillac owners is traditionally the highest in the automobile industry.

How do you account for it?

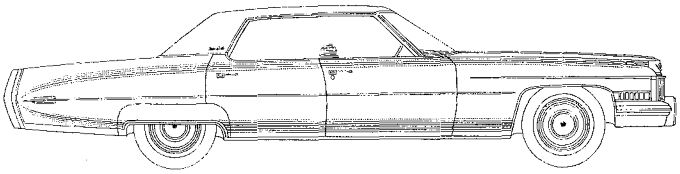
What makes Cadillac owners come back to Cadillac in record numbers? Why do the overwhelming majority of them return to Cadillac when they are ready to buy another car?

Cadillac owners themselves give many reasons. That great Cadillac ride. Cadillac's resale value—historically the highest of any car built in the land. Cadillac comfort. Dependability. That unmistakable Cadillac styling. And others.

It all seems to add up to unequaled owner satisfaction. In the car. And in the professionalism of those who sell and service the car.

If you don't feel this kind of loyalty toward the car you are presently driving, maybe it's time to visit your authorized Cadillac dealer. Maybe it's time for you to own a Cadillac.

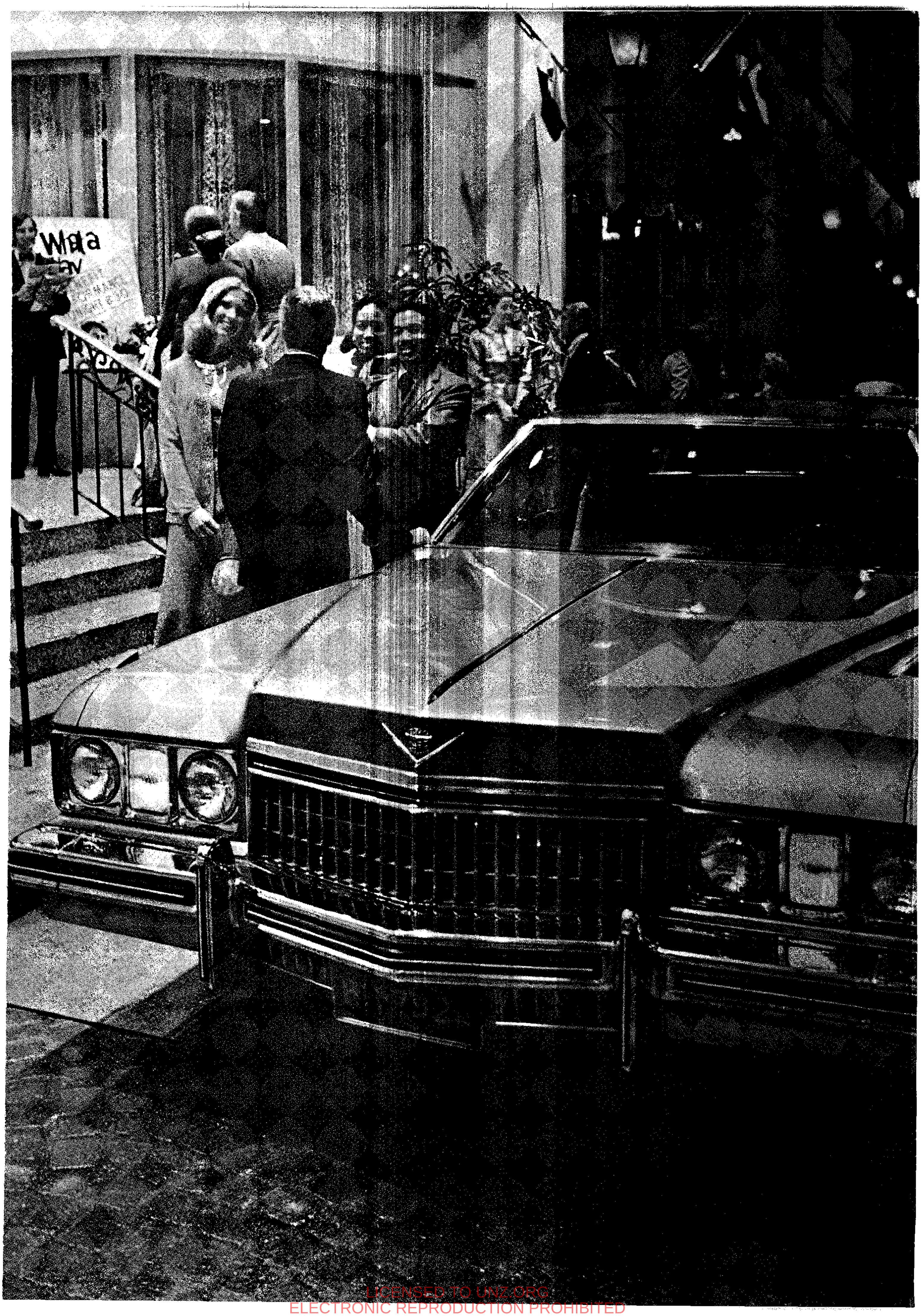
Cadillac



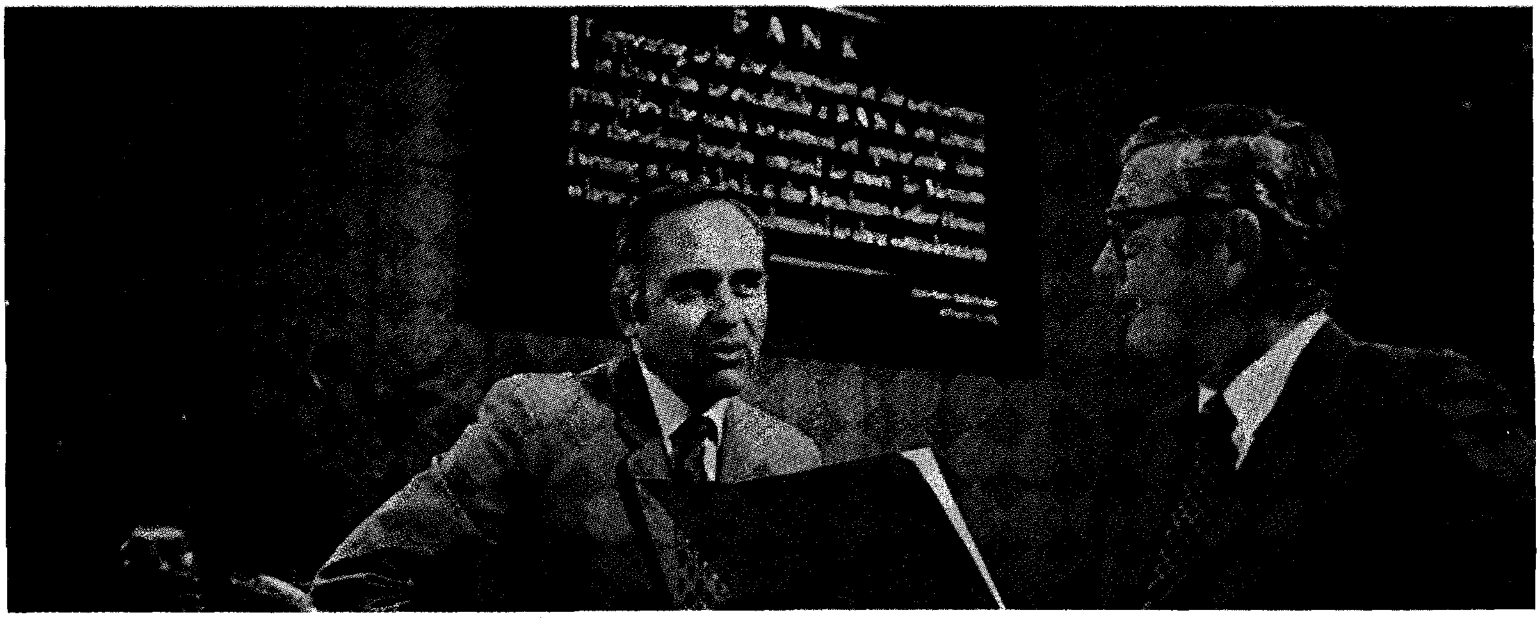
GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

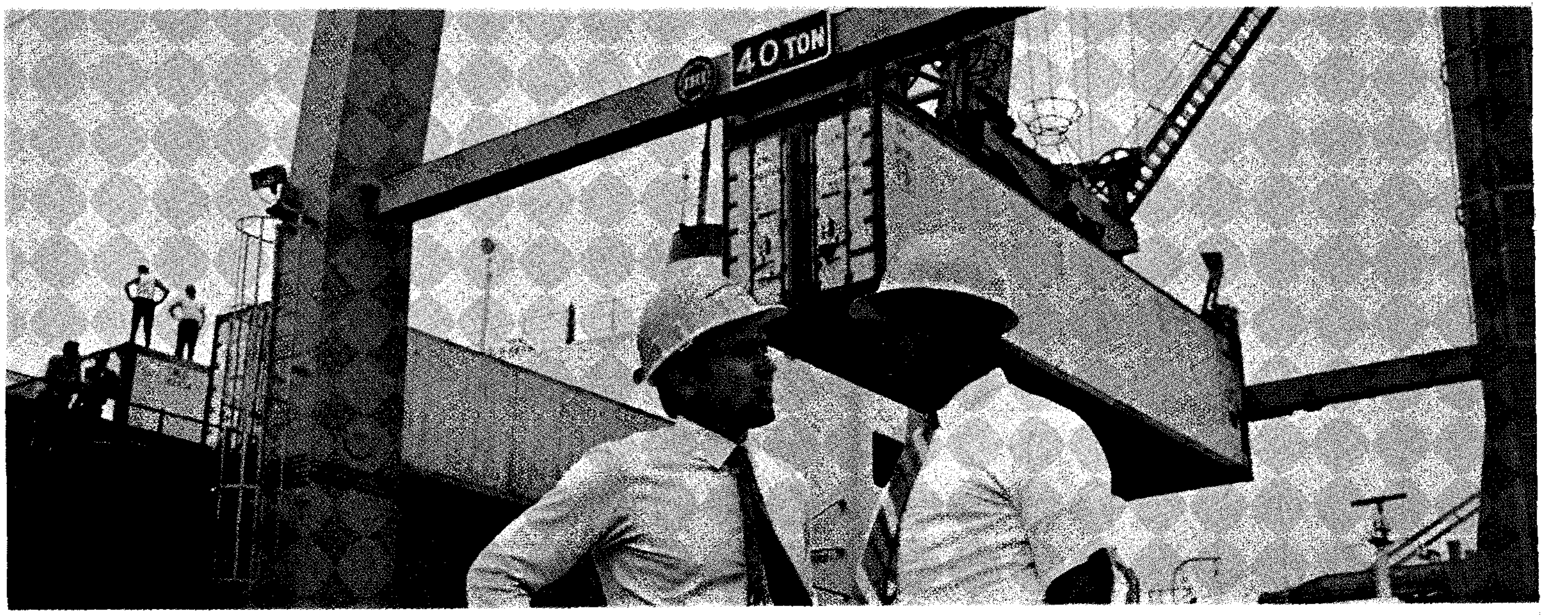
THREE SPORTS CLASSICS . . .
AND CADILLAC IS THERE.
THE MASTERS. CBS-TV. April 7-8.
THE TRIPLE CROWN, CBS-TV. Kentucky Derby on May 5, Preakness on May 19 and Belmont Stakes on June 9.
INDIANAPOLIS 500. Official Pace Car for race May 28 is Eldorado Convertible.
Cadillac Motor Car Division.

Body by Fisher



You're in the bank that manages money.





You need several million dollars.

You want to invest in another container ship. You tell us about your business. We listen. We see it from your point of view. We weigh the advantages of the different types of financing with you.

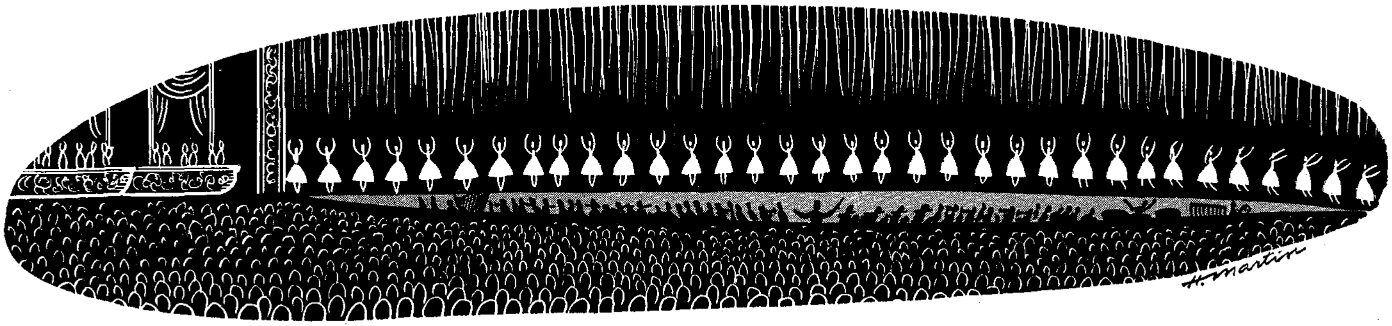
In this case, we decide on lease financing.

You're in The Bank of New York. The bank that manages money.

The Bank of New York. The bank that manages money.

Main Office: 48 Wall Street, New York, N.Y. 10015 Member of The Bank of New York Company, Inc. Member FDIC

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



ronic brood includes a killer (Don Stroud), an addict (Robert De Niro), an alcoholic (Clint Kimbrough), and a masochistic homosexual (Robert Walden). Robert Thom wrote and Roger Corman directed. With Pat Hingle, Bruce Dern, and Diane Varsi. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting April 4.)

Borsalino (1970)—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseille of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Deray directed. In French. (New Yorker; starting April 4, tentative.)

Le Boucher (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (Quad Cinema; through April 3.)

The Boy Friend (1971)—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (8th St. Playhouse; through April 3.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Thalia; April 4-5.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Thalia; April 4-5.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's passionate, controversial epic about a slave uprising on a Caribbean island, told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. Marlon Brando plays a British *agent provocateur* who personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. (St. Marks Cinema; starting April 4.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Gray and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Gramercy, Beacon, and Olympia; through April 3. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting April 4.)

César and Rosalie—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Art, Murray Hill, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Embassy 72nd St.)

La Chinoise (1967)—Jean-Luc Godard's fast, clever political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. His fourteenth feature film, and one of his best. In French. (Playboy; April 2-3.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; this evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through April 3. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting April 4.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5		

The Crazies—With Lane Carroll, directed by George A. Romero. (Eastside Cinema and U. A. East.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Cinema I. No evening performances on Thursday, April 5.)

The Damned (1969)—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti, in which the Nazis appear to be homosexual werewolves. (Elgin; through March 29. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting March 30.)

Dancing Lady (1933)—Fred Astaire's first movie. Joan Crawford is a dancer with her mind on work; Franchot Tone loves her but is filthy rich; Clark Gable ignores her but agrees she should carry on at being a star overnight. Vivid and fun. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 4.)

Days and Nights in the Forest (1969)—On the surface, this Satyajit Ray film is a lyrical romantic comedy about four educated young men from Calcutta, driving together for a few days in the country, and the women they meet. The subtext is perhaps the subtlest, most plangent study of the cultural tragedy of imperialism; the young men are self-parodies—clowns who ape the worst snobberies of the British. A major film by one of the great film artists, starring Soumitra Chatterjee and the incomparably graceful Sharmila Tagore. In Bengali. (New Yorker; through April 3.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Elgin; through March 29. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through April 3.)

Design for Living (1933)—Noël Coward's famous play, filmed by Ernst Lubitsch, with a screenplay by Ben Hecht, who swore that he deleted all of Coward's actual lines but one, though the Coward temperament is intact. Gary Cooper is miscast in Coward's part, but Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins muster some of the freebooting stylishness that comes more easily to English actors accustomed to playing Restoration comedy. There is a nice meal when the classy three of them, all on their beam ends, are reduced to *politesse* about sharing a single frankfurter. "Pass the mustard," Hopkins says graciously to March. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 1-3.)

The Devils (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Quad Cinema; starting March 30.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (34th St. East.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Cinema II and Paramount.)

Une Femme Douce (1969)—Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first time in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together, which Bresson's technique throws deliberately into the past tense in our minds. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (Playboy; March 29-30.)

The Fire Within (1963)—A neglected small masterwork. A Scott-Fitzgerald-like young man in Paris seeks out a variety of old friends before putting a bullet in his heart. A beautiful picture, thanks to the acting of Maurice Ronet and the direction of Louis Malle. In French. (Playboy; March 28.)

5 Fingers of Death—With Lo Lieh and Wang Ping, directed by Chang Chang Ho. (Loews Orpheum.)

Four Nights of a Dreamer—Robert Bresson used to postpone emotion deliberately; here he postpones it indefinitely. Expressionlessly, the non-actors talk of love, in this adaptation of the same early Dostoevski story, "White Nights," that Visconti filmed in 1957. Bresson sets it in modern Paris, in color and with pop music on the track, but the Paris his characters live in might be a crypt. The mixture of the director's famed austerity with his new facetiousness is a mistake: the picture borders on deadpan absurdism. In French. (Playboy; March 31-April 1.)

THE GANG THAT COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT (1971)—When farce isn't expertly played and directed, it becomes just stupid, and that's what happens to this Mafia farce, from the Jimmy Breslin book. Lionel Stander, Jo Van Fleet, and Jerry Orbach are among the clownish crooks; molestable Leigh Taylor-Young and the talented young Robert De Niro are the romantic leads. Directed by James Goldstone. (St. Marks Cinema; starting April 4.)

THE GODFATHER (1972)—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism, and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Kips Bay, Juliet 2, Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.)

GODSPELL—Based on the Off Broadway musical, directed by David Greene. (Columbia II.)

GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS (1938)—Tired musical from Warner Brothers, starring Rudy Vallée and Rosemary Lane. Hugh Herbert and the songwriters Al Dubin and Harry Warren are the only holdovers from the earlier and livelier Gold Diggers pictures. Ray Enright directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 31.)

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935—Dick Powell is hired by Alice Brady to escort her daughter, Gloria Stuart, while Gloria's fiancé, Hugh Herbert, completes his book on snuffboxes. Guess what happens. The score is good, even though the picture is terrible—in a pleasant sort of way. Busby Berkeley, who usually only choreographed, did the direction, too, and he wasn't too skillful. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 31.)

HAROLD AND MAUDE (1971)—With Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort, directed by Hal Ashby. (Quad Cinema; through April 3.)

THE HEARTBREAK KID—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Sutton.)

THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE (1971)—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks about talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Orpheum; through April 3.)

HOUR OF THE WOLF (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his infected, deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Quad Cinema; through March 29.)

I AM A DANCER—A study of the way Rudolf Nureyev works, in practice clothes at rehearsal and in costume onstage. If one swoons with pleasure over the thud of famous feet on the boards, this visually serious and verbally hilarious portrait is worth going to—just. An eight-year-old classical ballet nut went dead silent after it, in the end valiantly making up a tongue twister in retort: "Two tutus are truly too, too much." (Ziegfeld; starting March 28 at 8. Thereafter Mondays through Fridays at 8, Saturdays at 6, 8, and 10, and Sundays at 5, 7, and 9. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

THE IDIOT (1951)—Kurosawa made this version of the Dostoevski novel right after "Rashomon," using the same two men—Masayuki Mori (the husband in "Rashomon") as Prince Myshkin, and Toshiro Mifune (the bandit in "Rashomon") as Rogozhin. It's a long, uneven, fascinating film, with such curiosities as a Nastasya Filipovna (Setsuko Hara) modelled on Maria Casarès in Cocteau's "Orpheus." In Japanese. (Playboy; April 4-5.)

I LOVE YOU ROSA—With Michal Bat-Adam, directed by Moshe Mizahi. In Hebrew. (Little Carnegie.)

JEREMIAH JOHNSON—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (Quad Cinema, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Symphony; through April 3.)

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE (1968)—An English comedy about Lesbianism starring Beryl Reid, playing a jolly, butch woman in music-hall style, and Susannah York, as her beautiful, lyric chum, acting in another style altogether. The play was good, slithering skillfully between the mockery of television sweetness and bitchy humor, but the specious seriousness of the picture wrecks the comedy, and its attack on conventionality seems pretty hollow. (Elgin; April 4-5.)

KING OF HEARTS (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; March 30-April 3.)

LADY SINGS THE BLUES—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (Cinema Village, Ciné Malibu, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through April 3.)

LAST TANGO IN PARIS—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Trans-Lux East. Wednesday and Thursday, March 28-29, at 2 and 8; Friday through Sunday, March 30-April 1, at 2, 7:30, and 10; and Monday through Thursday, April 2-5, at 2, 6, and 8:45. Reserved seats only.)

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JUDGE ROY BEAN—Nihilism plus sentimentality about the rugged-individualist hero—Paul Newman. A mock-epic Western that cannibalizes old movies and mixes an enthusiasm for mayhem with a tacky geniality. John Huston directed this disgraceful shambles from a brutal, cheap, jokey script by John Milius. (St. Marks Cinema and Beacon; starting April 4.)

LOST HORIZON—A middle-class geriatric utopia high in the Himalayas, where, if you're sensible and do everything in moderation, you can live indefinitely, lounging and puttering about for hundreds of years. In the new Ross Hunter musical version, directed by Charles Jarrott, Shangri-La is about as alluring as Forest Lawn. The generally embarrassed residents include Peter Finch, Liv Ullmann, Sally Kellerman, John Gielgud, Charles Boyer, and Michael York. (Loews Tower East.)

LOVE—With Lili Darvas, directed by Karoly Makk. In Hungarian. (First Avenue Screening Room; March 28.)

LUDWIG—A disaster on this scale is a prodigy. The Visconti film is big and two hours and fifty-three minutes long, and it never finds a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until the third hour that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (East 59th Street II.)

MACBETH (1971)—Roman Polanski shows such literal horror that there is no horror left to imagine. He treats the play not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The handsome, intelligent, and well-acted production succeeds as vivid melodrama but reduces Shakespeare's meanings to something almost

PECK & PECK

This season, the look is soft. Fluid. Ultra-feminine. A smashing example is our empire'd, border-print dress in Antron® jersey nylon. Wedgwood blue or lime green etched in black and white, 8 to 16 sizes, 48.00*

*Slightly higher on the West Coast
Fifth Avenue and Branches
For mail and phone, add applicable tax plus .75 for handling beyond delivery area

complacently lucid. (Thalia; March 30-April 1.)

The Mack—With Max Julien and Don Gordon, directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting April 4.)

Man of La Mancha—The lyrics still sound as if they had been translated from Esperanto, and it's a slow haul to a sentimental haven, but toward the middle, Peter O'Toole, looking like an elongated Alec Guinness, is so waferthin and stylized, and his woefulness is so deeply silly that the contrast between his Don Quixote and the full-bodied, realistic Aldonza of Sophia Loren becomes affecting. Loren, with her great, sorrowing greenbrown eyes, is magnificently sensual and spiritual; she brings the soul of Italian opera to this Broadway bastardization, which combines Cervantes' life with his novel. Arthur Hiller directed. (Rivoli. Sundays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 1:30 and 4:15, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Quad Cinema; through April 3.)

The Milky Way (1970)—A genial guided tour of Catholic heresies. Luis Buñuel, in an impudent, rather than blasphemous, spirit, and a bit fusty. In French. (New Yorker; starting April 4, tentative.)

The Miracle (1948)—This Roberto Rossellini film is itself a miracle: brief, utterly simple in its means, and perhaps the most fully achieved of all his movies. Anna Magnani stars as the peasant woman who is convinced that the child in her belly is a new Christ child, and Federico Fellini (who also wrote the story) plays the man who put the baby there. This is the film that was the subject of a censorship case that was fought all the way up to the Supreme Court. In Italian. (Playboy; April 4-5.)

Money, Money, Money—With Jacques Brel and Lino Ventura, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Paris.)

Painters Painting—Conversations with such artists as Willem de Kooning, Helen Frankenthaler, Jasper Johns, and Frank Stella, directed by Emile de Antonio. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 3.)

Pete 'n' Tillie—Carol Burnett and Walter Matthau in a low-key modern equivalent of the old semi-forgettable, semi-memorable pictures like "Penny Serenade," about decent people trying to live their lives somewhat rationally. Pete and Tillie speak in an epigrammatic style derived from the Peter De Vries short novel "Witch's Milk," on which the movie is based, but their good life together is so aseptically the middle-class ideal that it looks like death. Martin Ritt directed from Julius J. Epstein's screenplay. (Riverside; through April 3.)

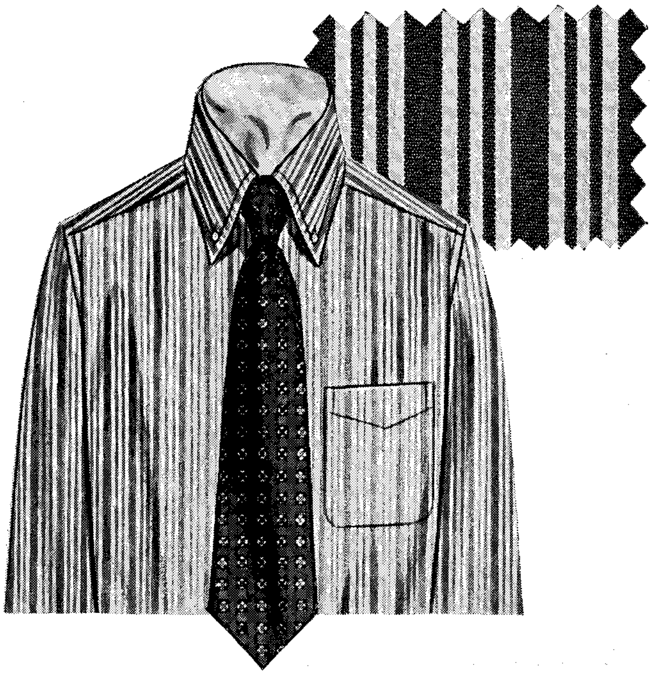
Phèdre (1968)—Jean Racine's classic drama, starring the incomparable Marie Bell. Directed by Pierre Jourdan. In French. (First Avenue Screening Room; March 29-April 4.)

Pickpocket (1958)—Robert Bresson's film about a young man compelled to steal. In French. (Playboy; April 2-3.)

Pocket Money—Rather glibly elegiac picture about rodeo riding and picking up steers in Mexico. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg, Paul Newman and Lee Marvin stare at each other pregnantly and try to imply volumes about the way vagrants and underdogs are cheated by the bosses of any system, including the rodeo business. Maybe the film means to be more laconically sophisticated than it seems after the first hour. (Beacon; starting April 4.)

Portrait of Lenin (1965)—In this psycho-political study of Lenin, well directed by Sergei Youtkevitch, the revolutionary is seen as a likable, middle-aged little man in solitary confinement, musing over his role in history and the events that led to his imprisonment. (Thalia; through March 29.)

The Poseidon Adventure—Expensive pop adven-



ESTABLISHED 1818

OUR NEW BROOKSCLOTH SHIRTS
in a polyester and cotton blend
woven exclusively for us in Switzerland

Easy washability with little or no ironing has made this broadcloth weave of polyester and cotton blend one of our most popular shirtings. Woven exclusively for us in Switzerland...and made with our button-down Polo collar in our own workrooms... our new Brookscloth shirts come in white stripings on blue, wine or green grounds. $15

Brookscloth in our button-down collar model is also available in solid white, $12; *or blue,* $12.50

Mail Orders Invited.

We accept the American Express Money Card.

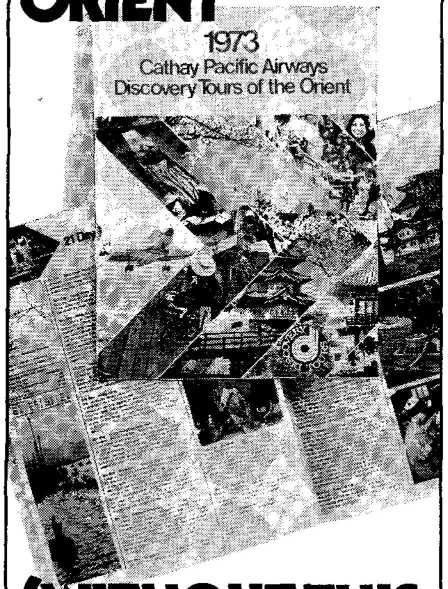
ATLANTA
BOSTON
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
HOUSTON
LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH
ST. LOUIS
SAN FRANCISCO
WASHINGTON, D.C.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10006
696 WHITE PLAINS ROAD, SCARSDALE, N.Y. 10583

CORMORANT FISHING, CROCODILE FARMS, MOUTH-WATERING BABI GOLING, AND 999 OTHER EXPERIENCES YOU COULD MISS IN THE ORIENT



(WITHOUT THIS FREE BOOK).

The Orient is only inscrutable until you get this big book of vacation ideas. It contains 64 tours and de-tours—some big, some little, some plain, some fancy.

It's just the sort of book you'd expect from the airline of the Orient for 27 years. And it's yours for the asking. Send the coupon and see what you could be missing.

I don't want to miss a thing.
Please send your free brochure.

Name________________________________

Address______________________________

City________________State_______Zip_______

My travel agent is:_______________________

Cathay Pacific Airways—Dept. NY-C-3/31
291 Geary St., San Francisco, CA 94102

CATHAY PACIFIC AIRWAYS
The airline to fly in the Orient after you fly to the Orient.

ture movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Riviera; through April 3.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat at an advertising agency. (Orpheum; through April 3.)

Raven's End (1964)—Bo Widerberg's simple, unromanticized film (made long before "Elvira Madigan"), re-creating the thirties in Sweden. The picture is about a poor family, headed by an ex-salesman full of hopeless airs. The human detail of the film, full of visual asides and spurts of conviviality, is a bit like Renoir's. In Swedish. (Playboy; March 28.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (Thalia; March 30-April 1.)

The Ruling Class—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (72nd Street East and Symphony; starting April 4.)

La Salamandre—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with a dialectically energizing English art critic and novelist named John Berger. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity. (Playboy; March 31-April 1.)

San Francisco (1936)—Jeanette MacDonald, courted by Clark Gable, comes carolling out of the appalling San Francisco earthquake in one of her most famous and effulgently absurd scenes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 4.)

Save the Tiger—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling those orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed this grotesque example of what happens when a TV writer goes philosophical. (Loews Ciné).

The Scoundrel (1935)—The young Noël Coward acted in this Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur movie, playing a dissolute publisher seething with self-dislike and charm. The picture is very, very witty for its first two-thirds. Hecht and MacArthur had the notion of making a film that would confound cow-lidded moviegoing taste by taking the form of a violently suave fairy tale. The film is a wonderful exercise in the debonair, with a kind of crippled poetry about it because of the principals' tacit determination to note that there is all the difference in the world between a wisecrack and a wise saying. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 1-3.)

Shamus—With Burt Reynolds and Dyan Cannon, directed by Buzz Kulik. (Greenwich; through April 3.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Fine Arts. . . . ¶ Riviera; starting April 4.)

Slither—This first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and off-beat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (Coronet.)

Sometimes a Great Notion (1972)—With Paul Newman, Henry Fonda, and Lee Remick, directed by Newman. (Symphony; through April 3.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Guild.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—Gigantic sniffles. With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. (National.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father, whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (Gramercy; starting April 4.)

Steelyard Blues—Blithe exuberance turned into cant. Donald Sutherland, Jane Fonda, and Peter Boyle are among the band of friendly outlaws who are persecuted by the stupid, vindictive straights, and who fly away to a better world. With Alan Myerson's amateurish direction, the film never gets a rhythm going, and its adolescent anarchism just seems smug. (Riverside; starting April 4.)

Straw Dogs (1972)—Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the now fashionable guise of the territorial imperative, and directed by Sam Peckinpah in a way that apparently affects many men at a very deep level. Probably one of the key films of the decade. (Elgin; April 4-5.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me—Truffaut's newest, and not by any means his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibility of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1927)—Eisenstein's classic on the October Revolution, and, for good or ill, a chief example of his "dialectic" montage. (Thalia; through March 29.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Festival.)

There's a Girl in My Soup (1970)—A would-be

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

Majer slacks shows fashion three ways

These handsome dress slacks have just about everything—comfortable weight, ability to hold a crease, belt loops and important straight leg. For sizes 32-42. Top: lightweight Dacron® polyester and worsted in medium grey, charcoal, navy, tan or denim blue. **$35.** Next: gentlemen's model in tiny checked polyester and wool. Red/white/blue. **$40.** Lower: stretch woven polyester in tan, navy or burgundy. **32.50.**

For mail and phone, add 1.10 for handling.

Madison Avenue, 45th Street, N.Y. (212) 682-3600; Chicago, Ill.; Oak Brook, Ill.; San Francisco; Troy, Michigan; The Broadmoor, Colorado; Bal Harbour and Palm Beach, Fla. And, at The Mall, Short Hills, N.J.

scintillating comedy about a girl who can't decide between a dapper older man and a young hippie—the sort of thing that requires the audience to be enchanted by an elfin kook. Goldie Hawn bats her goldfish eyes, but she seems to have a hook in her mouth; Peter Sellers struggles manfully, trying to find her irresistible. Mechanically directed by Roy Boulting. (Beacon; through April 3.)

The Thief Who Came to Dinner—A new factory version of old Hollywood-factory movies. As a gentleman-swinger jewel thief, Ryan O'Neal turns on the charm; he's got it, all right, but he's so assured that he looks spoiled. As his sexy socialite girl friend, Jacqueline Bisset is so soft and curvy and lusciously passive she doesn't have enough rough edges to be alive. The movie is faintly diverting, but the vacuity becomes oppressive. With Warren Oates, Austin Pendleton, and Jill Clayburgh. Bud Yorkin directed, from a script by Walter Hill, who also wrote "The Getaway" on the same formula. He should go into the sausage business. (Beekman.)

THX 1138 (1971)—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century. The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking up the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," "Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through April 3.)

Tom Sawyer—With Johnny Whitaker and Celeste Holm, directed by Don Taylor. (Music Hall.)

Toni (1935)—A wonderful early work of French everyday realism by Jean Renoir. In French. (New Yorker; through April 3.)

Trash (1970)—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Orpheum; through April 3.)

Travels with My Aunt—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (8th St. Playhouse; through April 3.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her (1967)—Godard's picture, with Marina Vlady as a lower-middle-class wife in the outskirts of Paris who becomes a prostitute—respectably parking her children first—in order to buy bourgeois clothes and American cigarettes. The social irony is simply and swiftly confirmed. The "her" of the title probably refers as much to Paris as to the heroine. In French. (Playboy; March 29-30.)

Two People—It's meant to be a sensitive modern love story, but it's impersonal and inexpressive and has no interest, except for some handsome travelogue footage of Morocco by Henri Decae. Peter Fonda and Lindsay Wagner are the lovers—he an American who deserted in Vietnam and she a model. Robert Wise directed, from a script by Richard De Roy. (Baronet.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (East 59th Street I.)

Vault of Horror—Five horror stories, directed by Roy Ward Baker. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

White Sister—With Sophia Loren, directed by Alberto Lattuada. (Columbia I.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Quad Cinema; through April 3. . . . ¶ Elgin; March 30-April 3.)

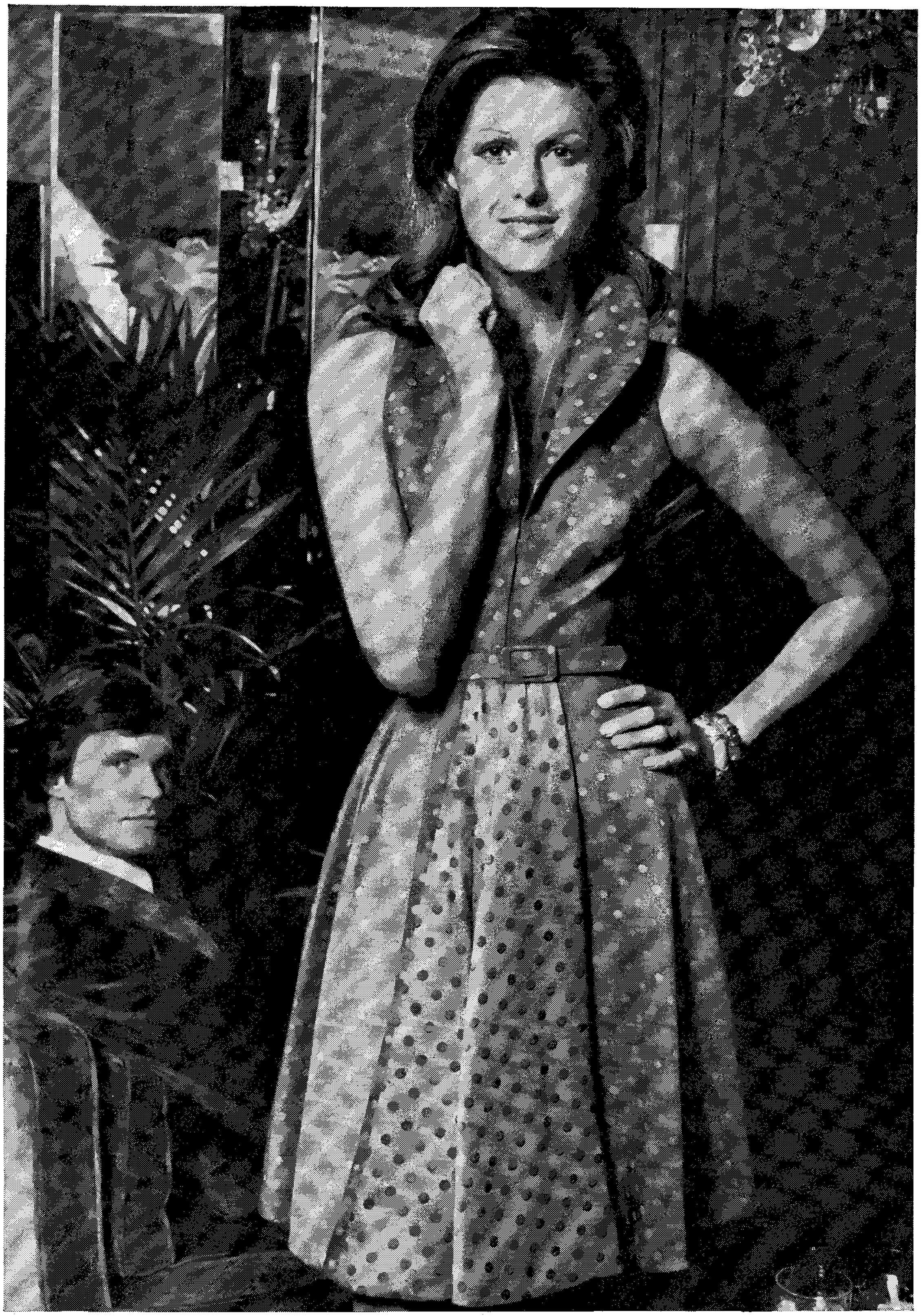
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

the impeccable MacIntosh raincoat with reassurance

Face the wet days ahead with aplomb, and the unmatched waterproofing of this handsome MacIntosh. It's the exclusive "Impervion proofing" that does the trick. 100% cotton. Raglan shoulder. Tan, navy. Reg. 36-46, short 36-42, long 38-46. **$80.**

For mail and phone, add 1.10 for handling.

Madison Avenue, 45th Street, N.Y. (212) 682-3600; Chicago, Ill.; Oak Brook, Ill.; San Francisco; Troy, Michigan; The Broadmoor, Colorado; Bal Harbour and Palm Beach, Fla. And, at The Mall, Short Hills, N.J.



Beene Boutique.
Dancing polka dots.
Bareness at the neck and arms.
A reversal of color in the front.
Green-and-red or
brown-and-white-polyester, for
6 to 12 sizes, ours alone, $130.
Fifth Avenue Shop.
611 Fifth Avenue,
New York, and all stores.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

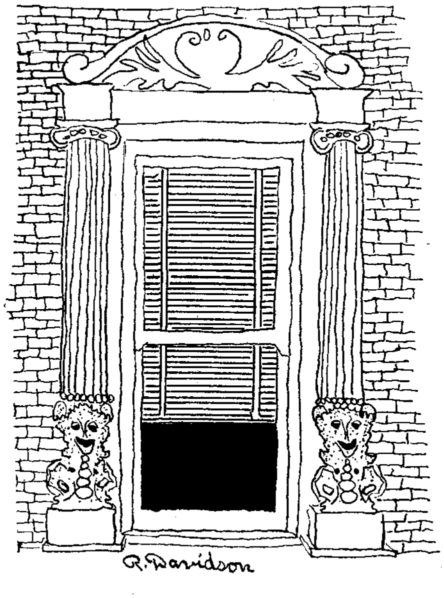
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the course of trying to puzzle out some of the key features of the startling, abrupt, and sweeping transformation of the federal government now taking place at the hands of the executive branch—a transformation that seems to combine a sharp cutback in federal social services, an unprecedented concentration of federal power in executive hands, and a high level of corruption in the executive branch—we found ourself scrutinizing with particular interest two comparatively slight examples of the federal approach to local affairs. The two local problems were very much alike—both had to do with the pollution of drinking water. The two afflicted communities, however, could not have been more different. One was the wealthy resort city of Miami Beach. The other consisted of about a hundred thousand Mexican-Americans living in a string of rural communities along Route 83 in the lower valley of the Rio Grande River, in Texas. Most of these Mexican-Americans are employed as workers on rich citrus and vegetable farms that also border on Route 83. About half of them live crowded together in *colonias*, which are villages made up of tiny houses on small lots. Most of the lots were sold to their present owners by developers for a few dollars down and a few dollars a month. Many of the residents built their houses themselves, out of brick, cinder block, or plywood and tarpaper.

In Miami Beach, the pollution problem came up on Thursday, March 8th, when the Honorable Claude Pepper, who is the district's representative in Congress, received a phone call from the Environmental Protection Agency. The Agency told him that it was sending telegrams to the mayor and the city councilmen of Miami Beach informing them that the city's drinking water failed to meet government bacteriological standards. The water contained unsafe levels of coliform bacteria—unsafe because, while coliform bacteria are relatively harmless, their presence in drinking water often indicates the presence, as well, of salmonella or shigella bacteria, hepatitis viruses, or other infectious organisms. As soon as the telegrams arrived, local health officials advised the townspeople and tourists to use bottled water or to boil their tap water before they drank it. Meanwhile, Representative Pepper got busy with calls of his own, but soon found himself blocked by red tape. So he took his case directly to the White House. The White House went into action, and within hours an Air Force plane was on its way to deliver two heavy chlorinating machines it had picked up from a General Services Administration depot in Alabama. The plane landed Friday morning at nine-thirty. By noon, the chlorinators were in operation, and by the following Wednesday the water of Miami Beach was again safe to drink. A hundred and fifty thousand residents and tourists went back to the pleasant task of forgetting winter, and Representative Pepper thanked President Nixon for his timely intervention.



In the lower Rio Grande valley, the water-pollution problem had existed for more than a generation. Most of the land in the *colonias* is sold without any provision for clean drinking water or for sewerage. Consequently, forty or fifty thousand of the residents get their water from sources that are not only inconvenient but dangerous. Some people get their water directly from the canals that bring Rio Grande water to the fields; it is known to be polluted with fecal organisms and the residues of pesticides. Others sink shallow wells on their own property and tap a water table that is polluted by nearby outhouses. Still others bring water from town in drums, which sometimes contain the residues of pesticides. Here, as in Miami Beach, health officials warned the people against drinking untreated water. The leading state health official in the area, Dr. Victor Zalma, M.P.H., declared last October, in a public statement, that drinking the untreated local water "is dangerous and ultimately affects the health of most people involved," explaining, "The Rio Grande can properly be called an open sewer in its lower reaches." Statistics from the state health department bear him out. In the health region that includes the valley, the reported rate of amoebic dysentery is more than six times the national average, and that of typhoid is twice the national average. The rate of a whole array of other diseases, including typhus, hepatitis, and polio, is also higher than the nation's. In the Rio Grande valley, as in Miami Beach, a congressman appealed to the federal government for help. But this time the appeal stayed in the ordinary channels. The Honorable Eligio (Kika) de la Garza, who represents the valley, and who is a Mexican-American himself, called a meeting of regional federal officials, last December, to talk about how to get federal money for water systems. Representatives were present from the Environmental Protection Agency; the Department of Housing and Urban Development; the Farmers Home Administration; the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare; the Office of Economic Opportunity; and the Economic Development Administration. However, no planes appeared on the horizon bearing the needed equipment, and none of the agencies have come forward with any solution. One obstacle appears to be a belief, expressed by certain residents of the valley, and seemingly accepted in Washington, that *some* people in the United States don't necessarily have a right to clean drinking water. But perhaps the trouble was simply that Representative de la Garza's method of going through channels was obsolete under the emerging new federal system. Under the new system, it seems, when you want something to happen, you put in a call to your old friends in the White House, and then, before you know it, the Air Force is on the way.

Library's Library

AN unobtrusive, relatively small, but important feature of the Morgan Library is the Heineman collection of books and manuscripts, the creation of an unobtrusive, relatively small (five feet four), but important man named Dannie N. Heineman (for fifty years head of the enormous, Brussels-based Société Financière de Transports et d'Entreprises Industrielles, or SOFINA). Housed largely in three eighteenth-century bookcases and two filing cabinets in the Heineman Room, on the second floor, the collection has emerged for display into the exhibition galleries downstairs only twice—in 1963, shortly after Mr. Heineman's death, and last year, on the hundredth anniversary of his birth. "His library was not large, but it was a well-chosen cabinet," Frederick B. Adams, Jr., former director of the Library, once wrote, and he continued:

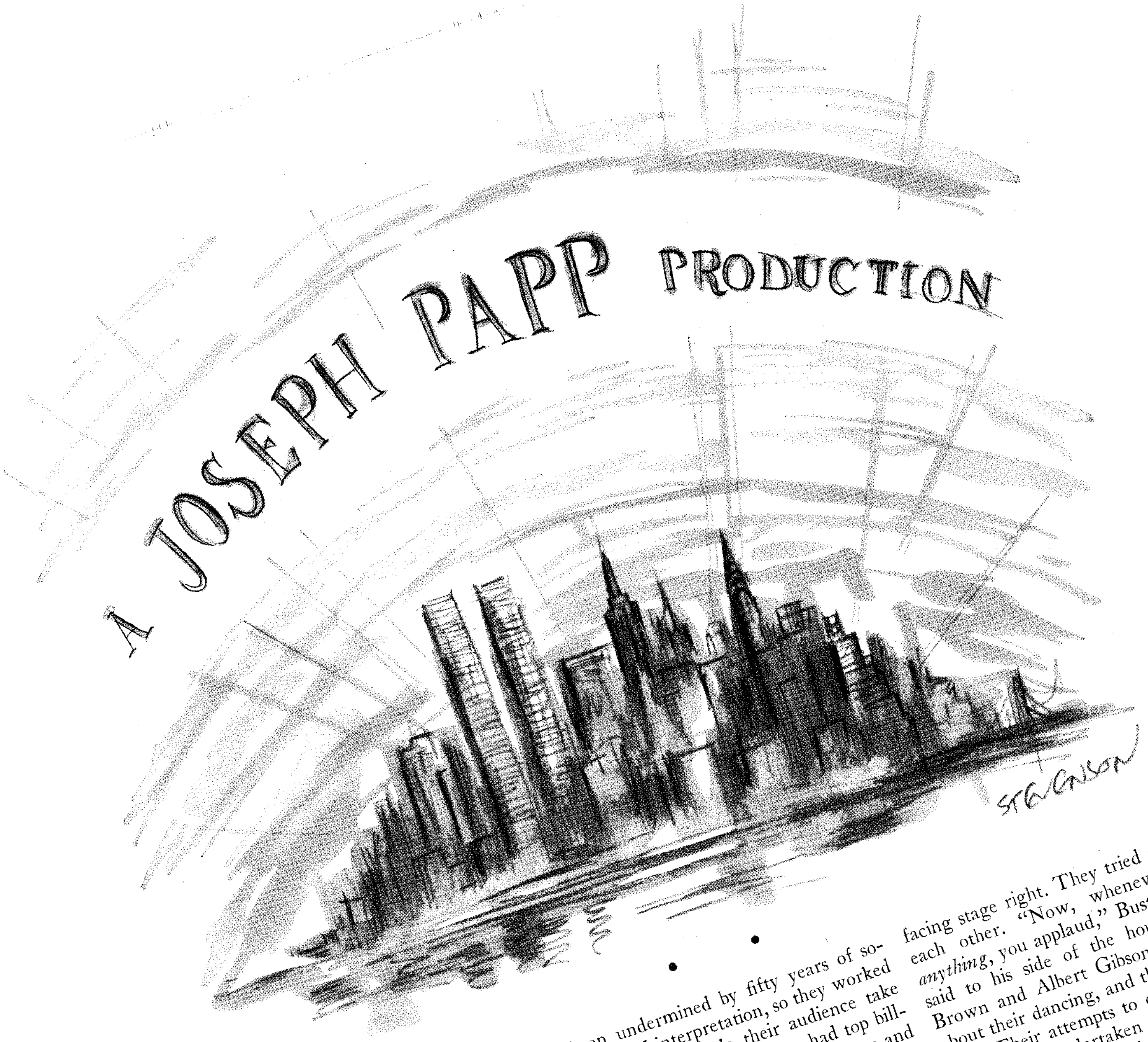
> His collections of Mozart, Goethe, Heine, Rousseau, Napoleon, and Maupassant would hold the status of national treasures in Germany or France. . . . Despite the obvious fact that his Goethe material would have been a superb and appropriate addition to Yale's resources, and his musical manuscripts would have greatly enhanced the holdings of the Library of Congress, he was anxious to have his library kept together and cherished in companionable surroundings.

We've recently looked into this fixture, and we've had a companionable chat with its producer's son, James H. Heineman, who is president of the publishing house of the same name and of the Heineman Foundation for Research, Educational, Charitable, and Scientific Purposes—the institution that originally deposited the library in the Morgan, and adds to it every year. Although the collection is an eclectic one, with a great many musical manuscripts, and with letters from both President Adamses, Andrew Jackson, Lee, Lincoln, Whistler, Mark Twain, Walter Scott, Faraday, Einstein, and Goya, most of it is French and German. Besides Rousseau (the autograph manuscript of "La Nouvelle Héloïse," copied by the author for his printer), Napoleon (twenty letters, including nine to Josephine and six to Talleyrand), and Maupassant (thirty-five first editions and the manuscript of "Boule de Suif"), it contains Rabelais, Ronsard, Montaigne, La Rochefoucauld, Pascal, Voltaire (a hundred and five letters, most of them to his niece and lady friend), Stendhal, Balzac, Flaubert, Zola, and Benjamin Franklin ("Expériences et Observations sur l'Électricité," a 1752 translation once owned by Louis XV). The Goethe items (for which Yale did court their owner) include thirteen letters and two autograph sonnets to Bettina von Arnim, one of *his* youthful lady friends; forty-seven letters from her to him; and transcriptions of eighty-four letters from him to her grandmother. Among the musical manuscripts are half of a Bach cantata; sketches for Beethoven's Concerto in E Flat Major, and Beethoven's kitchen-account book; an unpublished piece by Brahms; Chopin's Polonaise in A Flat Major; and lots of Mozart, including a highly suggestive letter to a young female cousin.

"My father had many musicians to our house in Brussels," Mr. Heineman's son told us. "He was in awe of men who could create. He felt very small when he saw the manuscript of a Mozart concerto—almost as though he were involved in an invasion of privacy. He couldn't understand how writers and composers did what they did, with little physical equipment except a sheet of paper. He wanted to know how they got where they did and how they felt. He relished the love letters of Voltaire and the rest, and he liked owning Heine's will, which left everything to his beloved wife."

How did Dannie get where he did? (He was named after Daniel Webster, but he signed himself Dannie.) "Instead of coming to this country from Europe to make his fortune," his son told us, "he left this country, and eventually made his fortune abroad." Well, he was born in Charlotte, North Carolina. His father, a native of Bangor, Maine, was in the chewing-tobacco business in Winston-Salem. His mother had come to the South from Germany in 1867, at twenty, as an *au-pair* girl. James: "My father's father died when my father was five. My father's mother went back to Germany and opened a boarding house in Hanover, where my father coached his schoolmates in English and mathematics when he was in high school, in order to supplement the family income. He studied electrical engineering—then a brand-new subject—at the University of Hanover, and got a job with the Union-Elektrizitäts-Gesellschaft, in Berlin. In 1897, he was sent to Naples to electrify the funicular on Vesuvius, which had operated hydraulically, and to electrify the local streetcar system, which had been operated by horses." Next, more electrification (including power stations) in Belgium, where, in 1905, the SOFINA connection began. Heineman got to own less than one per cent of its stock, but that was enough. During the First World War, after the Germans invaded Belgium, he was a founder, and the head, of the Commission for Relief in Belgium. "This put him in the anteroom of the world chancelleries," James said. "In 1916, he turned the Commission over to Herbert Hoover. Father was a power behind the scenes at the Conference of Versailles. He developed the idea of a central world bank under the League of Nations. Between 1919 and 1940, he knew every Prime Minister of France and England, and, until Hitler, every Chancellor of Germany, but he never talked about them. He never talked much about anything. He was remarkably discreet and was trusted by everybody. He had a very piercing look. He was awkward with his hands. His concept of business was intellectual—he wanted electrical energy to better people's lives."

In 1939, with Hitler in the wings, Mr. Heineman shipped his books and manuscripts here on the Volendam, and stored them in a bank vault in Charlotte. In 1940, he came back to America to live; the collection moved to his apartment, in the Carlyle, on Madison Avenue, and then to a place that he bought in Greenwich. He is buried in Charlotte, where the Heineman Medical Research Center of North Carolina, founded by him in 1940, specializes in research on chest and open-heart sur-



gery. "Father loved hats," James said as we left. "He used to send tweed hats to all his friends, including Chancellor Adenauer. He could have had his picture painted by Toulouse-Lautrec, but he didn't have time."

Tradition

PIGMEAT MARKHAM, Baby Seals, Albert Gibson, Buster Brown, Ralph Brown, and the comedy team of Cook and Brown were all on the stage of Town Hall the other night. These gentlemen are entertainers who have been on a number of stages over a number of years, and they represent a black-vaudeville tradition that has just barely survived. Cook and Brown and Pigmeat Markham and Baby Seals are comedy men. Albert Gibson, Buster Brown, and Ralph Brown are tap-dancers. They do what they do. That is, the dancers dance, and the comedy men are funny. The performers on the Town Hall stage did not seem to know that their style had been undermined by fifty years of sociological interpretation, so they worked it, and they made their audience take notice. Pigmeat Markham had top billing, both because he is a funny man and because he is the only one of the group to have had a recent commercial success—his recording of his "Here Come de Judge" routine. Pigmeat, who is a very large man, with a very large head, wore a fedora hat, floppy blue pants, brown shoes with broken laces, and a floppy morning coat. He and Baby Seals did a routine that involved a satchel of money belonging to Pigmeat, and one that involved a fight with a policeman in a hospital zone. ("You're a public servant, right?" Pigmeat said to the cop. "So go and get me a glass of water.")

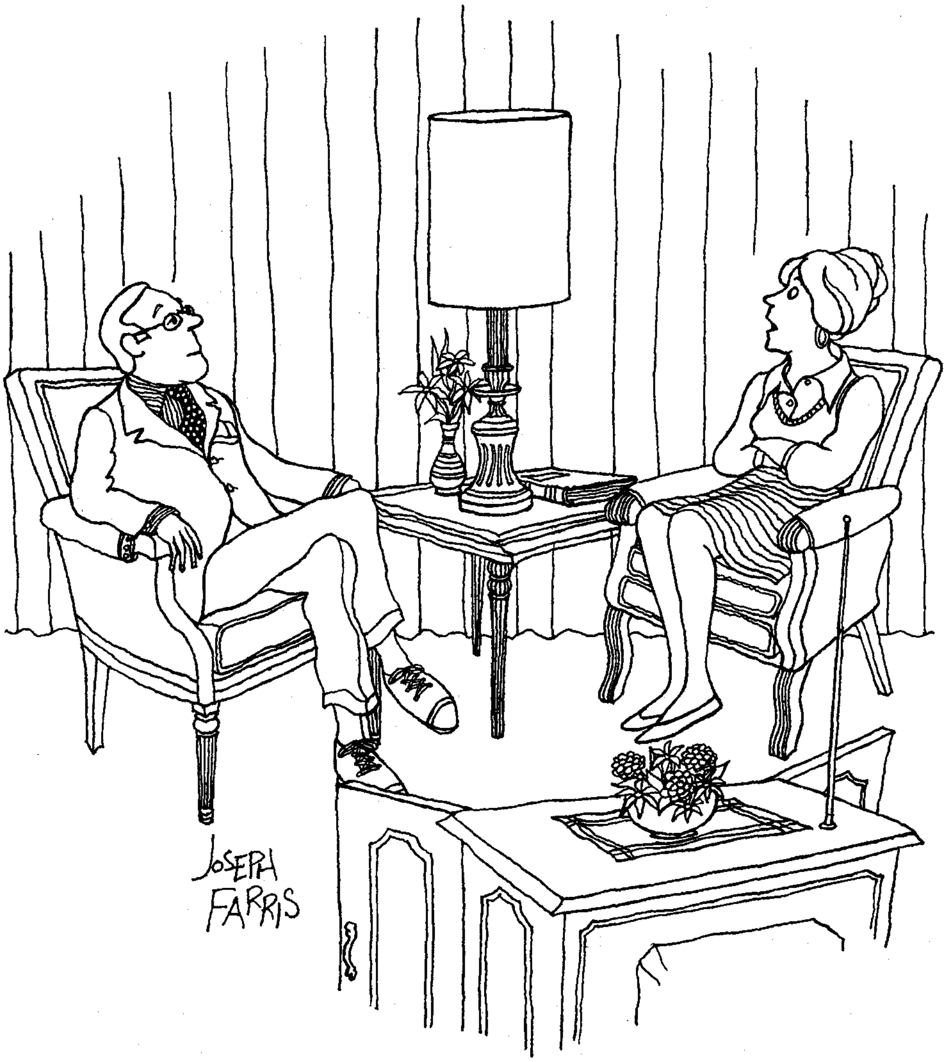
Buster Brown and Albert Gibson danced together. Buster Brown was dressed in a lavender suit, and Albert Gibson was dressed in an aquamarine suit. Buster Brown danced to the side of the hall facing stage left, and Albert Gibson danced to the side of the hall facing stage right. They tried to outdo each other. "Now, whenever I do *anything*, you applaud," Buster Brown said to his side of the house. Buster Brown and Albert Gibson are serious about their dancing, and they both take risks. Their attempts to outdo one another were undertaken in high spirits, but there was something important at stake in their contest nonetheless.

Ralph Brown's dancing was in a different spirit. Ralph Brown is an elegant man, and his dancing has a wonderful sophistication. Ralph Brown danced in white tie. White-tie dress on the stage is often done lazily, as though it were enough just to indicate elegance. Ralph Brown was dressed with care (when it was not necessary for him to wear tap shoes, he wore correct patent-leather pumps), and he *achieved* elegance, and gave it his stamp. Mr. Brown's manner recalled the manner of Duke Ellington. He described his dance as "a little tapology." "I have a little creation here—I did it a few years ago, and people seemed to like it. I hope you do, too," he said. Ralph Brown's creation was a dance in which, keeping a perfect, elegant balance, he danced entirely on his heels, clicking the taps on his toes together as he moved. As he began, people applauded. He raised one hand to stop the applause. The audience began to applaud again, and he raised his hand again. "You have only seen the beginning," he said. "I am going to take it all the way from this side of the stage to *that* side of the stage. Don't applaud now, but when I get there you'll know what to do."

There was a party after the performance—at Small's Paradise, at 135th Street and Seventh Avenue. Miss Lu Parks, who leads an energetic troupe of dancers that was also on the Town Hall bill, was the hostess. We talked with Albert Gibson, and we talked even more with his wife, Sandra. "We are the Mad Gibsons," Mrs. Gibson said. "We do everything. I sing blues, torch, and gospel. I was the 1938 Harvest Moon Lindy Hop winner. I was Queen of the Boogie-Woogie at the Savoy Ballroom. Charles Buchanan, the manager of the Savoy, wanted me to be a lady bouncer, because I could pick up a man twenty pounds heavier than me. My husband has been on the stage since the age of five. He was in Olsen and Johnson's 'Hellz-a-Poppin.' Right now, we are putting together a show called 'Hellz-a-*Rompin*.' My husband was one of the Three Chocolateers. He brought out 'pecking'—that was *his* dance. My husband's father was the first man to glamorize the black woman. He had 'Gibson's Chocolate Box Revue.' They used to have a candy box, and every girl was in that candy box. There was a time when my husband could drop from a balcony to the stage in a knee drop. That's why his knees are a little messy now. But he can still be bad when he wants to be."

Exit the Kretch

Election Day is still seven months off, but politicians are popping in and out of the mayoral race as if it were a revolving door at Macy's.

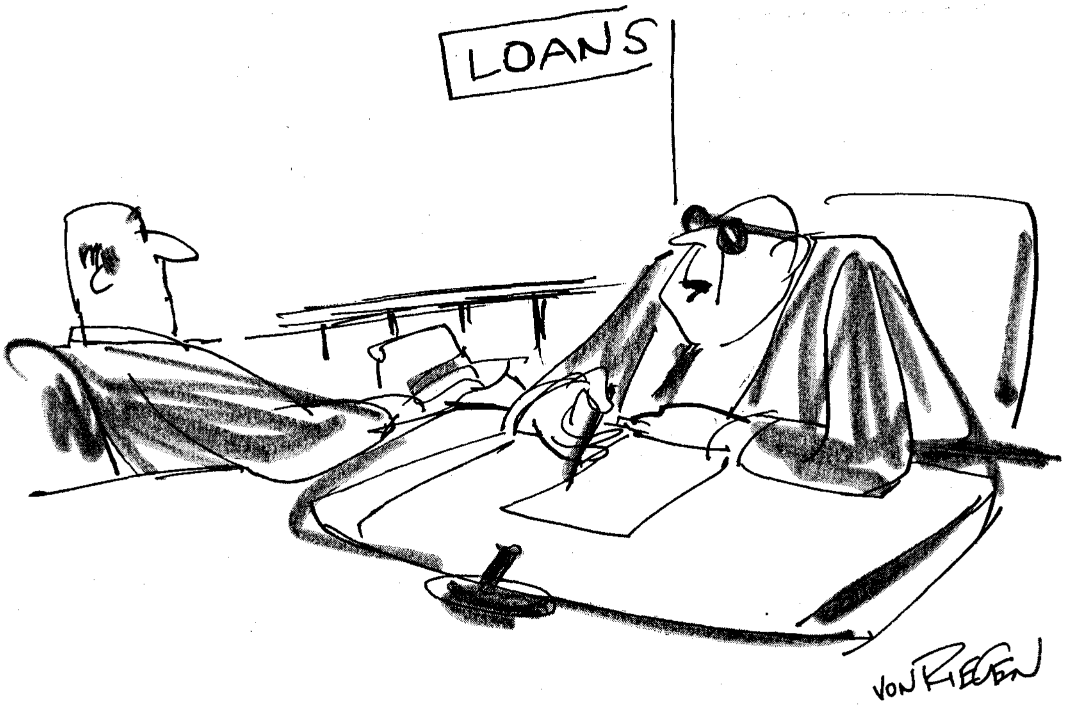


"I keep forgetting. Which is the good guy—Prince Souvanna Phouma or Prince Souphanouvong?"

The campaign has already produced one Shermanlike Statement (Mayor Lindsay's), one Patently Phony Draft (the deal between Governor Rockefeller and Alex Rose, the Liberal Party boss, to give former Mayor Wagner the Republican and Liberal nominations for his old job), and one Leaked Poll (a Republican-sponsored survey that showed Bess Myerson, the former Miss America and departing Commissioner of Consumer Affairs, leading the field). According to our calculations, there are now ten reasonably serious candidates for mayor.

The number changes almost daily. A week ago Tuesday, it diminished by one when Jerome Kretchmer withdrew from the race, exactly a month after he had officially entered it. We were sorry to see him go, because Kretchmer was the most colorful and least predictable of the candidates. He is thirty-eight, and had been running for mayor more or less since he was twenty-five, when he entered politics as the founder of a reform club on the upper West Side. He was elected to the State Assembly at twenty-eight and was re-elected three times, and in Albany he acquired a reputation for radicalism, based partly on substance—he took "advanced" positions on questions like rent strikes, community control of the schools, and the decriminalization of marijuana—and partly on style. In 1970, he left the Assembly to become the city's Environmental Protection Administrator—a job he held for a little less than three years. It was widely predicted that he would issue flashy press releases for the first couple of months and then disappear in the bureaucratic quicksand, but things didn't turn out that way. The press releases flowed like a mighty river, to be sure, but Kretchmer did the job, and the consensus is that he did it well. He ran his agency, which includes the Sanitation, Air Resources, and Water Resources Departments and is about the size of the government of the city of Boston, without scandal, strikes, or chaos. New York is still a mess, but the air and the streets are measurably—and sometimes even noticeably—cleaner.

We had lunch with Kretchmer the day he dropped out of the race. We met him at his campaign headquarters, at Madison Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street, in the office space that had housed the Presidential campaigns of Robert Kennedy, of whom Kretchmer had been an early supporter, and John Lindsay, whom he had served as a cabinet member. Kretchmer's brief press conference announc-



"I'm afraid we can't possibly consider a Phase Three loan until you've liquidated your Phase Two loan."

• •

ing his withdrawal had ended an hour before, and the ex-candidate and his staff were sitting around calmly, talking. The desks were covered with abandoned coffee-to-go paraphernalia, and on the walls were snappy Kretchmer-for-Mayor posters in unusual colors—peach and rust and violet instead of the usual red, white, and blue. Former Mayor Wagner was also holding a press conference that morning, and Kretchmer asked his friend and adviser Jack Newfield, the *Village Voice* writer, what he thought Wagner was going to say. "He's going to promise to keep the Dodgers in Brooklyn," Newfield said. Everybody laughed.

Kretchmer was scheduled for an appearance before lunch at an Earth Day celebration at the South Street Seaport, near the Fulton Fish Market. Driving down there in a car, we asked Kretchmer how he was feeling. "Better," he said. "This—the actual withdrawal—was the easiest change. I guess the worst day was two weeks ago Sunday—the day after we lost the N.D.C." The New Democratic Coalition, the citywide organization of reform Democrats, had voted to support Albert Blumenthal, a former West Side colleague of Kretchmer's in the Assembly, for mayor. "We had pretty much decided to quit, and then last week people kept telling me to stay. An old friend, a guy I grew up with, pointed out that you don't get a chance to run for mayor very often, and that, after all, there's always time to get out. But I don't want to go around trying to raise three or four hundred thousand dollars and telling people that it's working when, inside, I just don't think it is."

At the South Street Seaport, on a pier that juts out into the East River, near the Brooklyn Bridge, several hundred people had gathered to hear speeches by Margaret Mead, the anthropologist, and former Governor Russell Peterson, of Delaware. It was a warm, sunny day—the first day of spring—and Kretchmer stood in the back of the crowd, talking quietly with people who approached him. He is tall and slim. (Most of his height is in his legs, which creates a startling effect when he suddenly rises from a chair.) His head is small and round and covered with dark, curly hair, and his features—deep-set eyes, prominent nose, mustache, teeth—are semicircles. His face suggests a weathered tenement. And he talks like a Bronx foghorn.

At the microphone, Governor Peterson was talking about the beauty of children playing on clean beaches and running through verdant forests. "This is a throw-up speech," Kretchmer said. "Let's get out of here." On the way out, a citizen stopped Kretchmer and whirred a home-movie camera at him. "There probably wasn't any film in it," Kretchmer said. "The guy probably just does it to make public people feel good."

At the B. & H. Dairy Luncheonette, on Second Avenue near St. Mark's Place, we found a couple of seats at the counter. Kretchmer greeted the counterman, who looked like a younger version of Kretchmer, and ordered hot gefilte fish. We asked Kretchmer what he was going to do now, and he said he didn't know. "I'm a good manager and a skilled advocate and I know something about the environment, and I want to put those skills to work," he said.

"Why don't you take over Murphy's job?" the counterman asked. Patrick Murphy, the Police Commissioner, had just announced his intention of resigning when the Lindsay Administration leaves office.

"It's funny. Everybody has been asking me that the last few days," Kretchmer said. "And besides mayor it's the only job in city government that really interests me." Kretchmer took a bite of gefilte fish and beamed some more. "That is one of the best food items available in America," he announced, beaming.

Outside, walking up Second Avenue, Kretchmer said hello to people, studied shopwindows, and looked at the tops of buildings. One of his most striking qualities is his transparent love of the city.

"Why do you like it so much?" we asked.

"I like it because of its energy," he said. "And I like it because it's the only heterogeneous city in America, and maybe the world, with the exception, perhaps, of Chicago, and Chicago isn't as big. In London or Tokyo, everybody's basically the same. Here you have this incredible variety of people, all living together and pretty much getting along, and that's what makes this place so difficult and so attractive."

"What's the longest time you ever spent outside New York City?" we asked.

"Well, when I was a kid I used to work in the Catskills during the summertime," he said. "But I'd always get back to the city a couple of times during the summer. Since I've been an adult"—he paused and thought for a moment—"I guess the longest I've been out of town was the ten days I spent in London and Paris last year. But even then I was in the *city*, man."

ON BAIL

ALTHOUGH I get tired working in the shop all day, once I reach home I forget all about it. I change into an old cotton sari and tuck it round my waist and I sing as I cook. Sometimes he is at home but not often, and usually only if he is sick with a cold. What a fuss he makes then; I have to take his temperature many times and prepare hot drinks and crush pills in honey and altogether feel very sorry for him. That's the best time, especially since he forgets quite soon about being sick and wants to amuse himself and me. How we laugh then, what a fine time we have! He doesn't seem to miss his friends and coffee-houses and all those places one bit but is as happy to be at home with me as I am to be with him. Next evening, of course, he is off again, but I don't mind, for I know it's necessary—not only because he is a very sociable person but because it is for business contacts, too.

I'm used to waiting up for him quite late, so I was not worried that night at all. When my cooking was finished, I sat at the table waiting for him. I love these hours; it is silent and peaceful and the clock ticks and I have many pleasant thoughts. I know that soon I will hear his step on the stairs, and the door will open and he will be there. I smile to myself, sitting there at the table with my head supported on my hand, full of drowsy thoughts. Sometimes I nod off and those thoughts turn into dreams on the same subject. But I always start up at the sound of his steps—only *his* steps, because that night Daddy was already in the room, calling my name, before I woke up. Then I jumped to my feet. I knew something terrible had happened.

When Daddy said that Rajee had been arrested, I sank down again onto my chair. I couldn't stand, I couldn't speak. Daddy thought it was with shock, but of course it was out of relief. I had imagined far worse. It took me some time to realize that this, too, was very bad. I knew Daddy thought it was the worst thing there could be. He was so badly affected that I had to make him lie down while I prepared tea for him. I also served him the meal I had cooked for Rajee and myself. Daddy ate both our portions. Now that he is old, he seems to need a great deal of food and is always ready to eat at any hour, whatever his state of mind may be.

But when he had finished this time he became very upset again. He pushed away the dish and said, "Yes, yes, yes, I knew how it would be."

Of course, this was no time to start defending Rajee. In any case, I have long stopped doing so. I know it isn't so much Rajee that Daddy doesn't like but the fact that I'm married to him and have not become any of the grand things Daddy wanted.

"A case of cheating and impersonation," Daddy said now. "A criminal case."

I cried, "But where is he?"

"In jail! In prison! Jail!"

Daddy moaned, and so did I. I thought of Rajee sitting in a cell. I could see him sitting there and the expression on his face. I put my head down on the table and sobbed. I could not stop.

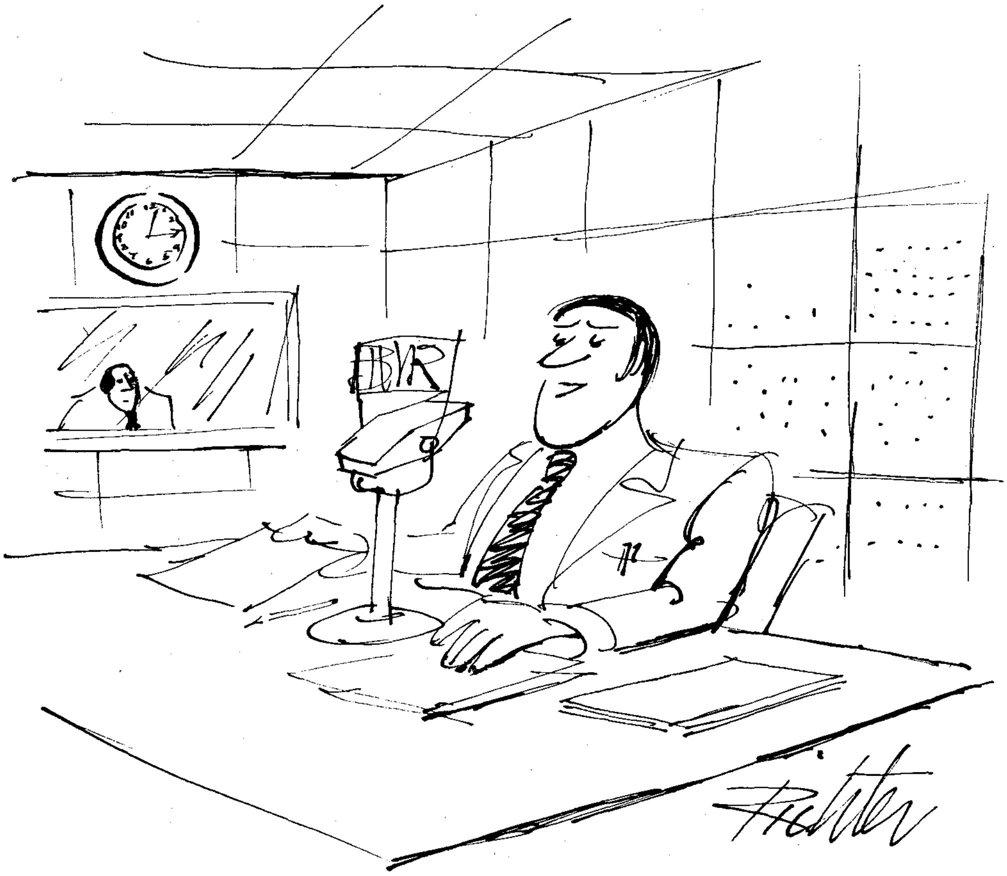
After a while, Daddy began to pat my back. He didn't know what else to do; unlike Rajee, he has never been good at comforting people. I wiped my eyes and said as steadily as I could, "What about bail?"

That made Daddy excited again; he cried, "Five thousand rupees! Where should we take it from?"

No, we didn't have five thousand rupees. Daddy only had his pension, and Rajee and I only had my salary from the shop. Again I saw Rajee sitting there, but I quickly shut my eyes against this unbearable vision.

I made Daddy comfortable on our bed and told him I would be back soon. He wanted to know where I was going. He asked how I could go alone in the streets at this time of night, but he was too tired to protest much. I think he was already asleep when I left. I had to walk all the way through the empty streets. I wasn't frightened, although there had lately been some bad cases in the newspapers of women being attacked. I had other things to think about, and chief among them at the moment was how I could wake up Sudha without waking the rest of her household. But this turned out to be no problem at all, because it was she who came to the door as soon as I knocked. I think she hadn't gone to sleep yet, although it was two o'clock in the morning. No one else stirred in the house.

When I told her, she had a dreadful shock. I think she had the same vision of him that I had. I put out my hand to touch her, but she pushed me away. The expression of pain on her face turned to one of anger. She said, "Why do you come here? What should I do?" Of course, she knew what it was I wanted. She said, "I haven't got it." Then she shouted, "Do you know how



"This has been a test. Had this been an actual emergency, you'd probably never know what hit you."

NEW YORK LANDMARKS UPDATED

long I haven't seen him! How many days!"

I looked around nervously, and she laughed. She said, "Don't worry. He wouldn't wake up if the house fell down." She was right; I could hear her husband snoring, with those fat sounds fat people make in their sleep. "Listen," she said. "It's the same every night. He eats his meal and then—" She imitated the snoring sounds. "And I can't sleep. I walk round the house, thinking. Does Rajee talk about me to you? What does he say?"

I didn't know what to answer. I had already suspected that Rajee did not like to be with her as much as before, but I didn't want to hurt her feelings. Also, this was not the time to talk about it. I had to have the money from her. I had to. There was no other way.

When I said nothing, her face became hard. She and I have known each other for a long time—we were at college together—but I have always been a bit afraid of her. She is a very passionate person. "Go!" she said to me now, and her voice was hard. "How dare you come here? Aren't you ashamed?"

"Where else can I go?"

We were silent. Her husband snored.

I said, "I had cooked fish curry for him tonight, he loves it so much. Do you think they gave him anything to eat there? You know how particular he is about his food."

She shrugged, like someone to whom this is of no concern. But I knew these were not her true feelings, so I continued. "Will he be able to sleep? I don't know if they give beds. Perhaps there are other people with him in the cell—bad characters. I've heard there are many people who share each cell, there is such overcrowding nowadays. And there are no facilities for them, only one bucket, and they take away their belts and shoelaces, because they are afraid that—"

"Be quiet!"

She went out of the room, stumbling over a footstool in her hurry. I could hear her in the bedroom, rattling keys and banging drawers. She took absolutely no care about making a noise, but the sounds from her husband went on undisturbed. I waited for her. I didn't like being here. The room was furnished with costly things, but they were not in good taste. I have always disliked coming here. The atmosphere is not good, probably because she and her husband don't like each other.

At last, she came back. She didn't have cash, but she gave me some jewelry. She had wrapped it in a cloth, which she thrust into my hands. Then she said, "Go, go, go," but that was not necessary, for I was already on my way out.

RAJEE came home the next evening. I wished we could have been alone, but Daddy and Sudha were also there. Rajee smiled at them, but they both averted their eyes from him and then his smile faded. He didn't know what to say. Neither did I.

Rajee is so good-humored and sociable that he hates it when the atmosphere is like that, and he feels he has to do something to cheer everyone up again. He rubbed his hands and said, "Nice to be home," in a cheerful, smiling voice.

Sudha shot him a burning look. Her eyes are already large enough, but they look even larger because of the kohl with which she outlines them.

"North, South, East, West, home is best," Rajee said.

"Fool! Idiot!" Sudha screamed.

There was a silence, in which we seemed to be listening to the echo of this scream. Then Rajee said, "Please let me explain."

"What is there to explain?" Daddy said. "Cheating, impersonation—"

"A mistake," Rajee said.

They were silent in a rather grim way, as if waiting to hear what he had to say. He cleared his throat a few times and spread his hands and began a long story. It was very involved and got more and more so as he went on. It was all about some man he had met in the coffeehouse who had seemed an honest, decent person but had turned out not to be so. It was he who had drawn Rajee into this deal, which also had turned out not to be as honest and decent as Rajee had thought. I didn't listen very carefully; I was watching the two others to see what impression he was making on them. Rajee, too, was watching them, and every now and again he stopped to scan their faces, and then he ran his tongue over his lips and went on talking faster. He didn't once look at me, though; he knew it didn't make any difference to me what he said, because I was on his side anyway.

Rajee is a very good talker, and I could see that Sudha and Daddy were wavering. But of course they weren't happy yet, and they continued to sit there with very glum faces. So then Rajee, sincerely anxious to cheer them up, said to me, "How about some tea? And a few biscuits, if you have any?" He smiled and winked at me, and I also smiled and went away to make the tea.

When I came back, Daddy was arguing with Rajee. Daddy was saying, "But is this the way to do business? In a coffeehouse, with strangers, is this the way to make a living?" Rajee was proving to him that it was. He told him all big deals were made that way. He gave him a lot of examples of fortunes that had been made just by two or three people meeting by chance—how apartment houses had been bought and sold, and a new sugar mill set up with all imported machinery by special government license. It was all a matter of luck and skill and being there at the right time. I knew all these stories, for Rajee had told them to me many times. He loves telling them and thinking about them; they are his inspiration in life. It is because of them, I think, that he gets up in such good humor every day and hums to himself while shaving and dresses up smartly and goes out with a shining, smiling face.

But Daddy remained glum. It is not in his nature to believe such stories. He is retired now, but all through his working life he never got up in good humor or ever went to his office with high expectations. All he ever expected was his salary, and afterward his pension, and that is all he ever got.

"Do you know about Verma Electricals, how they started—have you any idea?" Rajee said, flushed with excitement. But Daddy said, "It would be better to get some regular job."

Rajee smiled politely. He could have pointed out—only he didn't, because he is always very careful of people's feelings—that the entire salary that Daddy had earned throughout his thirty-five years of government service was less than Rajee can expect to make out of one of his deals.

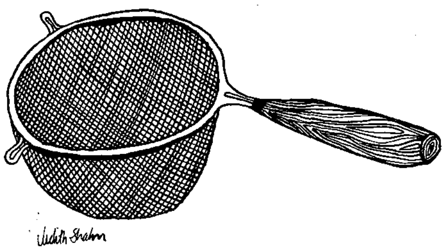
Now Daddy started to get excited. His lips trembled and his hands fumbled about in the air. He said, "If you— Then she—she—she—" He pointed at me with a shaking finger. We all knew what he meant. If Rajee got a job, then I wouldn't have to go to work in the shop.

I said, "I like it."

Daddy got more excited. He stammered and his hands waved frantically in the air as if they were searching for the words that wouldn't come to him. Rajee tried to soothe him. He kept saying, "Please, Daddy." He was afraid for his heart.

And, indeed, Daddy's hands suddenly left off fumbling in the air and clutched his side instead. He must have got one of his tremors. He started whimpering like a child. Rajee jumped up and kept saying, "Oh, my goodness." He took Daddy's arm to lead him to our sofa and make him lie down there. Rajee said several times, "Now, keep quite calm," but in fact it was he who was the most excited.

I got Daddy's pills and Sudha got water and Rajee ran for pillows. Daddy lay on the sofa, with his eyes shut. He looked quite exhausted, as if he didn't want to say or think anything more. Rajee kept fussing over him, but after a time there was nothing more to be done. Daddy was all right and fast asleep. Rajee said to me, "Sit with him." I took a cane stool and sat by the sofa holding Daddy's hand.



But I wasn't thinking of him, I was watching the other two. There was going to be a big scene between them, I knew. Rajee also knew it, and he was very uncomfortable. Sudha lounged in a chair in the middle of the room, with her legs stretched out before her under her sari. She was wearing a brilliant emerald silk sari and gold-and-diamond earrings. She seemed too large and too splendid for our little room. Everything in the room appeared very shabby—the old black oilcloth sofa with the white cotton stuffing bulging out where the material has split; the rickety little table with the cane unwinding like apple peel from the legs; last year's free calendar hanging from a nail on the wall, which hasn't been whitewashed for a long time. I only notice these things when she is here. She makes everything look shabby—me included. Only Rajee matches up to her. Even now, after a night in jail, he looked plump and prosperous and he shone, the way she did.

He was waiting for her to say something, but she only looked at him from under her big lids, half lowered over her big eyes. It seemed she was waiting for him to speak first. He started telling her about Daddy's heart—about the attack last year and how careful we have had to be since then and how we always keep his pills handy. Suddenly she interrupted him. She did this in a strange way—by clutching the top part of her sari and pulling it down from her breasts. She commanded, "Look!"

What was he to look at? At her big breasts that swelled from out of her

---

IN THE VILLAGE

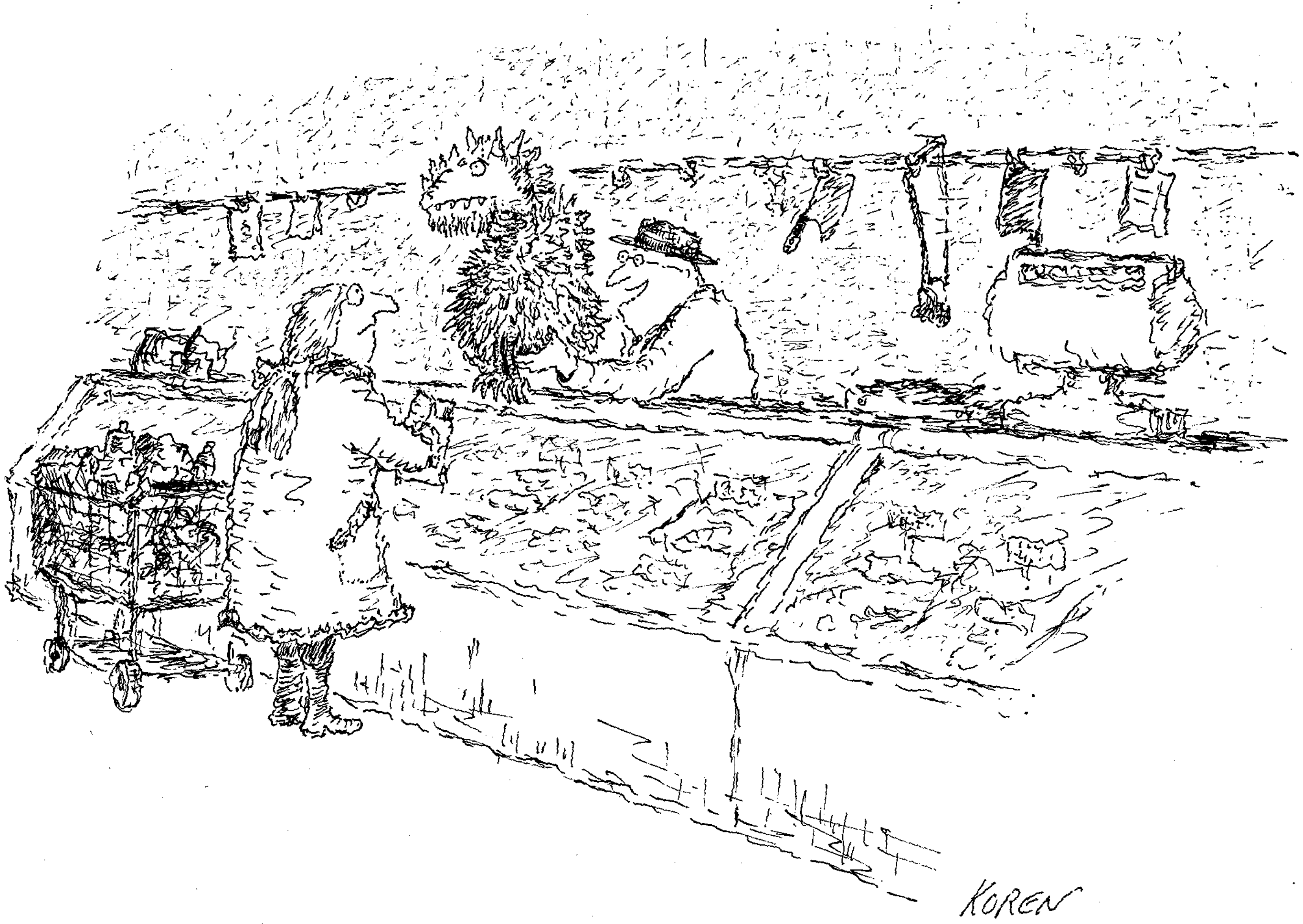
(Africa)

In the village in the village in the village
life repeats itself life repeats itself.
There is sunlight, there is darkness. The dark
repeats itself, the light repeats itself;
planting repeats itself, harvest repeats
itself. Yet life is never dull. It pats
the drum-hide of night and is satisfied.
It listens for footfalls when the dogs bark
in the village in the village in the village.

In the village in the village in the village
life repeats itself, life undoes itself
and then does itself up in the same guise.
We are careful not to fail to repeat
the same salutations, the same farewells
our parents and our parents' parents use.
They are wise; we are small and the day long.
Death comes but once but when it comes to life
no one would be unwilling to repeat
in the village in the village in the village.

—Andrew Oerke

• •



"It's mighty good eating for the pennies it costs."

• •

low-cut blouse? Modestly—because of Daddy and me being in the room—he lowered his eyes, but she repeated, "Look, look," in an impatient voice. She struck her hand against her bared throat.

"Your necklace," he murmured uncomfortably.

She threw a savage look in my direction, so that I felt I had to defend myself. I said to Rajee, "Where else could I get it from? *Five thousand!*"

He shook his head, as if rebuking me. This infuriated her, and she began to shout at me. She cried, "Yes, you should have left him there in jail, where he belongs!"

"Sh-h-h, sh-h-h," said Rajee, afraid she might wake up Daddy.

She lowered her voice but went on with the same fury. "It's the place where you belong. Because you are not only a cheat but a thief, also. Can you deny it? Try. Say, 'No, I'm not a thief.' No? Then what about that time in my house?" She turned to me. "I never told you, but now I will show you what sort of a person you are married to."

I didn't look at her but stared straight in front of me.

"I'll make him tell you himself. Tell her!" she ordered him, but the next moment she was shouting, "The servant caught him! He called me, 'Quick, quick, come quick, Memsahib,' and when I went into the room, yes, there he was with his hand right inside my purse. Oh, how he looked then! I will never, never, never forget as long as I live his face at that moment!" She flung her hands before her face like someone who didn't want to see.

"I don't believe you," I said.

"Ask him!"

"I don't believe you."

Our clock ticked. It is a round battered old metal clock, and it ticks with a loud metal sound. Usually, when I am alone here sitting quietly at the table waiting for him, I like that sound; it is soothing and homely to me. But now, in the silence that had fallen between us, it was like a sick heart beating.

When Sudha spoke again, it was in quite a different voice. "It doesn't matter," she said. "I don't care at all." Then she said, "Whatever you need, you think I wouldn't give? Would I ever say no to you? If you want, take these, too. Here—" She put up her hands to her earrings. "No, take them. Take," she said as he held out his hand to restrain her, though she did not go any farther in unhooking them. "That's all nothing. I don't care one jot. I only care that you haven't come. For so long you haven't come to me. Every Tuesday afternoon, every Thursday, I got ready for you and I waited and waited— Why are you looking at her!" she cried, for Rajee had glanced nervously in my direction. "Who is she to grudge me those few hours with you, when she has taken everything else!"

She got up from where she had been sprawled in the chair. I didn't know what she was going to do. She looked capable of anything; the room seemed too small for all she seemed capable of doing. I think Rajee felt the same, and that is why he took her away.

We have one more room besides this one, but we have to cross an open passage to get to it. This is a nuisance during the rains, when sometimes we have to use an umbrella to go from our bedroom to our sitting room. We run across the passage under the umbrella, holding each other close. Now he was taking Sudha through our passage. I heard him shut the door and draw the big metal bolt from inside.

I WAS left alone with Daddy, who was sleeping with his mouth dropped open. He looked an old, old man. The clock ticked, loud as a hammer. I tried not to think of Rajee and Sudha in our bedroom, just as I always tried not to think of them in her house on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons (the days her husband goes to visit his factory at Saharanpur). Sometimes it is not good to think too much. Why dwell on things that can't be helped? Or on those that are over and done with? That is why I also don't look back on the past very much. There was a time when I didn't know Rajee but Sudha did. Of course, she often spoke to me about him—I was her best friend—but I didn't meet him till I had to start taking letters between them. That was the time her family was arranging her marriage, and she and Rajee were planning to elope together. Well, it all turned out differently, so what is the use of thinking back now to what was then?

Daddy woke up. He looked round the room and asked where the other two were. I said Sudha had gone home and Rajee was sleeping in the bedroom because he was very tired after last night. Daddy groaned at the mention of last night. He said, "Do you know what it could mean? Seven years rigorous imprisonment."

"No, no, Daddy," I said. I wasn't a bit frightened; I didn't believe it for a moment.

"You may look in the penal code. Cheating and impersonation, Section 420."

"It was all a mistake, Daddy. While you were sleeping, he explained everything to me."

I didn't want to hear anything more, and there was only one way I knew to keep him quiet. Although I couldn't find anything except one rather soft banana, he was glad to have even that. I watched him peeling it and chewing slowly, mulling it round in his mouth to make the most of every bite. Whenever I watch him eat nowadays, I feel he is not going to live much longer. I feel the same when I see him looking at the leaves moving on a tree. He enjoys these things like a person for whom they are not going to be there much longer.

He said, "How will you stay alone for seven years?"

I said, "No, Daddy."

I was saying no, it wouldn't happen, Rajee wouldn't be away for seven years, and also I was saying no, Daddy, I won't be alone, you won't die.

But he went on. "Yes, alone. You will be alone. I won't be here."

He turned away his face from me. I strained my ears toward the bedroom. But of course it was too far away, with the passage in between, to hear anything.

Daddy said, "These government regulations are very unfair. If there is a widow, the pension is paid to her, but otherwise it stops. Often I think if I had saved, but how was it possible? With high rent and college fees and other expenses?"

Daddy used to spend a lot of money on me. He sent me to the best school and college, where girls from much richer families went. He also tried to buy me the same sort of clothes that those girls had, so that I should not feel inferior to them.

I said, "I'm all right. I have my job."

"Your job!"

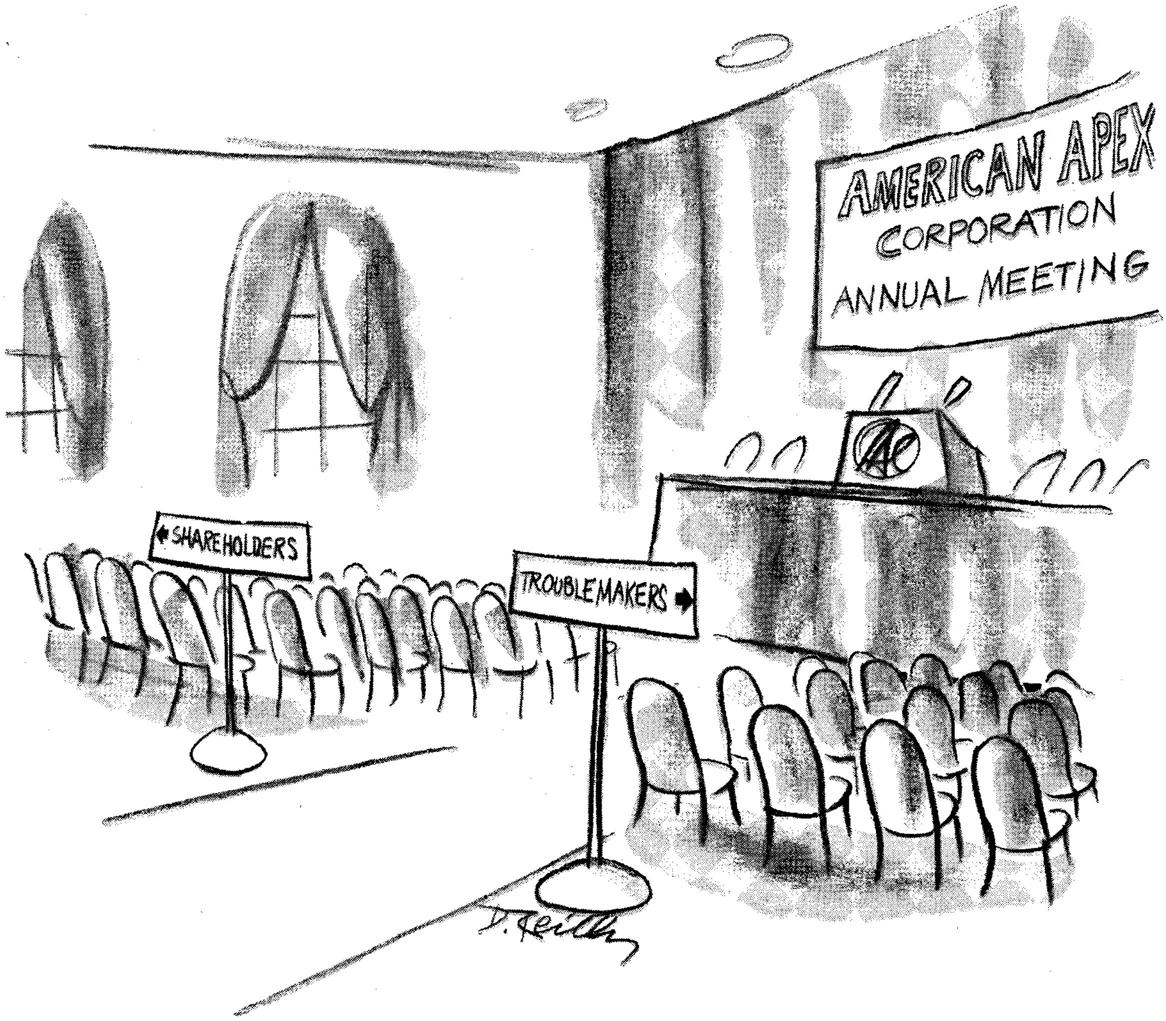
Daddy has always hated it that I work as cashier in a shop. Of course, from his point of view, and after all that expense and education, it isn't very much, but it *is* enough for Rajee and me to live on.

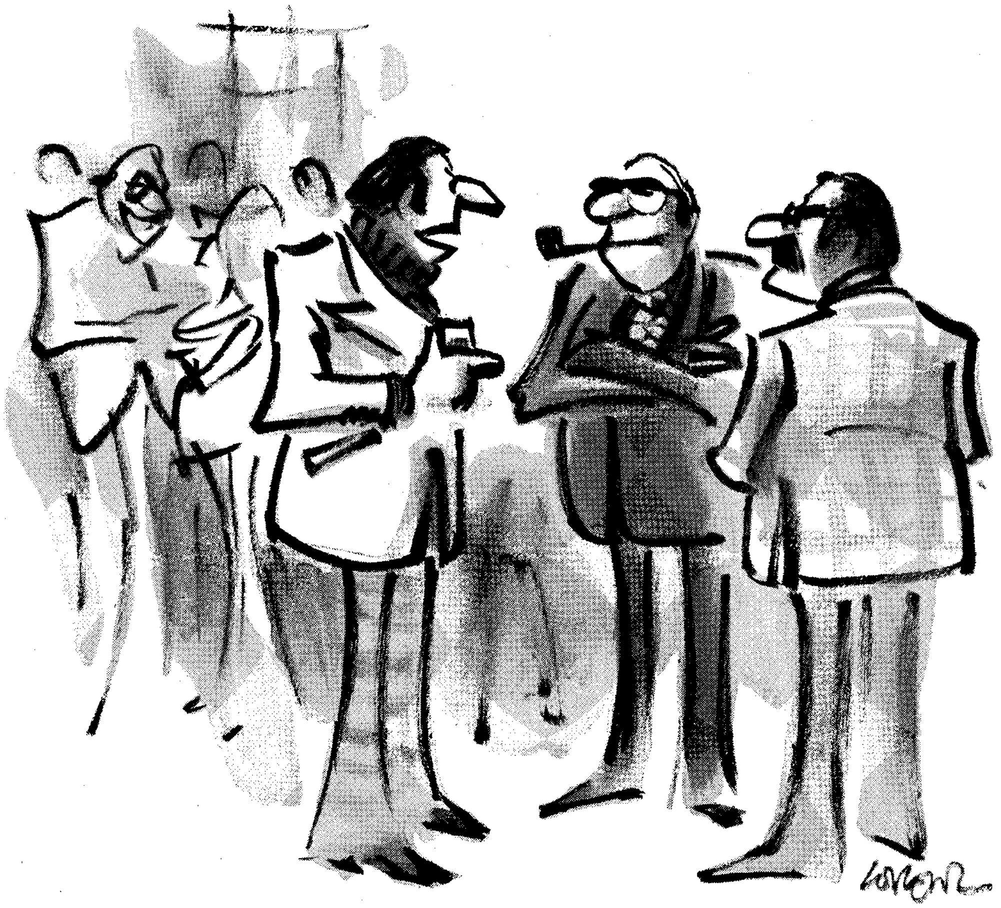
"They wanted a graduate. I couldn't have got it if I weren't a graduate." I said this to make him feel better and show him his efforts had not been wasted. "And sometimes there are some quite difficult calculations, so it's good I did all that maths at college."

"For this?" Daddy said, making the grubbing movement of counting coins with which he always refers to my job.

"Never mind," I said. "It doesn't matter."

Whenever we speak about this subject, we end up in the same way. Daddy used to have very high hopes for me. There were only the two of us, because my mother had died when I was born and Daddy didn't care


AMERICAN APEX CORPORATION ANNUAL MEETING
AC
SHAREHOLDERS
TROUBLEMAKERS
D. Reilly



"You'll notice it's the same crybabies who wouldn't give Nixon credit for ending the war who won't give him credit for ending the crisis in the cities."

• •

for the rest of the family and had broken off relations with them. He cared only for me. He was proud because I did well at school and always stood first in arithmetic and English composition. At that time, he used to read a lot. It's funny: nowadays he doesn't read at all; you would think in his retirement he would be reading all the time, but he doesn't—not even the newspaper. But at that time he was particularly fond of reading H.G. Wells and Bernard Shaw, and was keen for me to become like the women in their books. He said there was no need for me to get married; he said why should I be like the common run of girls. No, I must be free and independent and the equal of men in everything. He wanted me to smoke cigarettes, and even began to smoke himself so as to encourage me. (I didn't like the taste, so we both stopped.)

Now he said, "If he has to go, it would be better to give up this place and stay somewhere as paying guest."

"He doesn't have to go!"

"Or perhaps you can stay with a friend. What about her? What is her name?"

"Sudha? You want me to go and stay with *her*?"

I laughed and laughed; only at some point I stopped. I don't know if he noticed the difference. He may not have, because I was sitting on the floor with my knees drawn up and my face buried in them. All he would be able to see was my shoulders shaking, and that could be laughing or crying.

But I think he wasn't taking much notice of me. I think he was more interested in his own thoughts. He has a lot of thoughts always; I can tell because I can see him sunk into them and mumbling to himself and sometimes mumbling out loud. Perhaps that's the reason he doesn't read anymore. I looked at him; he was shaking his head and smiling to himself. Well, at least he was thinking something pleasant that made him happy.

And I could think only of Sudha and Rajee in there in our bedroom! You would have said—anyone would have said—that I had the right to go and bang on the door and shout, "What are you doing! Come out of there!" I should have done it.

Daddy said, "The time I liked best was the exams. I watched you go in with the others and I knew you would do better than any of them. I was sure of it."

He chuckled to himself in the triumphant way he used to when the results came out and I had done well. He had always accompanied me right up to the door of the examination hall, and as I went in he shouted after me, "Remember! First class first!," flexing the muscles of his arm as if to give me strength. It used to be rather embarrassing—everyone stared—and I hurried in, pretending not to be the person addressed. But I was glad to see him when I came out again and he was standing there waiting, always with some special thing he knew I liked, such as a bag of chili chips.

He had stopped chuckling. Now his face was sad. He turned up his hand and held it out empty. "In the end, what is there?" he said. "Nothing. Ashes."

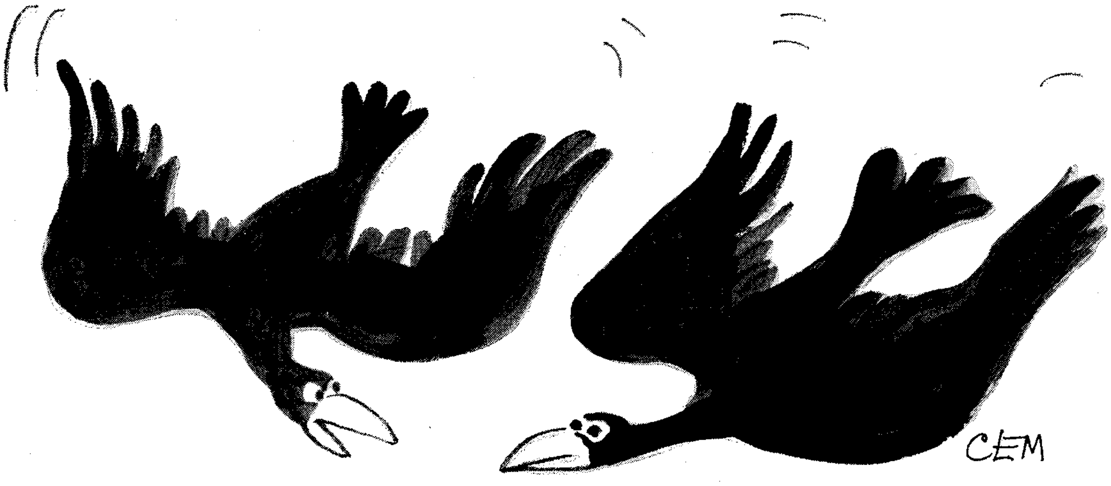
Well, I couldn't sit there listening to such depressing talk! I jumped up. I went straight through the passage, and now I did bang on the door. The bolt was drawn back and Rajee opened the door. He said, "One minute. She is going now."

I said, "I told Daddy she has gone home."

Rajee understood the problem at once. We have only one entrance door, and to get to that Sudha would have to pass through the sitting room and walk past Daddy. He would be surprised to see her back again.

Rajee told me to wait till he called. He went into the sitting room. I heard him talk to Daddy in a loud, cheerful voice. I went into the bedroom. Sudha was buttoning up her blouse. She didn't take much notice of me but only glanced at me over her shoulder and went on straightening her sari and fixing her hair. She did not look happy or satisfied; on the contrary, her eyes and cheeks were swollen with tears, and I think she was still crying, without making any sound.

At last, Rajee called. Sudha and I walked through the passage and into the sitting room. I made her walk on the far side of Daddy, along the wall, and Rajee had also got between us and Daddy to shield us from view. He was stirring something in a cup. "Just wait till you taste this, Daddy," he was saying. "It is called Rajee's Special. Once tasted, never forgotten." Daddy's attention was all on this cup, and he had even stretched out his hands for it. Sudha walked along the wall with her sari pulled over her head, not looking



"You know, even the way we fly, Patagonia is still one hell of a long way away."

• •

right or left. I think she was still crying. I took her as far as the stairs and I said, "Be careful," because there was no light on the stairs. She managed to grope her way down, though I didn't wait to see. I was in a hurry to get back into the room.

I SAID, "Daddy had better go home now, before it gets too late."

"How can he go?" Rajee said. "He is not well; he must stay here with us."

Suddenly I became terribly angry with Rajee. Perhaps I had been angry all the time—only now it came out. I began to shout at him. I shouted about the disgrace of getting arrested, but it wasn't only that; in fact, that was the least of it. Once I get angry, I find it very difficult to stop. New thoughts keep coming up, making me more angry, and I feel shaken through and through. I said many things I didn't mean.

Daddy joined in from time to time, saying what a disgrace it was to the family. The worse things I said the better pleased he was. When I showed signs of running down, he encouraged me to start up again. He listened attentively with his head to one side, so as not to miss anything, and whenever he thought I had scored a good point he thrust his forefinger up into the air and shouted, "Right! Correct!" He had become quite bright and perky again.

But Rajee sat there hunched together and with his head bowed, letting me say whatever I wanted, even when I called him a cheat and a liar and a thief. He sat there quiet and looking guilty. Then I wished that he would speak and rouse himself and perhaps get angry in return. I stopped every time I had said something very bad, so that he might defend himself. But it was always Daddy who spoke. "Right," he said. "Correct," till at last I cried, "Oh, please be quiet, Daddy!"

"No," Rajee said. "He is right. I deserve everything you say. All the names you are calling me, for having worried you so much."

"Worried me about what?"

Rajee looked up in surprise. He made a vague gesture, as if too ashamed to mention what had happened.

"About what?"

Rajee lowered his eyes again.

"Oh, you think that's all," I said. "That you have been in jail. You think that's the worst thing you have done. Ha."

He looked quite blank. The idiot! Did he think that was nothing—to have been in our bedroom alone with Sudha? Was it so small a thing? Then I longed to do more than only shout at him. I longed really to strike and beat him. If only Daddy would go away!

Daddy said, "I'm very tired. I will stay here tonight."

"Yes, yes, quite right." Rajee jumped up. He got sheets and pillows and made up Daddy's bed on the sofa. Afterward, he turned down the sheet like a professional nurse and helped Daddy undress and arranged him comfortably. He spent rather a long time on all this, and appeared quite engrossed in it. I realized he was putting off being alone with me.

But I could wait. Soon Daddy would be asleep and then we would be alone. He would not be able to get away from me. I crossed the passage into our bedroom. I looked round carefully. It was as usual. There seemed to be no trace of Sudha left. It is strange; she has a very strong smell—partly because she is heavy and perspires heavily and partly because of the strong perfumes she wears, but though I sniffed and sniffed the air, I found that nothing of her remained.

I stepped up close to the mirror to look at myself. I often do it—not so much because I'm interested in myself but because of a desire to check up on how I look to Rajee. I haven't changed much from the time he first knew me. I think small, skinny girls like me don't change as fast as big ones like Sudha. If it weren't for my long hair, I still could be taken either for a boy or a girl. When I was a child, people had difficulty in telling which I was because Daddy always had my hair cut short. He had a theory that it was a woman's long hair that was to blame for her lack of freedom. But later, when I grew bigger, I envied the other girls their thick, long hair, in which they wore ornaments and flowers, and I would no longer allow mine to be cut. It never grew very thick, though. Sometimes I try to wear a flower, but my hair is too thin to hold it and the flower droops and looks odd, so that sooner or later I snatch it out and throw it away.

Rajee called to ask if I wanted tea. I called back no. I realized he only wanted to put off the moment for us to be alone together. I felt angry and grim. But when he did come I stopped feeling like that. He stood in the door, trying to scan my face to see my mood. He tried to smile at me. He looked terribly tired, with rings under his eyes.

"Lie down," I said. "Go to sleep now." My voice shook, I had such deep feeling for him at that moment.

He was very much relieved that I had stopped being angry. He flung himself on the bed like a person truly exhausted. I squatted on the bed beside him and rubbed my fingers to and fro in his soft hair. He had his eyes shut and looked at peace.

After a time, I whispered, "Was it very bad?"

Without opening his eyes, he answered, "Only at first. Don't stop. I like it." I went on rubbing my fingers in his hair. "At first, of course, it was a shock, though everyone was quite polite. They allowed me to take a taxi, and two policemen accompanied me."

"They didn't—?" I asked. I had been thinking about this all the time, and it made me shudder more than anything. So often in the streets I had seen people led away to jail, and their wrists were handcuffed and they were fastened to a policeman with a long chain.

"Oh, no," he said. He knew what I meant at once. "They could see they were dealing with a gentleman. The policemen were very respectful to me, and they accepted cigarettes from me and smoked them in the taxi, though they were on duty. And when we got there everyone was quite nice. They were quite apologetic that this had to be done." He opened his eyes and said, "I wish you hadn't taken the money from Sudha."

"Then from where?" I cried.

"Yes, I know. But I wish—"

"Should I have left you there?"

"No, no, of course not." He spoke quickly, as if afraid that I would get angry again. And to prevent this from happening he pulled me down beside him and pressed me close and held me.

He seemed eager to tell me about the jail. He always likes to tell me everything, and I sit up for him at night and try and keep awake, however late he comes, because I know he is coming home with a lot to tell. Every day, something exciting happens to him, and he loves to repeat it to me in every detail. Well, it seemed that even in jail he had had a good time, and it wasn't at all like what I had thought.

"You see," he explained, "before trial we are kept quite separate and we are allowed all sorts of facilities. It's really more like a hotel. Of course, there are guards, but they don't bother you at all. On the contrary, if they see you are a better-class person they like to help you. I met some very interesting people there—really some quite top-notch people; you'd be surprised."

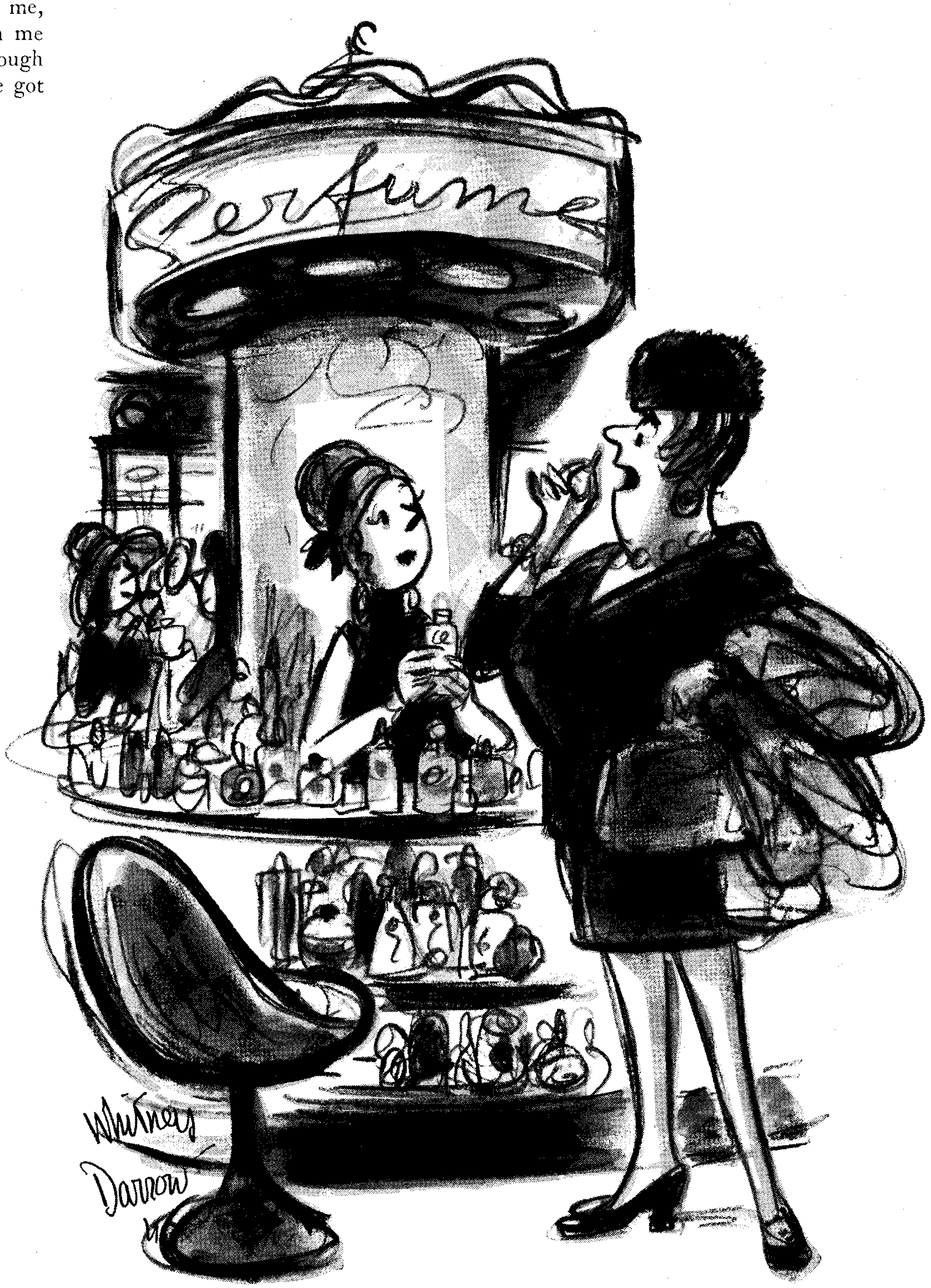
I *was* surprised. I had no idea it could be like that. But that is one of the wonderful things about Rajee—wherever he goes, whatever he does, something good and exciting happens to him.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I made a very good contact. Something interesting could come of it. Wait, I'll tell you."

I knew he wanted his cigarettes—he always likes to smoke when he has something nice to tell—so I got out of bed and brought them for him. He lit up, and we lay again side by side on the bed.

"There was this person in the patent-medicine line, who had been in for several days. It took time to arrange for his bail, because it was for a very big amount. There is a big case against him. Everyone—all the guards and everyone—was very respectful to him, and he was good to them, too. He knew how to handle them. His food and other things came from outside, and he also had cases of beer and always saw to it that the guards had their share. Naturally, they did everything they could to oblige him. And they were very careful with me, too, because they could see he had taken a great liking to me."

That was nothing new. Wherever



"Have you got something with a little more clout?"

he goes, people take a great liking to Rajee and do all sorts of things for him and want to keep him in their company.

"He insisted I should eat with him, though as a matter of fact I wasn't very hungry, I was still rather upset. But the food was so delicious—such wonderful kebabs, I wish you could have tasted them. And plenty of beer with it, and plenty of good company, because there were some other people, too, all in for various things but all of them better-class. We were quite a select group. Afterward, we had a game of cards, that was good fun. Why are you laughing?"

It was all so different from what I had thought! I was laughing at myself, for my fears and terrible visions. I asked, "Did you win anything?"

"No, as a matter of fact I lost, but as I didn't have the money to pay they said it didn't matter, I could pay some other time."

"How much?" I asked, suddenly suspicious.

"Oh, not very much."

But he seemed anxious to change the subject, which confirmed my suspicions. My mood was no longer so good now. I began to brood. Here I had been, and Daddy and Sudha, and there he had been all the time, quite enjoying himself and even losing money at cards.

I said, "If it was so nice, perhaps I should have left you there."

He gave me a reproachful look and was silent for a while. But then he said, "I wish it had been possible to get the money from someone else."

"Why?" I said, and then I felt worse. "Why?" I repeated. "She is such a wonderful friend to you. So wonderful," I cried, "that you bring her here and lock yourself into our bedroom with her to do God knows what!"

He turned to me and comforted me. He explained everything. I began to see that he had had no alternative—that he *had* to bring her in here because of the way she felt and because of the money she had given. He didn't say so outright, but I realized it was partly my fault also, for taking the money from her.

I felt much better. He went on talking about Sudha, and I liked it, the way he spoke about her. He said, "She is not a generous person; that is why it is not good to take from her. At heart, she grudges giving—it eats her up."

"She was always like that," I said, giving him a swift sideways look. But he agreed with me; he nodded. I saw that his feelings for her had completely changed.

"Every little bit she gives," he said, "she wants four times as much in return."

"It's her nature."

I remembered what she had said about his taking money from her purse. I felt indignant. To shame him like that, before her servant! Obviously, he would never have taken the money if he had not been in great need. She should have been glad to help him out. I never hide my money from him now. I used to sometimes—I used to put away absolutely necessary amounts, like for the rent—but he always seemed to find out my hiding places, so I don't do it anymore. Now if we run short I

LIFE WITHOUT MIND

In ancient Greece and Rome, the system of brain and nerves was compared to the reservoirs, aqueducts, fountains, baths, and sewers of that age.—"*Explorers of the Brain*," *Leonard A. Stevens.*

The brain in Greece was once a fountain
In Rome it was an aqueduct of fog
Later it switched into a white telephone
But America is but an analogue

Unrepairable, irreplaceable brain
We have lost our will and way
Mutilations cause no pain
Though we erase the child, destroy the day

The beating heart is lifted from the chest
And placed still beating in another's breast
But you we cannot reinstate by stealth
We have the definition of our death

Out of your head the laughs arise
Like a colorful summary
And thinking tears come from your eyes
Like joined hands they fall simultaneously

The rod passed completely through his head
A man sits up to touch the wound
Astonished physicians order him to bed
Soft-spoken nature gives way to sound

Lightning has incinerated the old frog
And as for the young and healthy dog
He only totters like the zigzag stars at night
When wishing to turn left he must turn right

And suddenly fall down upon himself
Small skull blown away by a small war
The surface of his thoughts lies on the shelf
Receives the tiny shocks no more

And love's arms thrown out, the fingers extended,
And the needles so callow,
The neck on which it all depended
Forces her blond head back on the pillow

The brain lies above, the maze leads to and from,
The brainless Beast stands up to say,
"The foot treads upon the thorn, and is dumb,
But the other legs limp away"

The only light in the laboratory
Passes before us like a burning rivet
With a finger a friend approaches our eye
We must not close it

—DAVID SHAPIRO

• •

"The crocuses are up!"

• •

borrow it from the cash register in the shop; no one ever notices, and I always put it back when I get my salary. Only once I couldn't put it back—there were some unexpected expenses—but they never found out, so it's all right.

"What's that?" he said. We were both silent, listening. He said, "I think Daddy is calling."

"I don't hear anything."

Rajee wanted to go and see, but I assured him it was all right. Daddy might have called out in his sleep—he often did that. I asked Rajee to tell me more about his adventures last night, so he settled back and lit another cigarette.

"You know, this person I was telling you about—in the patent-medicine line? He wants me to contact him as soon as he comes out. He says he will put some good things in my way. He was very keen to meet me again and wanted to have my telephone number. . . . You know, it is very difficult without a telephone; it is the biggest handicap in my career. It is not even necessary to have an office, but a telephone—you can't do big business without one. Do you know that some of the most important deals are concluded over the telephone only? I could tell you some wonderful stories."

"I know," I said. He had already told me some wonderful stories on this subject, and I knew how much he longed for and needed a telephone, but where could I get it from?

"Never mind," he said. He didn't want me to feel bad. "When we move into a better place, we shall install all these things. Telephone, refrigerator—I think he *is* calling."

Rajee went to see. I also got off the bed and looked under it for my slippers. As I did so, I remembered a terrible dream I used to have as a child. I used to dream Daddy was dead. Then I screamed and screamed, and when I woke up Daddy was holding me and I had my arms round his neck. Afterward, I was always afraid to go on sleeping by myself and got into his bed. But I would never tell him my dream. I was frightened to speak it out.

WHEN I came into the sitting room, I found Daddy sitting up on the sofa, and Rajee was holding him up under the arms—sort of propping him up. It was that time of the night when everything looks dim and depressing. We have only one light bulb, and it looked very feeble and even ghostly and did not shed much light. Dawn wasn't far off—it was no longer quite night and it was not yet day—and the light coming in through the window was rather dreary. Perhaps it was because of this that Daddy's face looked so strange; he lay limp and lolling in Rajee's arms.

And he was very cross. He said he had been shouting for hours and no one came. In the end, he had had to get up himself and get his pills and the water to swallow them with. If it hadn't been for that—if he hadn't somehow got the strength together—then who knew what state we might have found him in later when we woke up from our deep sleep? Rajee kept apologizing, trying to soothe him, but that only seemed to make him more cross. He went on and on.

"Yes," he said, "and if something happens to me now, then what about her?" He pointed at me in an accusing way.

"Nothing will happen, Daddy," Rajee said, soothing him. "You are all right."

Daddy snorted with contempt. "Feel this," he said, guiding Rajee's hand to his heart.

"You are all right," Rajee repeated.

Daddy made another contemptuous

sound and pushed Rajee's hand away. "You would have made a fine doctor. And who is going to look after her when *you* go? What will she do all alone for seven years?"

"He is *not going*, Daddy," I said, spacing my words very distinctly. I didn't like it, that he should still be thinking about that.

"Not going where?" Rajee asked.

That made Daddy so angry that he became quite energetic. He stopped lolling in Rajee's arms and began to abuse him, calling him the same sort of names I had called him earlier. And Rajee listened to him as he had listened to me, respectfully, with his head lowered.

I tried to bear it quietly for a while but couldn't. Then I interrupted Daddy. I said, "It is not like that at all."

"No?" he said. "To go to jail is not like that? Perhaps it's a nice thing. Perhaps we should say, 'Well done, Son. Bravo.' "

"He wasn't in jail," I said. "It was more like a hotel. And he met some very fine people there. You don't understand anything about these things, Daddy, so it's better not to talk."

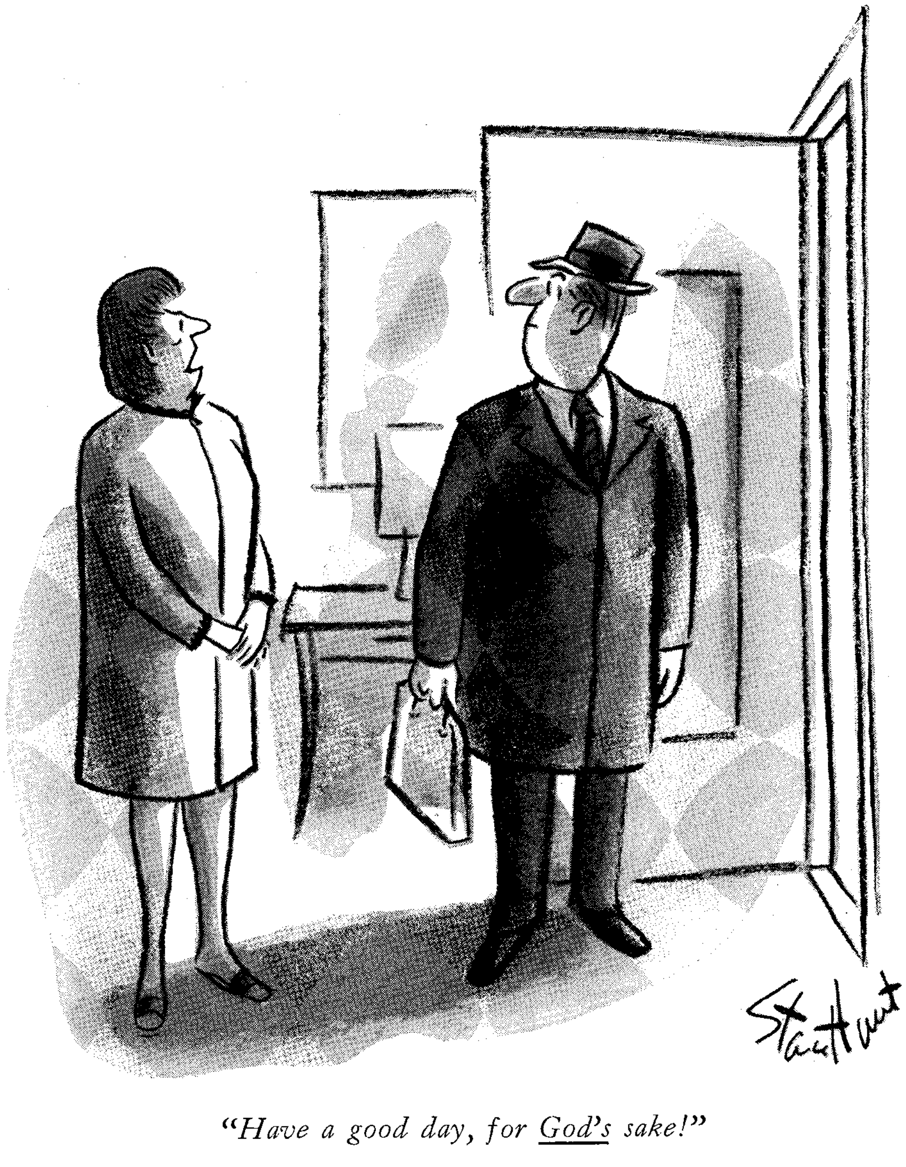
Daddy was quiet. I didn't look at him, I was too annoyed with him. He had no right to meddle in things he didn't know about; he was old now, and should just eat and sleep.

"Lie down," I told him. "Go to sleep."

"All right," Daddy said in a meek voice.

But in fact he couldn't lie down, because Rajee had dropped off to sleep on the sofa. He was sitting up, but his head had drooped to his chest and his eyes were shut. Naturally, after two sleepless nights. I couldn't disturb him, so I told Daddy he had better go and sleep in our bedroom. Daddy said all right again, in the same meek voice. He carried his pillow under his arm and went away.

I lifted Rajee's legs onto the sofa and arranged his head. He didn't wake up. I looked at him sleeping. I thought that even if he had to go away for a while he would be coming back to me. And even if it were for a longer time there are always remissions for good conduct and other concessions, and meanwhile visits are allowed and I could take him things and also receive letters from him. So even if it is for longer, I shall wait and not do anything to myself. I would never do anything to myself now, never. I wouldn't think of it.



"Have a good day, for God's sake!"

I did try it once. I got the idea from two people. One of them was Rajee. It was the time when Sudha's marriage was being arranged, and he came daily to our house and cried and said he could not bear it and would kill himself. I think he felt better with being able to talk to me, but after I told him my feelings for him he didn't come so often anymore, and after a time he stopped coming altogether. Then I began to remember all he had said about what was the use of living. It so happened that just at this time there was a girl in the neighborhood who committed suicide—not for love but because of cruel treatment from her in-laws. She did it in the usual way, by pouring kerosene over her clothes and setting herself on fire. It is a crude method and perhaps not suitable for a college girl like me, but it was the only way I could think of and also the easiest and cheapest, so I decided on it.

Only that day, when everything was ready, Daddy came home early and found me. Although he never wanted me to get married, he saw then that there was no other way and he sent for Rajee. When Daddy saw that Rajee was reluctant to get married to me, he did a strange thing—the sort of thing he has never, never in his whole life done to anyone. He got down on the floor and touched Rajee's feet and *begged* him to marry me. Rajee, who is always very respectful to elders, was shocked, and he bent down to raise him and cried, "Daddy, what are you doing!" As soon as I heard him say Daddy, I knew it would be all right. I mean, he wouldn't call him Daddy, would he, unless he was going to be his son-in-law?

—R. Prawer Jhabvala

•

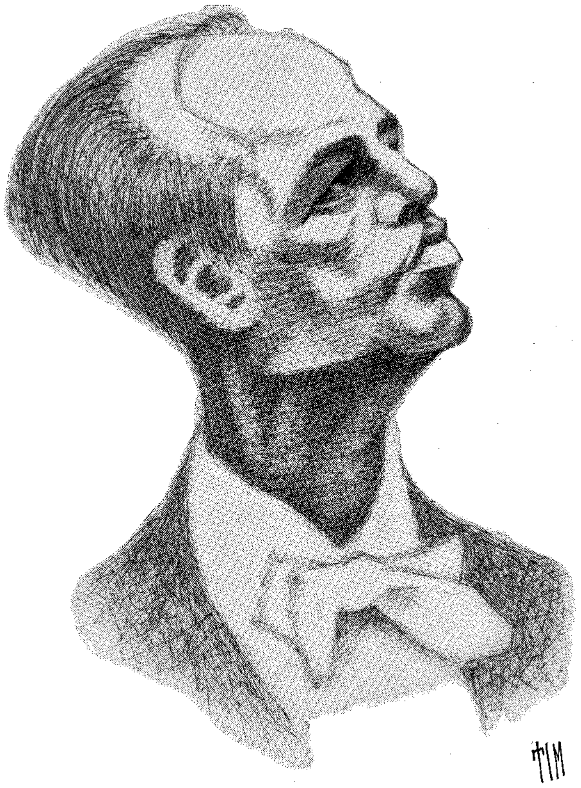
The moon may also inspire the woodchuck to rise above its chosen "singing ground" and circle the area up to 275 feet above the ground. He utters a chirping song, and then zigzags down to earth again. Again and again he repeats his flight until a lady of his species hears his summons and waits below for him to descend.

In the moonlight everything is veiled in bridal white.—*Martha's Vineyard (Mass.) Vineyard Gazette.*

Oh, happy, happy woodchuck!

PROFILES

TAKING LEAVE OF PREDECESSORS—II



Pierre Boulez, who is today, at the age of forty-eight, Music Director of the New York Philharmonic and chief conductor of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, started to attract attention as a conductor only after he had established himself as one of the leading composers of the generation that emerged after 1945. In reality, this development was not as new as it seemed when he first made his mark, in the early sixties, for, as musical director of the Paris theatrical company of Jean-Louis Barrault and Madeleine Renaud, he had in a modest way been conducting intermittently since 1946.

In postwar Paris, concert life reached a point of almost total stagnation. Each Sunday, at the curious hour of 5:45 P.M., four orchestras sounded off simultaneously with mediocre performances of hackneyed programs. In 1953, Boulez, as he later wrote, decided that the time was ripe for his generation "to prove itself in action" with a series of chamber concerts that would serve as "a means of communication between the composers of our time and the public that is interested in its time." Accordingly, he persuaded the Barraults to launch a modest series of four chamber concerts at the Petit Marigny—a series that soon expanded, and became known as the Domaine Musical. At first, he had no intention of conducting any of these concerts, and, indeed, it was not until 1956, when Hans Rosbaud was not available, that he did conduct one—as it happened, the one that included the first performance in Paris of his own "Le Marteau sans Maître." After that, he conducted most of the concerts, but in the early years of the Domaine Musical his chief contribution was as mainspring and organizer, and during that period he revealed an unsuspected talent for administration. He chose the musicians, selected the programs, edited the program notes, dealt with subscriptions, and generally functioned as artistic director, accountant, and errand boy. The programs were made up of contemporary classics (the first concert included Stravinsky's "Renard," with Barrault in a mimed role, and Webern's Concerto for Nine Instruments), new works (by Karlheinz Stockhausen and Luigi Nono), and masterpieces of the past that for one reason or another seemed particularly apposite but were rarely heard in ordinary concerts, such as Bach's "Das Musikalische Opfer" and Debussy's "Études." What was of the first importance to Boulez was that, as he later put it when discussing the presentation of experimental works in New York, "if the music itself is to be controversial, there must be no controversy about the performances it receives."

The Petit Marigny was tiny, the wooden seats were a torture, the heat was sometimes extreme, the programs were long, and, in the audience, painters and writers were more conspicuous than musicians (a frequent phenomenon at events of this sort). But the concerts were an instantaneous success, attracting from the beginning that peculiar blend of the far-out and the fashionable which is essential to the recognition of any avant-garde project in the French capital. There was only one snag: they cost far more to put on than had been envisaged. The Barraults, whose support had from the beginning been unstinting, nobly shouldered the deficit for the first season. Public subsidies were out of the question. (The Domaine Musical began to receive state support—and then on a very modest scale—only in 1959, when it followed Barrault's company to the Odéon, which is a state theatre.) Nor was any help forthcoming from the French Radio, which did not broadcast a single Domaine concert during the first five seasons. Private support was therefore essential. It was provided by Mme. Suzanne Tézenas, a woman in the venerable tradition of Paris hostesses who are also patrons of advanced art. Mme. Tézenas not only contributed money herself but worked hard to raise it from others. After each concert, she gave a lavish reception, and if some of the supporters she gathered were attracted more by her hospitality than by the music itself, that did not trouble Boulez in the least. On the contrary, the young bear began to reveal an unsuspected ability to charm the rich and the fashionable. Years later, he said that he still felt "an extreme repugnance at the idea of a composer's giving himself up to all the work involved in running a series of concerts." But it was a repugnance he successfully overcame in Paris in the fifties, and in 1957 he achieved his greatest coup when he persuaded Stravinsky himself to conduct the first European performance of his most recent work, "Agon," at a concert of the Domaine Musical. Today, Boulez likes to quote a remark attributed to Lenin that "not every compromise is a concession," and it was during the period he served as impresario of the Domaine Musical that his once intransigent character began to accept the need for compromise.

Stravinsky and Boulez had first met at a party in Virgil Thomson's apartment in New York in 1952, when Boulez visited the United States with Barrault's company. The great man cared greatly for his reputation among the young, and it is inconceivable that he should have been unaware of Boulez's assaults on his neoclassical music. The company drew a deep breath and awaited the encounter. There is some discrepancy in the accounts of what took place. Virgil Thomson has written that Stravinsky and Boulez seated themselves on a sofa and chatted happily for a couple of hours, oblivious of the milling throng around them. Boulez told me that Stravinsky simply asked him to dine alone with him later, at which time

QUALITY
SPECIAL
BIG
SALE
CARDS
SPECIAL
GIFTS · TOYS · C
STATIONERY S
GREETING CAR
HOUSEHOLD N
98¢
STEVENSON

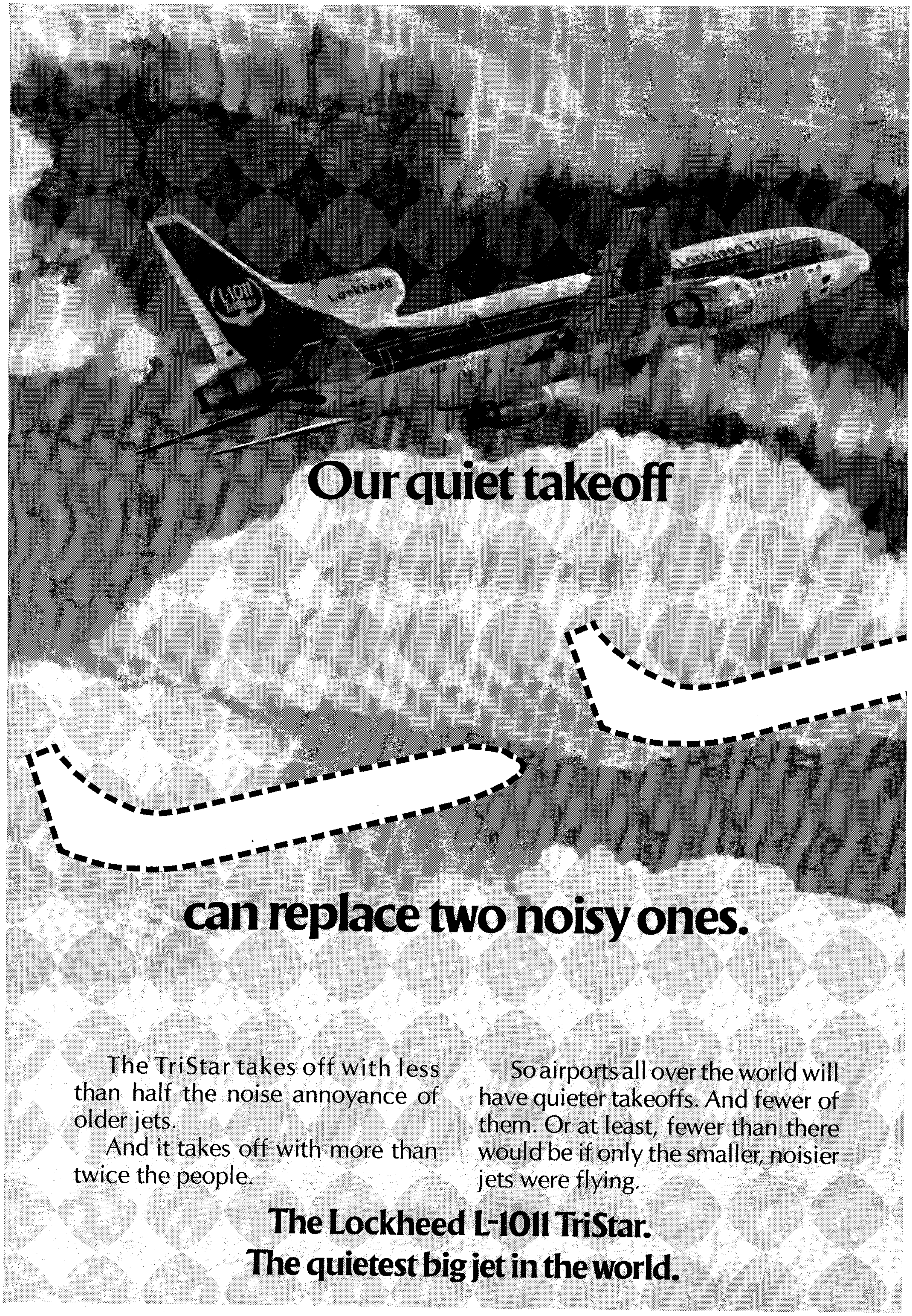
"Don't think you can make hay now just because Bess Myerson has quit."

• •

they talked at length. But neither then nor thereafter did Stravinsky make any reference to Boulez's rejection of all the music he had written since the First World War. An extremely warm relationship sprang into existence between them, and there is little doubt that, of all the composers who have emerged since the war, Boulez, both as a man and as a musician, was for years the closest to Stravinsky. In the middle sixties, relations grew less cordial, and after 1967 there was no further contact between the two men. Stravinsky criticized Boulez's recording of "The Rite of Spring" (for the un-Boulezian quality of "sloppiness") and publicly withdrew what he referred to as his earlier "extravagant advocacy" of Boulez's music. Boulez riposted by accusing Stravinsky's amanuensis, Robert Craft, of putting words in his master's mouth. By the summer of 1970, the last of Stravinsky's life, things had become so bad that Stravinsky referred in print to Boulez as an "arch-careerist." But what perhaps cut most cruelly was the posthumous publication of a description—uttered only three weeks before Stravinsky's death—of Boulez's "Pli Selon Pli" as "pretty monotonous and monotonously pretty."

The Domaine Musical gave Boulez a position in Paris musical life. But performances of his own music were too few to provide an income (he has consistently refused to use his conducting as a means of promoting his compositions), and after a decade as the Baraults' musical director he felt a need to move on to new fields. Consequently, when his old champion Heinrich Strobel, director of music for the Southwest German Radio, in Baden-Baden, persuaded the station to offer him an allowance in return for the right of first performance of his new works, he accepted, and decided to move to Germany for a while. Like Berlioz a century earlier, he had found there a warmer appreciation of his genius than at home, and he admired the vigor and enterprise of German musical life. The horrors of recent German history provided no hindrance to his move, but that is not in any sense because he is an artist oblivious of political issues; rather, he has always mocked as naïve the notion that, given similar circumstances, other peoples might not behave just as atrociously. He crossed the Rhine in January, 1959, with the intention of remaining only a year or two, and at first lived in modest rooms in an apartment directly above that of Strobel and his wife. A close friendship sprang up between him and the Strobels, who were childless, and he soon found himself in a relationship curiously similar to the one that had existed between him and the Barraults. Baden-Baden, a nineteenth-century spa cradled in the slopes of the Black Forest, proved an unexpectedly agreeable domicile, and on two occasions in the sixties when it appeared likely that he would return to live in Paris, events there prevented it. As a result, he still lives in Baden-Baden, in a large, solid late-nineteenth-century villa, set back from a side road and remote from the bustle of the town. Originally, Boulez occupied only a single floor. Today, he rents the entire house. Well cared for by a resident couple and furnished in a stringently contemporary style, it is both still and spacious. There are no aleatory effects here, no trace of the knickknacks that most people assemble haphazardly over the years. In the living room are some of Mies van der Rohe's famous Barcelona chairs and a TV set that enables one to see four programs simultaneously. (Its owner rarely has time to watch it, though when I visited Baden-Baden in the summer of 1971 I found that the shots of Apollo 15 had clearly fascinated him.) On the walls are paintings by Miró and Klee, and a Giacometti drawing of Stravinsky. The effect is deliberately cool. It is a house quite without nostalgia.

It has been frequently stated that Boulez went to Baden-Baden to succeed Rosbaud as conductor of the Southwest German Radio Orchestra. The fact is that Rosbaud remained the orchestra's principal conductor until his death, in 1962. Moreover, in 1959 Boulez's conducting experience was too limited for him to have been considered for the post, even if it had



Lockheed TriStar
Lockheed
L-1011
Our quiet takeoff
can replace two noisy ones.

The TriStar takes off with less than half the noise annoyance of older jets.

And it takes off with more than twice the people.

So airports all over the world will have quieter takeoffs. And fewer of them. Or at least, fewer than there would be if only the smaller, noisier jets were flying.

The Lockheed L-1011 TriStar.
The quietest big jet in the world.

been open. But during the 1959 season, when Rosbaud was in poor health, Strobel asked Boulez to deputize for him. At Rosbaud's wish, Boulez also took over a number of the sick conductor's engagements with various other orchestras that season. Thus his career in this field began by chance rather than by design.

Up to that point, Boulez's experience as a conductor had been limited largely to chamber ensembles. But though he had no formal training, he had learned much from close contact with two expert practitioners, who had championed his music, and whom he respected as men and musicians. The first was Roger Désormière, the finest French conductor of his generation, whose career was brought to a tragic end in 1952 by a stroke that paralyzed him and left him unable to speak. (Until his death, in 1963, Boulez visited him whenever possible, to break the monotony of his days.) In 1950, Désormière had conducted the first performance of Boulez's cantata "Le Soleil des Eaux" (this was his first big-scale piece to be performed in public), and Boulez had admired the sobriety and functionalism of his gestures. Boulez had also had long talks with Rosbaud about conducting, and had been impressed by his respect for the composer's intentions. It was, however, in the relative seclusion of Baden-Baden that Boulez learned to handle a full-scale symphony orchestra. At first, he tended to be impatient and uncertain in his relationship with the players, but with experience his natural talent soon began to reveal itself. Today, he radiates calm authority in rehearsal. Only conducting his own music makes him nervous. ("It's like looking at your spots in a mirror," he says.) The precision of his ear is legendary. "Boulez can hear a pin drop and tell you what key it's in" is how one New York Philharmonic musician has described it. Almost to a fault, he is devoid of that exhibitionism which orchestral players find so hard to endure, because they, of all people, know how extraneous it usually is to the matter in hand. Above all, his analytical powers give him a phenomenal ability to perceive just how a score was composed, so that, at their best, his performances clearly stem from a profound inner understanding of the music.

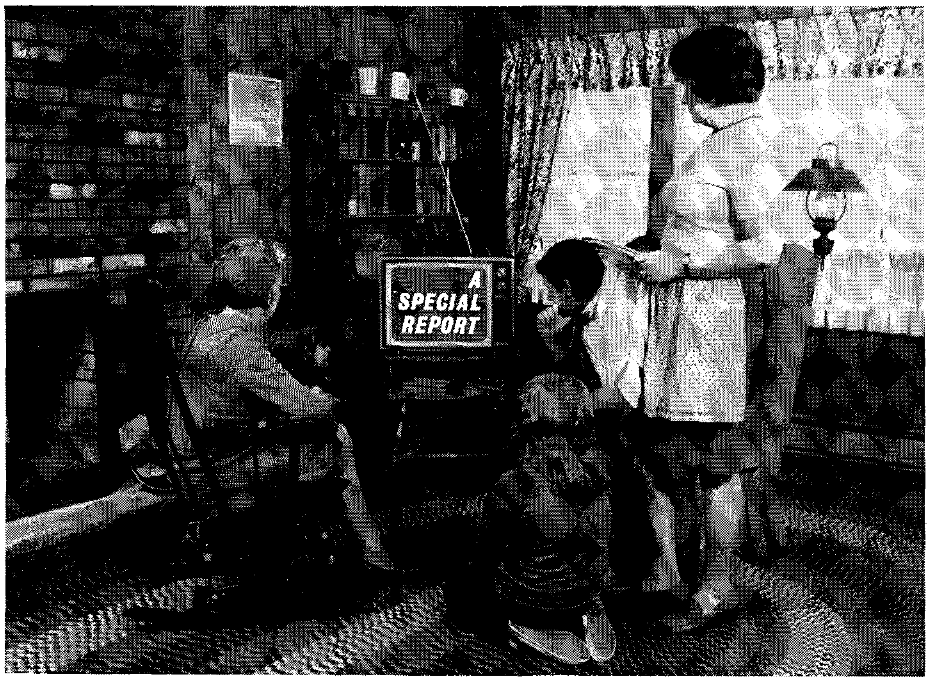
Boulez himself makes light of his achievements as a conductor. "Any decent, scrupulous musician could do it just as well," he has said. In his view, the ability to conduct is simply the ability to read a score and then make the music sound the way one's inner ear has heard it. The idea of "interpretation" as something a conductor is there to impose on a work is foreign to his approach, and so is the notion of an interpretative tradition, which he has mockingly compared to the party game in which a phrase is whispered by one person to another until it finally returns to its originator, generally in an unrecognizable form. There is nothing arrogant about this lack of concern with tradition. On the contrary, Boulez is quick to see when he has something to learn. In 1965, when George Szell first brought him to Cleveland, he was well aware that he was standing before an orchestra that had acquired an authoritative classical style. "I learned how to conduct the classics with that orchestra," he told me. "As far as the strings were concerned, I was watching as much as conducting." But he is a man who does not adopt an accepted view unless he sees a clear reason to do so.

In general, Boulez's technique is devoid of self-consciousness. Indeed, apart from one or two procedures he has introduced to deal with polyrhythms and aleatory music, he is hardly aware of having one, and this, no doubt, helps explain why his podium appearance is so utterly unlike that of any of his colleagues. Yet orchestral players, who are unrelenting judges, unanimously agree that, technically, he is a highly accomplished conductor. He uses no baton but indicates time and rhythm with the forefinger and thumb of his right hand. In legato music he also makes sweeping, karate-like movements of that hand with the fingers pressed together, so that it resembles a penguin's flipper. His left hand, which is used sparingly, and rarely imitates the movements of his right, is slowly raised for a crescendo. The eyes are intensely watchful. But there is no trace of theatre—not even the rather theatrical sort of economy that was practiced by Richard Strauss. Boulez's perfunctory bow at the end of a work is an acknowledgment of the applause received, not a request for more. Indeed, he provides little to charm the eye. (Nor did Toscanini, on the two occasions I saw him.) Though he can achieve it, he is not much concerned with virtuosity for its own sake.

Fundamentally, "*c'est le document qui m'intéresse*," he says. Boulez conducts notes, and not the emotions they generate in him. If they are correctly perceived and accurately played, they will, he implies, realize the emotional world of a score more faithfully than any "interpretation" a conductor may impose on them. In the classical repertory, this objective approach can lead to performances that are plain and impersonal, and even a shade schoolmasterly. There are no flourishes in his Haydn, no rosy streaks of a romantic dawn in his Mozart, no Promethean drama in his Beethoven, and his phrasing is frequently unyielding. Precisely because his conducting is so free of stylistic preconceptions and personal mannerisms, classical scores sometimes come across with the freshness of a newly cleaned picture. Still, notes are, of course, no more than approximate symbols. There are subtleties they cannot convey, and no conductor, however "objective" he may be, can avoid a degree of interpretation. In music that makes little instinctive appeal to him, Boulez is apt to reveal the limitations of his intellectual approach. In a Mahler symphony, for instance, the rhythmic accents of a Ländler elude him, and the result is simply unidiomatic. In eighteenth-century music—even in Haydn, who is one of the cornerstones of the current season at Philharmonic Hall—his performances can be downright perfunctory. And when, on occasion, he finds himself conducting something he actively dislikes he makes no attempt to disguise his aversion but bolts through the music like a boy downing a particularly nasty draught of medicine.

Boulez does not conceive of music in terms of emotional thrills; the reserve that is so marked in his character is also evident in his music-making. He is a conductor who is concerned to generate light rather than heat. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that he is always frigid or pedantic. On the contrary, he has his own means of making the sparks fly. The precision of his ear produces a lean, athletic quality of sound, and this, underpinned by an uncanny rhythmic exactitude, can generate an electric sense of excitement, even in romantic music that might be thought remote from his cool, Gallic

Expect the unexpected.



Dealing with the unexpected is a way of life for television broadcasters.

And we accept it as our responsibility to bring important events to your home screen as quickly as possible.

Think of these recent moments: The deaths of two Presidents. The Kissinger report on peace negotiations. President Nixon's cease-fire announcement. Terror in New Orleans and the Sudan. Tragedy over Sinai. The tense and joy-filled hours of the POW release.

Television newsmen compete to bring you news from Main Street and the ends of the earth. And they do it without government subsidy or advertiser approval. Because networks and stations have the economic stability that supports experienced, well-equipped news teams.

As you enjoy these scheduled specials for April and May, forgive us if we interrupt with the unexpected.

We know you won't forgive us if we don't.

A War of Children. Effects of war in Belfast on the children. Tuesday, April 3 (9:30-11 pm).

ABC Afterschool Special. Alexander (story of children coping with tragedy); Follow the North Star. Wednesdays, April 4; May 2 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Winnie the Pooh and the Honey Tree. Animated version of A.A. Milne tale. Wednesday, April 4 (8-8:30 pm).

The Smile of the Walrus. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau. Thursday, April 5 (8-9 pm).

What Are Taxes All About? A special for young viewers. Saturday, April 7 (1-1:30 pm).

The Wizard of Oz. Perennial favorite starring Judy Garland, Ray Bolger, Jack Haley, Bert Lahr. Sunday, April 8 (6:30-8:30 pm).

America. The Arsenal; The First Impact; The More Abundant Life. Tuesdays, April 10, 24; May 8 (10-11 pm).

The Small Miracle. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Paul Gallico story of a boy's faith; with Vittorio De Sica, Raf Vallone. Wednesday, April 11 (8:30-10 pm).

The Haunted West. National Geographic Society study. Thursday, April 12 (8-9 pm).

Directions. History of Judaism in Western World; Easter Mass from St. Patrick's. Sundays, April 15, 22 (1-2 pm).

I Love Tchaikovsky! New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert—Michael Tilson Thomas conducts excerpts from "Nutcracker," "Scherzo Burlesque" and Symphony #2. Sunday, April 15 (5-6 pm).

Upon This Rock. Tour of St. Peter's Basilica with Ralph Richardson, Edith Evans, Orson Welles, Dirk Bogarde. Tuesday, April 17 (10-11 pm).

Shenyang Acrobatic Troupe of the People's Republic of China. Acrobatic and conjuring acts. Wednesday, April 18 (8:30-10 pm).

Up With People. Tribute to worldwide understanding sung by youth chorus. Thursday, April 19 (10-11 pm).

Dr. Seuss. Horton Hears A Who. Friday, April 20 (8-8:30 pm).

Portrait: A Man Whose Name Was John. Based on an incident in the life of Pope John XXIII. Raymond Burr stars. Sunday, April 22 (8-9 pm).

The Adventures of Don Quixote. Rex Harrison in dramatization of Cervantes novel. Monday, April 23 (9-11 pm).

The Cricket in Times Square. Animated adventures of a cricket. Tuesday, April 24 (8-8:30 pm).

The Man Without A Country. Cliff Robertson in the title role of the classic novel. Tuesday, April 24 (8:30-10 pm).

The Lie. Original Ingmar Bergman drama probing false values of suburban couple. Starring Robert Culp, George Segal, Shirley Knight. Tuesday, April 24 (9:30-11 pm).

The Forbidden Desert of the Danakil. Expedition into the northeastern Ethiopian desert. Wednesday, April 25 (8-9 pm).

The Going Up of David Lev. Drama of young Israeli's attempts to ease his mother's grief. Starring Claire Bloom, Topol, Melvyn Douglas. Wednesday, April 25 (8:30-10 pm).

Five Presidents on the Presidency. Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon comment on the Presidency. Thursday, April 26 (9-10 pm).

Strange and Terrible Times. The American Experience—Re-creations of three precarious periods in U.S. history. Friday, April 27 (9-10 pm).

The Building Innovators. Pros and cons of industrialized housing. Saturday, April 28 (10-11 pm).

It Takes A Lot of Love. Relationships of people with their pets. Thursday, May 3 (8-8:30 pm).

Weird Harold. Cartoon based on character created by Bill Cosby. Friday, May 4 (8:30-9 pm).

The Strauss Family. The lives and music of the musical family. Saturdays, May 5 (8:30-10 pm); May 12, 19, 26 (9-10 pm) (through June 16).

Women of the Year, 1973. *Ladies' Home Journal* honors outstanding American women. Monday, May 14 (10-11 pm).

NBC Religious Specials. Dr. Einstein Before Lunch; Legacy. Sundays, May 20, 27 (4:30-5:30 pm).

The Emmy Awards. Television Academy's 25th annual event. Sunday, May 20 (10-concl).

Emmy News and Documentary Award Ceremonies. Television Academy journalism honors. Tuesday, May 22 (9:30-11 pm).

The Energy Crisis. ABC News Inquiry—Reasons why our country faces energy shortages. Thursday, May 31 (10-11 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Watch Your Child/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company.

Tuesday: NBC Reports/First Tuesday (monthly).

Wednesday: ABC Afterschool Special (1st Wed. of each month).

Saturday: In the News/Multiplication Rock/ABC Saturday Superstar Movie/Sealab 2020/Kid Power/Around the World in 80 Days/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/Talking With a Giant/CBS Children's Film Festival/Zoom.

Sunday: In the News/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Multiplication Rock/Curiosity Shop/Camera Three/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues And Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult station listings for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

"It's a small wine, but it flies well."

• •

sensibility. Similarly, he never leans on a line to emphasize its emotional content but draws it with a clarity and elegance that carry their own eloquence. His ability to realize elaborate textures can also produce poetry; I cannot recall a conductor who has more precisely caught the melancholy that hangs over Debussy's "Ibéria."

What sets him apart from the jet-borne whiz kids who have increasingly come to dominate the concert scene is his unerring sense of musical structure. Boulez is one of those rare musicians who do not merely reveal detail, like a conjurer producing a rabbit out of a hat, but point out its relevance to an emerging whole. It is a quality that makes him a true successor to the vanishing breed of conductors who put cause before effect. Even when Boulez is at his most nonchalant, his performances are rarely less than illuminating. At their best, they have a distinction and a depth of understanding that no other conductor of his generation can equal. No musician can hope to be equally at home in music of all periods and places, but Boulez has come as near as any to fulfilling Alban Berg's injunction: Play new music as though it were classical, classical music as though it were new.

As success snowballed—and its rapidity seems to have surprised no one more than Boulez himself—larger prospects began to open up. In 1962, Georges Auric took over the direction of the Paris Opéra, and one of his first moves was to invite Boulez to conduct an entirely new production of Alban Berg's "Wozzeck." Instead of the usual three or four orchestral rehearsals, Boulez demanded thirty—and got them. The first night was a triumph, and after it the orchestra—not a body of men given to intemperate enthusiasm—spontaneously rose to applaud him. Not all orchestral musicians have since responded equally warmly, but rapport with them is doubly precious to him, because no group is more remote from or hostile to contemporary music. Though not given to boasting, he has claimed, "I have shown that a composer of new music can conquer the reputedly closed world of orchestral musicians." After a four-year absence from Paris, Boulez suddenly found himself a hero. "*Le succès donne bonne mine*," and he himself seemed to have changed. The hairline had receded, the face had grown fuller—even jowly—and the sturdy frame had broadened into middle-aged squatness, which was emphasized by the inelegant cut of his clothes. Unlike Stockhausen, who today sports a mildly hippie appearance and occasionally ties a ribbon around his long hair, Boulez has remained as neat and impersonal as a bank manager. Not by a millimetre's lengthening of his sideburns does he make any concession to trendiness. Indeed, his almost willfully conventional appearance in public seems to bespeak a contempt for conventions of any sort. Yet at home he relaxes in quite festive gear, and on the podium, when he is conducting from a score, he slips on steel-rimmed glasses only after he has bowed to the public, and whips them off again before turning to acknowledge applause.

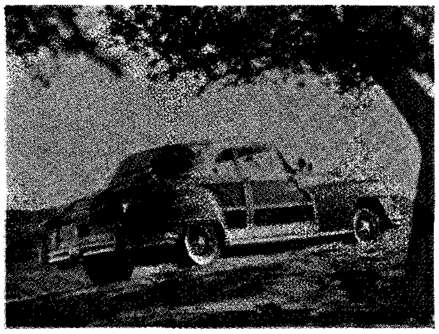
Today, he appears more at ease with the world. Indeed, once a near-recluse, he is now occasionally charged with being *mondain*. With strangers or chance acquaintances, he is courteous, laughs readily, and is rarely at a loss for a smooth answer to an awkward question. But it would be an error to take a smooth drawing-room manner for the hunger for social success common to so many artists. Boulez accepts the fact that conducting inevitably brings him into circles that he would not otherwise frequent, and he is worldly enough to be aware that good relations with rich dilettantes may well contribute to his success in New York, as they did to the success of the Domaine Musical. In any case, neither by nature nor by upbringing is he boorish. In private, he will still unloose devastatingly apt comments—notably on other composers. (One of Boulez's weaknesses is a characteristically French inability to resist a witticism.) But in public he has become more of a tactician. "I find one catches more flies with honey than with vinegar," he remarked recently. That is not an observation he would have made fifteen years ago.

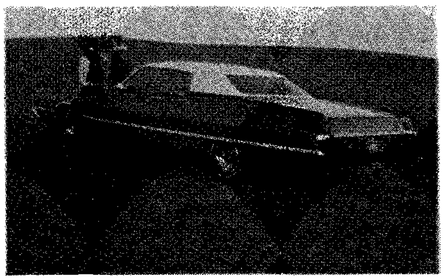
The suave bonhommie Boulez has learned to present to the world is more than a veneer. When not angered, he is a far more benevolent man than his severe public persona might indicate. Indeed, to people he likes, respects, or feels he can help, he manifestly finds it hard to say no, and as a result he often lets himself in for time-consuming commitments that a packed schedule can ill accommodate. In rehearsal, he can be negligent of those tiny courtesies to or-

The Special Edition Chrysler Newport. A distinction more people can afford.

From the beginning, a Chrysler has been an automobile that reflected a distinctive way of life. It's the kind of automobile that became associated with the America's Cup at Newport, and the Master's Tournament at Augusta. It's the kind of automobile that became an American classic:

The Chrysler Town & Country.





And today, with the Special Edition Newport shown here, Chrysler has become a distinction more people can afford.

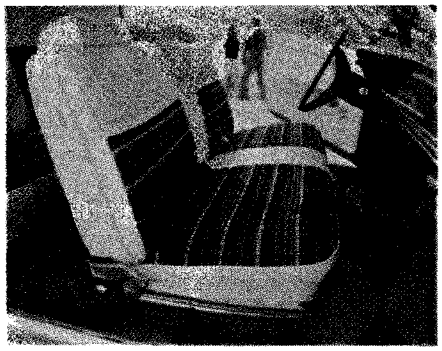
This Newport offers the things common to all Chryslers. Torsion-Quiet Ride for smoothness and sure, easy handling.

It has a sound isolation system for quietness. And a standard Electronic Ignition System for improved starting and lessened maintenance costs.

And of course, it offers the room that Chrysler has long been famous for.

It also offers distinctive appointments available on no other Chrysler.

Among them a deep-grained vinyl roof, a special interior inspired by colors drawn from the southwestern desert, and Navajo copper exterior.



See this Special Edition Chrysler Newport at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer today.

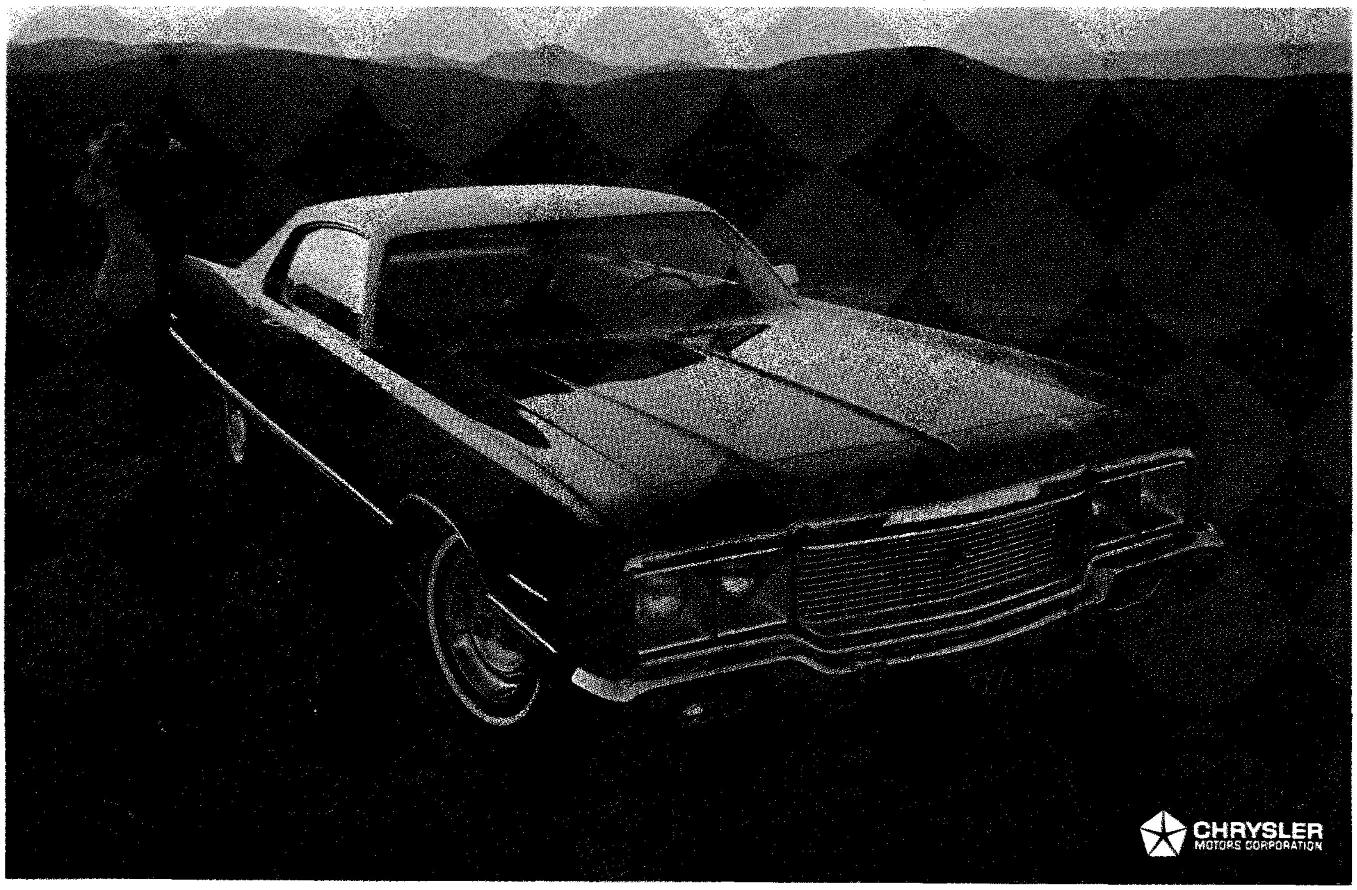
It's a distinction you can't afford to miss.

CHRYSLER

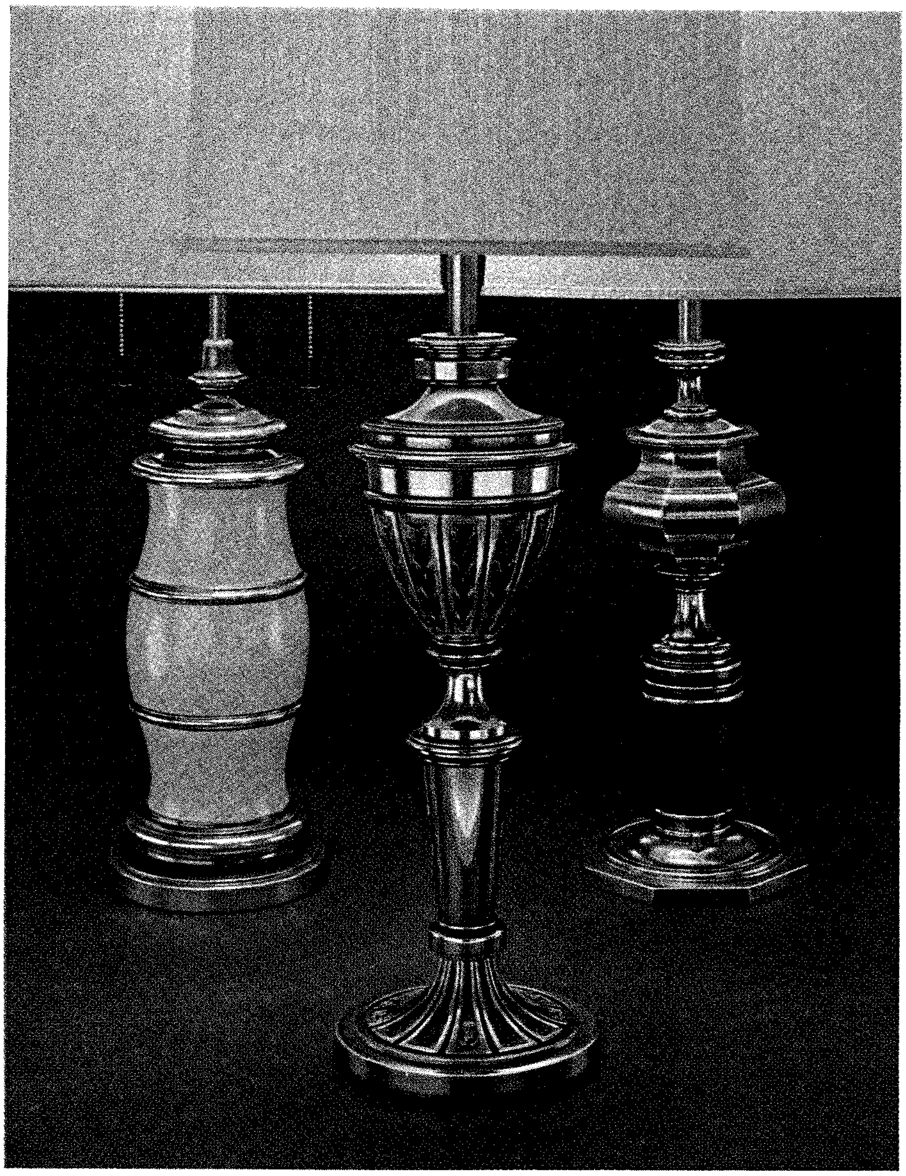
Plymouth

Chrysler Newport

Extra care in engineering...it makes a difference.



Something old.
Something new.



The electricity is new. The rest is history. For the simple reason that Stiffel lamps take their inspiration from the past—from designs so lasting they still delight the eye today.

The lamp at center, for example, is based on the urns of the Early 19th century Regency period. Its old brass finish is richly accented with antiqued black enamel. It is 39″ high and costs about $95.

At left, softly antiqued Mandarin Yellow enamel enhances this simple, but imposing, canister of cast metal. Distressed old brass finish highlights the subtle curves of this classic form. It is 37½″ high and about $124.

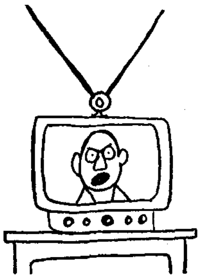
Finally, at right, Stiffel's ode on a Georgian urn, with deep Empire Green enamel and distressed old brass finish. It is 35½″ tall, and about $105.

Three shining examples of how Stiffel invokes the past to brighten your future.

Stiffel

Prices may be higher in the South and West. For a brochure, send 25¢ to The Stiffel Company, Dept. N, 700 N. Kingsbury St., Chicago, Ill. 60610.

chestra players which ease a relationship that is inevitably full of tension. But when he is off-duty his manner is frank and easy; the boyish grin, the jovial good humor, and the Rabelaisian comments that give a pungent flavor to the torrent of conversation he pours forth when he finds himself in congenial company are hard to relate to the austere, Jansenist image he presents to the world as a conductor, composer, theorist, and polemicist. Perhaps the two sides of his character represent his inheritance from his very different parents. Only occasionally, when some enemy is mentioned or half-hidden wound inadvertently touched, are claws suddenly bared, so that, looking across a dining table, one is abruptly aware of the presence of a powerful cat who might, if he were so disposed, put out a paw and remove a side of one's face. Boulez still has his rages, when, as he told a friend, "I could really kill." There is still music he loathes so deeply that it makes him (and in this he resembles Berlioz) literally want to vomit. But with the years he has increasingly become a domestic animal, and no doubt partly because on his return to Paris he proved personally more amenable his drastic conception of the musical reforms necessary in France seemed more palatable and less far-fetched than they had done only a few years earlier.

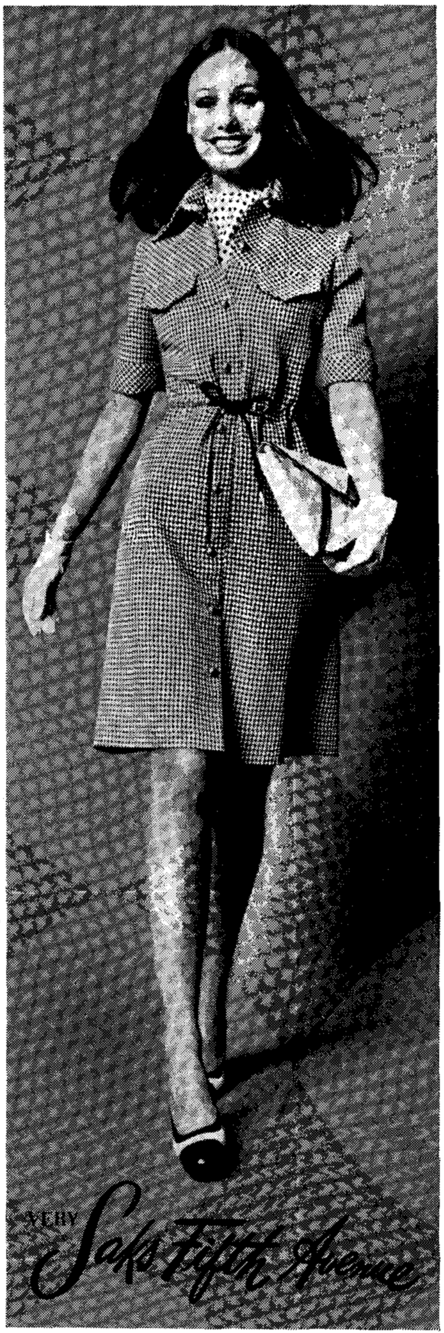


The Ministry of Cultural Affairs, presided over by André Malraux, had in the early sixties already made one inconclusive attempt to investigate the deficiencies of French musical life. Then, in 1964, an interministerial commission was set up to consider the situation afresh. Many musicians were consulted, but, as Gaëtan Picon, then director-general of the Department of Arts and Letters, in whose province the project of reform fell, told me, "Pierre Boulez's conceptions were by far the most imaginative, precise, and practical." As a result, Boulez gained the ear of Picon's department. One of his principal ideas was that the plethora of indifferent Paris orchestras, whose personnel were virtually interchangeable, should be scrambled into two large and flexible bodies—one to be maintained by the state, the other by the city. It was a plan that menaced a host of vested interests, and at that stage Boulez took a step that well illustrates his grasp of the realities: in 1965 he became honorary president of the Paris musicians' union. That he was invited is evidence of the union's regard for his abilities. That he accepted was not due only to his sympathy for its members; he was well aware that the union was in many ways the most conservative factor in the whole situation. "They react like peasants defending their land," he said of the union leaders. But their consent was essential if the reforms were to be effected, and as president he would be well placed to obtain it.

As news of Boulez's new influence spread round Paris, opposition began to gather. There were old grudges to be paid off and positions to be preserved, and intrigues focussed on the personal staff of Malraux, who is generally considered to have been a weak and indolent Minister—at any rate, as far as music was concerned. The composers André Jolivet and Henri Sauguet emerged as the pivots of the opposition, which was centered on an organization called the Comité National de la Musique, of which Darius Milhaud became president and figurehead in 1966, shortly before the opposing armies joined battle. Thoroughly alarmed by what was afoot, Picon warned Boulez that the reforms, which were just about to be presented to the Minister, were endangered, and urged him to write directly to Malraux. Boulez did so. Malraux ignored his letter and, two weeks later, announced a series of administrative reforms that ran directly counter to those that had already been worked out in his own Ministry. Picon resigned in disgust, and Boulez considered that he had been betrayed. "I reacted rather strongly," he later told me, with an unusual touch of understatement. In an article in *Le Nouvel Observateur* titled "Pourquoi Je Dis Non à Malraux," he denounced the Minister's action as "thoughtless, irresponsible, and inconsequential," and dismissed him as a feeble chatterbox. He formally announced, "I am on strike with regard to everything remotely connected with the official organization of music in France." That meant cutting his links with the Opéra, the radio, and all French orchestras. It also meant refusing a public subsidy for the Domaine Musical. In 1967 he conducted a special-appeal concert that raised more money than the state had provided in a year, and resigned from the organization that he had founded fourteen years earlier, which had now, in any case, largely fulfilled its function. Accompanied by a volley of press abuse, he returned to Germany. Later, implacable as ever, he forbade the newly founded Orchestre de Paris, which had been set up on lines that were a

CHECKING UP ON THE SHIRTDRESS

And everything is right as can be. From flapped patch pockets, short cuffed sleeves, drawstring waist, to the row of buttons down the front. In easy-care polyester, white checked with black, beige or pink. For 6 to 16 sizes, $78. Sportdress Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.



Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

James Kenrob
BY DALTON

Trevira Star® polyester in pique-textured Knitmates, sizes 6 to 18. Mauve pink shirt, apple green jacket, and white pants priced from about $24 to about $52.

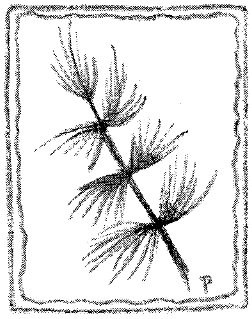
Featured at
Halle's
Jacobson's, Michigan
Woolf Bros.
Neusteter's
and other fine stores everywhere. Prices slightly higher in the West.

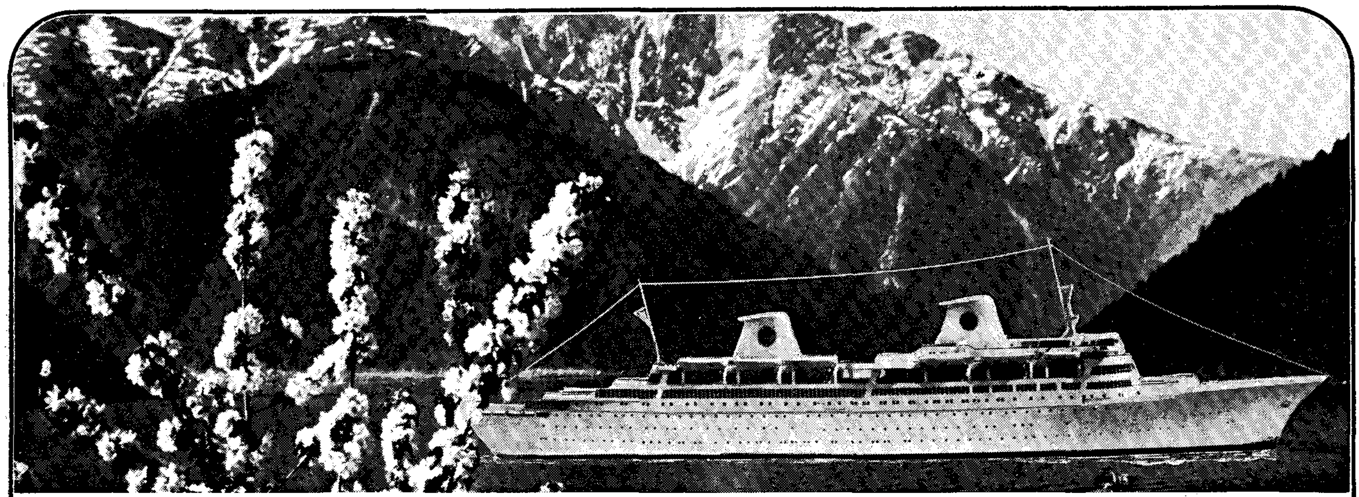
mere parody of his original proposals, to play one of his works.

LIKE many intellectuals, particularly in France, Boulez had grown up with a contempt for opera, and what little experience he had of it before he accepted Auric's invitation to conduct "Wozzeck" had only confirmed his prejudice. "Wozzeck," however, made him aware of the immense potential of music drama in its broadest sense, and he began to nurse a project of his own. Traditional opera might be a dinosaur, but in Jean Genêt he thought he saw a possible collaborator in a new sort of music theatre, for Genêt's plays afforded what Boulez has described as "a sense of space that leaves room for music." He accordingly induced Genêt to set foot in an opera house for the first time in his life to see "Wozzeck." In fact, Genêt went twice and was enthralled by it. Long discussions about the possibility of a collaboration took place, and a subject—treason—was agreed on. But to this day the text has not arrived, and, though Boulez returned to the assault a couple of years ago, when Genêt unexpectedly turned up in Baden-Baden, it seems unlikely that it ever will. Genêt has written nothing for years; indeed, he has publicly declared that he has abandoned creative writing for political engagement.

"Wozzeck" brought other contacts, among them Wieland Wagner, the director of his grandfather's Festspielhaus at Bayreuth, who first invited Boulez to do the same opera with him at Frankfurt in 1966, and then, after the death of Hans Knappertsbusch, in October, 1965, persuaded him to conduct "Parsifal" at Bayreuth. For the iconoclastic champion of the avant-garde to conduct Wagner's most solemn music drama in the sacred precincts of his own temple of the arts was not such a bizarre notion as might at first appear, for "Parsifal" had had a deep influence on Debussy, with whom Boulez has always felt a kinship, and was thus in some degree part of Boulez's own inheritance. Even so, he hesitated, and it was only on Wieland Wagner's insistence that he agreed to do it. In spite of these doubts, his impact was such that after the first rehearsal at Bayreuth he was invited to conduct "Tristan" the following spring, during the Bayreuth company's tour of Japan. His "Parsifal" knocked no less than twenty-one minutes off Knappertsbusch's reading of the first act alone. But it was a superbly phrased and luminous performance, marked by an unerring grasp of the proportions of each of the work's vast acts.

At Frankfurt, Boulez and Wieland Wagner had acquired a deep regard for each other. In their partnership, it seemed, Bayreuth had at last gained the team it so desperately needed if the spirit of Wieland Wagner's productions was to find its counterpart in the orchestra pit. But by the time Boulez arrived there for rehearsals in the summer of 1966 Wieland Wagner was in a hospital in Munich, where he died the following October, at the age of only forty-nine. His death was a heavy blow to Boulez, for, as he wrote in the Bayreuth festival program of the following year, it was Wieland Wagner who "drew my attention above all to the world of opera, the importance and topicality of which I had not previously been prepared to recognize." They had planned to collaborate on a series of projects. Boulez at once withdrew from all but one—a memorable production of "Pelléas et Mélisande," which he conducted at Covent Garden in 1969, and revived last year. Stylistically, his performance stood many accepted notions of Debussy's masterpiece on their head, and approval was far from unanimous. Boulez's approach is well illustrated by his comment, in an essay on the opera, "I don't *like* the French tradition of sweetness and gentleness. . . . [The work] is not gentle at all but cruel and mysterious." On another occasion, he said, "I like to burn the mist off Debussy," and his "Pelléas" was less dreamy, sharper in outline, and more urgently dramatic than any other I have ever heard, and once again his pacing of the music seemed uncannily right. Boulez was less successful, however, in imposing his ideas on his cast. Both in London and the following year at Bayreuth, where he returned to conduct and record "Parsifal," some of the singing lacked character. In the crucial roles of Golaud in "Pelléas" and Gurnemanz in "Parsifal" he seemed to be content with fine voices that could sing the notes, and to be relatively unconcerned with interpretation. Moreover, he cast "Pelléas" without a single French singer, and it is hard to avoid the suspicion that this move was intended to inform Paris that the work was not, as the French like to suppose, their exclusive cultural property. At present,





SUMMER, FALL, WINTER OR SPRINGTIME

ALWAYS A CRUISE FOR YOU

GRIPSHOLM (631 feet; 22,726 gross tons)

KUNGSHOLM (660 feet; 26,678 gross tons)

Somewhere the warm glow of summer is in the air... or exotic springtime is bursting out all over. Over the horizon is vibrant, colorful fall. Whatever the season, SWEDISH AMERICAN has just the cruise for you. Our modern Vikings know the seas, the climes and changing vistas. Skillfully they plan superb cruises to storied isles, historic sites, romantic ports, lands of scenic splendor to discover and enjoy.

Whether you sail away to the South Seas, Around the World, to the North Cape, Greek Islands, Mediterranean, South America or to the gems of the Caribbean, your days will be filled with care-free, elegant living, quiet and thoughtful service . . . the ultimate in cruising luxury. Such is the distinctive hallmark of SWEDISH AMERICAN.

There's plenty of enjoyment too, things to do, parties, music, dancing, festive evenings. Or if you prefer a little rest and relaxation curl up in your comfy deck chair and forget the world.

Flavored with a superlative cuisine that is unsurpassed on land or sea, your cruise is the best of Sweden afloat—a true blend of old world charm, the very best of service and true hospitality.

Whatever the season . . . Come sail with us!

All cruises from New York unless otherwise specified

SUPERB CRUISES IN 1973-1974

SEPT 12 1973

SCOTLAND—SCANDINAVIA—EUROPE
KUNGSHOLM ■ 36 DAYS ■ 9 PORTS

A fascinating Fall itinerary including South Queensferry for the Scottish capital of Edinburgh. Bergen and Oslo in Norway; Gothenburg, Sweden; Copenhagen, Denmark; through the Kiel Canal to Amsterdam in Holland; La Coruna for the Spanish shrine of Santiago de Compostela; Lisbon, Portugal; and Ponta Delgada in the Azores. A series of overland tours (some included in the cruise fare and others at a slight supplemental charge) will be offered during the ship's nine-day call at Gothenburg.

OCT 11 1973

SOUTH SEA ISLANDS—NEW ZEALAND—AUSTRALIA
GRIPSHOLM ■ 67 DAYS ■ 18 PORTS
(51 DAYS IF DEBARKING AT SAN FRANCISCO)
FROM NEW YORK, OCT. 11;
OR FROM PORT EVERGLADES, FLA., OCT. 14.

Sailing from New York and Port Everglades (Oct. 14) this fascinating cruise follows in the wake of the great Captain James Cook to the enchanted islands of the South Pacific, to New Zealand and Australia in the springtime below the Equator. Itinerary: Port Everglades; Cristobal, Canal Zone; Transit of the Panama Canal; Balboa; Tagus Cove, Galapagos; Nuku Hiva, Marquesas Islands; Moorea, Society Islands; Papetee, Tahiti; Crossing the International dateline: Mt. Manganui, Tauranga Bay, Lyttelton and Wellington, New Zealand; Sydney and Brisbane, Australia; Suva, Vitu Levu, Fiji; Apia, Samoa; Honolulu, Oahu, Hawaii; San Francisco; Guadalupe Island; Puerto Vallarta, Acapulco, Mexico; Cristobal, Canal Zone; Port Everglades; New York.

OCT 19 1973

AROUND SOUTH AMERICA
KUNGSHOLM ■ 45 DAYS ■ 15 PORTS
FROM NEW YORK, OCT. 19;
OR FROM PORT EVERGLADES, FLA., OCT. 21.

A classic cruise around South America, from New York (also from Port Everglades Oct. 21). Visit San Blas Islands and then through the Panama Canal with calls at Cristobal, Balboa and the Tabaja Islands; Callao in Peru; Valparaiso, Puerto Montt and Punta Arenas in Chile; Buenos Aires, Argentina; Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia and Belem, Cruising the mightly Amazon/Para River Complex in Brazil; Bridgetown, Barbados; and St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. The cruise terminates in Port Everglades.

DEC 15 1973

FROM PORT EVERGLADES, FLA.
BRAZIL AND THE WEST INDIES
KUNGSHOLM ■ 30 DAYS ■ 9 PORTS

Sailing from Port Everglades. A gala cruise with Christmas at the Equator and New Years in Brazil! A string of exciting, exotic ports and that famous Swedish American Line service. Itinerary: Curacao, N.A.; Bridgetown, Barbados; Crossing the Equator; Rio de Janeiro, Bahia and Belem; Cruising the mighty Amazon/Para River Complex, Brazil, Port of Spain, Trinidad; Fort de France, Martinique; St. Thomas, U.S.V.I.; Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic; Port Everglades.

JAN. 18 1974

AROUND THE WORLD
KUNGSHOLM ■ 94 DAYS ■ 24 PORTS
(80 DAYS IF DEBARKING AT SAN FRANCISCO)
FROM NEW YORK, JAN. 18;
OR FROM PT. EVERGLADES, FLA., JAN. 20.

A classic globe-circling itinerary including Bridgetown, Barbados; Bahia and Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; Cape Town and Durban, South Africa; Lourenco Marques and the Island of Mozambique, Mozambique; Mombasa, Kenya; Bombay and Cochin, India; Colombo, Sri Lanka (Ceylon); Klang, Malaysia; Bangkok, Thailand; Hong Kong; Keelung, Taiwan; Kobe and Yokohama, Japan; Honolulu, Hawaii; San Francisco, California; Guadalupe Island, Puerto Vallarta and Acapulco, Mexico and Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone. Cruise terminates in Port Everglades or New York.

JAN. 22 1974

SOUTH SEAS—FAR EAST—PACIFIC CRUISE
GRIPSHOLM ■ 90 DAYS ■ 20 PORTS
(77 DAYS IF DEBARKING AT LOS ANGELES)
FROM NEW YORK, JAN. 22;
OR FROM PT. EVERGLADES, FLA., JAN. 25.

A fabulous itinerary combining the palm-fringed isles of the South Seas, the spectacular scenery of New Zealand and Australia and the splendor of the Far East. The cruise features Balboa, Panama Canal Zone; Tagus Cove, Galapagos Islands; Nuku Hiva, Marquesas Islands; Moorea and Tahiti, Society Islands; Mount Maunganui and Wellington, New Zealand; Sydney and Thursday Island, Australia; Bali, Indonesia; Singapore; Bangkok, Thailand; Hong Kong; Kobe and Yokohama, Japan; Honolulu, Hawaii; Los Angeles, California and Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone. Cruise terminates in Port Everglades or New York.

Ships under Swedish Registry with Swedish Seamanship and Seaworthiness Traditional since Viking Times.

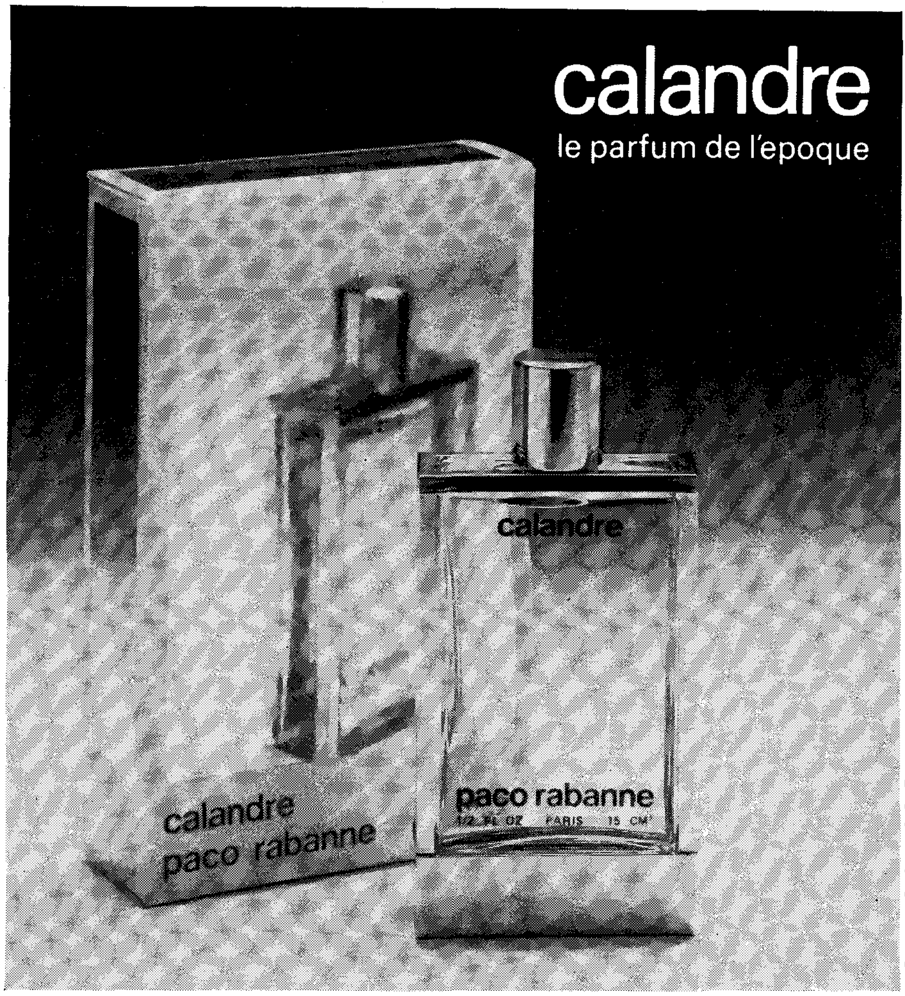
For complete information and literature see your Travel Agent or

Swedish American
THE WHITE VIKING FLEET
636 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. TEL. 212 247 7100
OFFICES AND AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

Boulez is too fully committed to consider any immediate operatic engagements, but there is talk of a "Ring" at Bayreuth in 1976, to mark the centenary of the cycle's first performance, and also of a co-production of Berg's "Lulu" at Covent Garden and the Met.

If opera fascinates Boulez, its present condition fills him with revulsion, as he made abundantly plain in a long interview published in the German weekly *Der Spiegel* in September, 1967. Basically, it was his intention to expose the way in which Rolf Liebermann, the *Intendant* of the Hamburg State Opera, had persuaded the world that he had transformed his theatre into a center of living music drama. But Boulez's intemperate language weakened much of its impact. It was one thing to assert that "Wozzeck" and "Lulu" are the last operas worth discussion. It was another to compare Hans Werner Henze, the most successful opera composer of Boulez's own generation, to de Gaulle—"whatever rubbish he puts out, he still believes he's king"—and add for good measure, that "a Beatles record is certainly cleverer than a Henze opera, and shorter as well;" to write off Gunther Schuller's attempt to mix jazz and tone rows in his opera "The Visitation" with Schoenberg's comment that "the middle road is the only one that doesn't lead to Rome;" to brush aside the music-theatre experiments of Mauricio Kagel and György Ligeti as musically thin; and publicly to dismiss Liebermann himself as an opera director who had "institutionalized his own bourgeois taste." The uproar occasioned by the interview obscured the fact that much of what Boulez had said was basically justified—that Hamburg, for years regarded as the Mecca of modern opera, had until then done little more than apply a modernistic veneer calculated to disguise the fact that opera was a dying art, which could hope for revival only on the basis of an entirely new fusion of music and theatre.

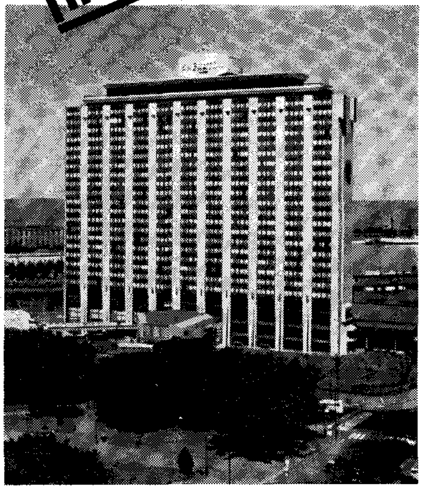
As it happened, Boulez got an opportunity to put his ideas into practice far sooner than he could have imagined when he gave that interview. In September, 1967, he was approached by Jean Vilar, founder and director of the Théâtre National Populaire. Would he collaborate with Maurice Béjart, who would be responsible for ballet, and with Vilar himself on a thoroughgoing reform of the Paris Opéra, with a view to subsequently becoming its musical director? The prospect was tempting. The institution had long been legendary for artistic and administrative malpractice—"full of dust



What has Sheraton done for you lately?

IN BUENOS AIRES

Sheraton has the newest international hotel in Argentina.



Stay at the Buenos Aires-Sheraton. Right in the heart of this sophisticated South American city. And near the longest shopping mall in the world, famous Florida Street.

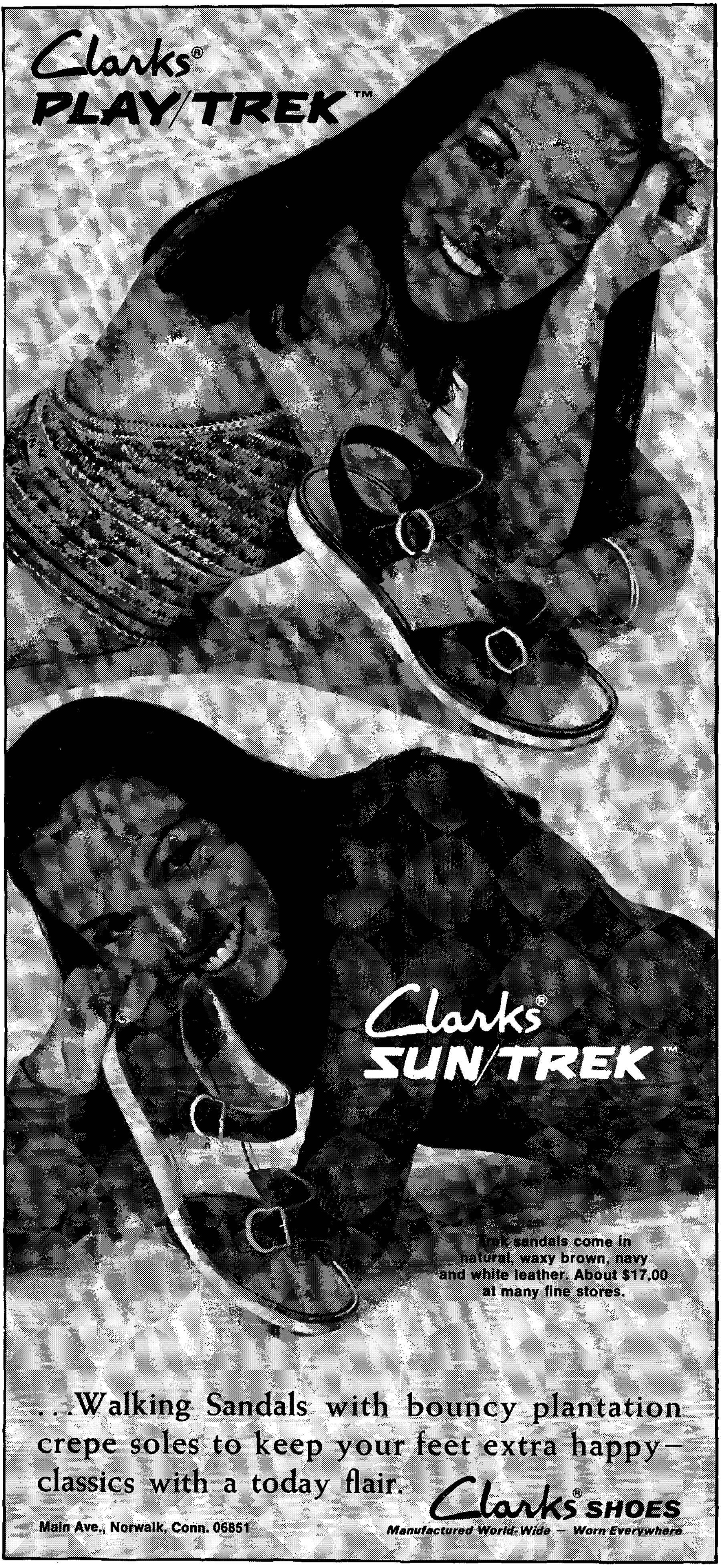
800 comfortable air-conditioned guest rooms all with private baths. Outdoor pool and tennis courts. Health club and sauna. Fine dining. A sparkling discotheque and a rooftop bar and lounge with fabulous views of the city.

Just call **800-325-3535.**
Or have your
travel agent call.

Buenos Aires-Sheraton Hotel
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS, A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT
SAN MARTIN 1225, BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA

and dung" is how Boulez had described it in the interview. For him it was "a place where only tourists go, because it's part of the circuit, like the Folies-Bergère and the Invalides." But Boulez had to think of his "strike," for what could be a more integral part of the French musical establishment than the Opéra? Vilar assured him, however, that it did not come under the musical directorate of Malraux's Ministry, and that, in any case, Malraux regretted the role he had played the previous year. Thus, for a second time Boulez found himself involved in a major project to reform French musical life. For much of that winter, he labored with Vilar and Béjart on a scheme that would put the Opéra and its sumptuous house, the Palais Garnier, on their feet after a century of neglect.

By May of 1968, the three were ready with a drastic but carefully considered program of reforms. The Opéra Comique ("a completely absurd place," said Boulez) was to be shut for good. The Opéra itself ("I could easily console myself if a bomb hit it") was to give nothing but concerts and concert performances of opera for a year, so that the orchestras and choruses of the two houses could be amalgamated and their standards raised. All singers' contracts were to be ended. (Some resident singers had for years performed only once or twice a season, so, as Boulez pointed out, their appearances were rather more expensive than those of Birgit Nilsson.) When the Opéra reopened, it would offer a smaller but less musically flimsy repertoire, and, to insure adequate rehearsal, only a limited number of works would be performed during any given season. The enlarged orchestra would function as a pool, serving both the main house and a small mobile company. And these reforms were to be only a beginning. A workshop was to be set up to give composers an opportunity to experiment with new methods of combining music and drama, so that fresh air might be introduced into an art that had so long been insulated against change. Finally, it was hoped that, as a longer-term project, an entirely new theatre would be built. Boulez acidly remarked in reference to the huge fresco that Malraux had commissioned from Chagall, "You can't renew an opera house by repainting the ceiling." Nor would it be enough merely to construct in concrete a shape that (apart from Wagner's innovations at Bayreuth) had remained essentially unchanged since the eighteenth century, when it served a social order and musical styles quite different from those of the present



Clarks®
PLAY/TREK™

Clarks®
SUN/TREK™

Trek sandals come in natural, waxy brown, navy and white leather. About $17.00 at many fine stores.

. . . Walking Sandals with bouncy plantation crepe soles to keep your feet extra happy—classics with a today flair.

Clarks® SHOES
Main Ave., Norwalk, Conn. 06851
Manufactured World-Wide — Worn Everywhere

BED CHECK

Our shirty drawstring robe combines big checks and little checks with a crisp white piqué collar and cuffs. Polyester and cotton, perfect for warmer weather. Navy and white or red and white for 8 to 16 sizes, $20. Robe Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

VERY
Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

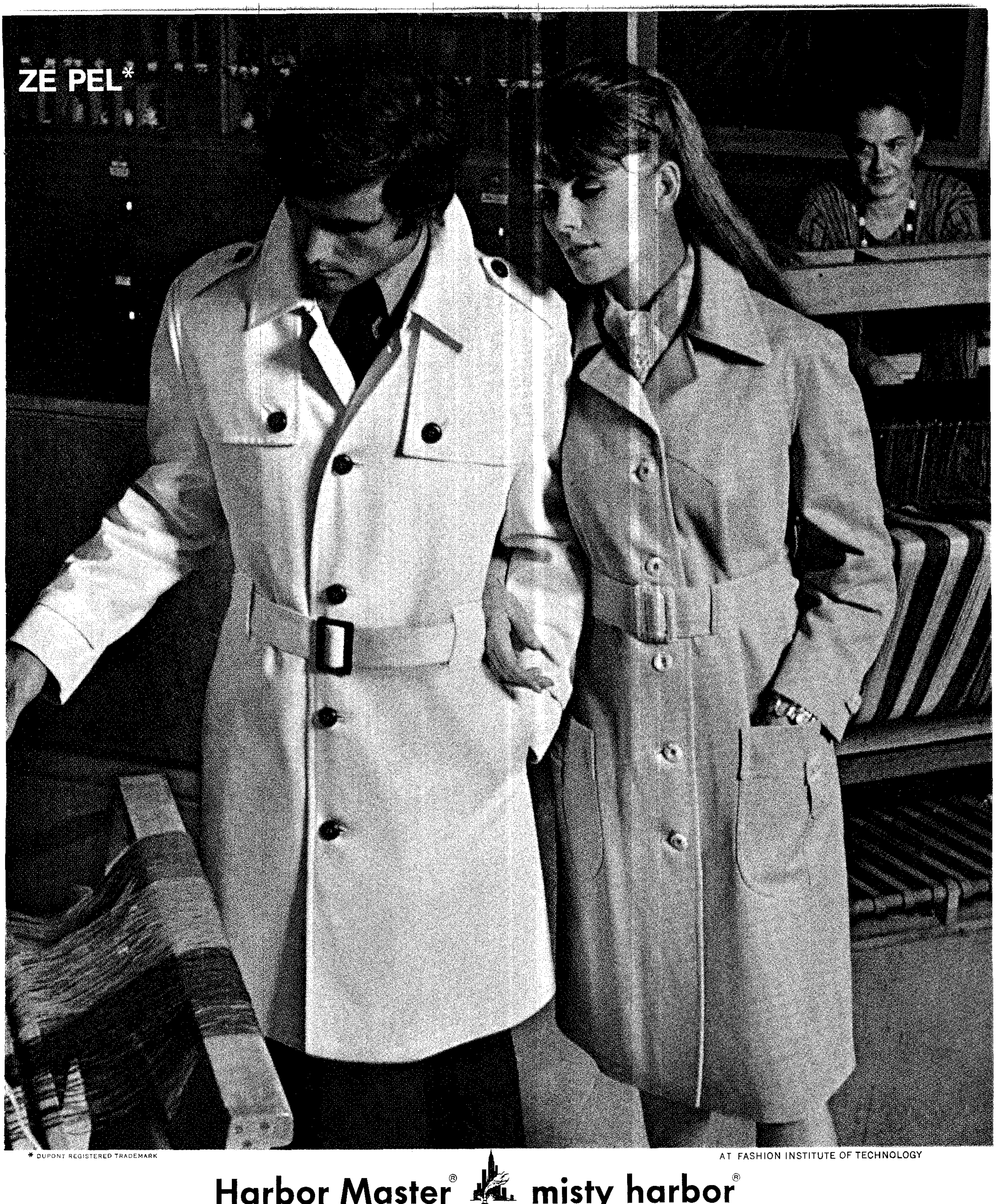
day. What Boulez had in mind was a theatre whose architecture would not merely permit but demand new uses and possibilities. These were bold ideas indeed. But, as Vilar ruefully admitted, "every time Boulez takes up what at first seems an extreme position, it later proves to be justified."

Once again, extraneous matters intervened. The *événements* of May, 1968, shook the structure of French society to its foundations, and when de Gaulle issued a call to his supporters to resist the revolutionary situation that had emerged, Vilar, who was a man of the left, chose to regard it as a Fascist move and sufficient cause to resign, which he proceeded to do without warning either Boulez or Béjart. Vilar, who died in May, 1971, was already in poor health, and may have been glad of an excuse to withdraw from a project that he no longer had the energy to realize. The recommendations were published the following month, in the form of a bulky report. Several of them have since been put into effect. Ironically, the principal beneficiary is Rolf Liebermann, who, as part of President Pompidou's ambitious plans to reclaim for Paris the position it formerly occupied as undisputed cultural capital of the Western world, has this year taken over as the new director of the Opéra.

THE BOOK STALL

Boulez, feeling that he had no alternative, followed Vilar's example and resigned. But in his own reaction to the events of May, 1968, he revealed a deeper political insight. Like many young Frenchmen in the immediate postwar years, Boulez had been a Communist in his youth ("It was our substitute for churchgoing," he told me), but the rape of Prague in 1948 and Zhdanov's humiliating treatment of Dmitri Shostakovich and other Russian composers in the same year had brought about an early disenchantment. Boulez still sees the world in Marxist-Leninist terms, yet he is too coolly realistic, and too mistrustful of dilettantism, to attach much importance to the busy activity of "engaged" artists. "Governments aren't frightened of artists," he has observed. "They're frightened of active revolutionaries who might take their place." On another occasion, he commented, "I can't change society. I haven't the technique for it." If he had, he undoubtedly would. But he scorns political attitudinizing, and the only manifesto he had put his name to prior to 1968 (and he was the only musician to do so) was that of the hundred and twenty-one intellectuals who in September, 1960, supported the refusal of French citizens to bear arms against the Algerians in their struggle for independence. He was therefore profoundly skeptical of the students' revolution in 1968. Some acquaintances took his response as an indication of cynicism—as evidence of the corrupting power of the considerable sums he had started to earn as a conductor. In truth, after nine years abroad he felt a certain remoteness from French internal affairs. But he was in France during *les événements*, and he was shocked at the way the young had "lost themselves in generosity," as he put it, for in their political anarchism he saw a direct parallel to the anarchism that the aleatory movement had unleashed in the field of music. That, he was sure, was not the way to make a revolution. Turning upside down a slogan that covered the walls of the Latin Quarter at that time, he sadly wrote to a friend, "*L'imagination n'a* PAS *pris le pouvoir.*" Except for his resignation from Vilar's committee, his only overtly political action during *les événements* was to give up his position as president of the Paris musicians' union when its parent organization, the Compagnie Générale du Travail, threw its weight against the revolution. Then, after the government had regained control, he signed a manifesto of a group of young intellectuals deploring the notion of "spontaneous" revolution and saluting Marxism-Leninism as "the only valid revolutionary theory of our time."

Boulez's most important action in May, 1968, was essentially nonpolitical. For the first time since his boyhood, he returned to his old school at Saint-Étienne, and there, before five hundred pupils, he delivered a long, frank, and searching survey of the contemporary musical scene. "Où En Est-On?"—as he called his talk—has remained unpublished, but it provides an unusually lucid compendium of his thinking on a broad range of subjects. Much of Boulez's writing gives the impression of having been hastily thrown together, for brilliant insights and vivid phrases often lie embedded in thickets of jargon that do less than justice to the clarity and coherence of his ideas. In "Où En Est-On?" the power and range of his thoughts—his ability to relate practical detail to distant perspectives, his awareness of parallel developments in other fields of knowledge—are strikingly evident. Reading it, one comes to understand how this man forced his musical generation through the dark night of serialism,



* DUPONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK

AT FASHION INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Harbor Master®
DESIGNED BY JOHN WEITZ

misty harbor®
DIVISION OF JONATHAN LOGAN

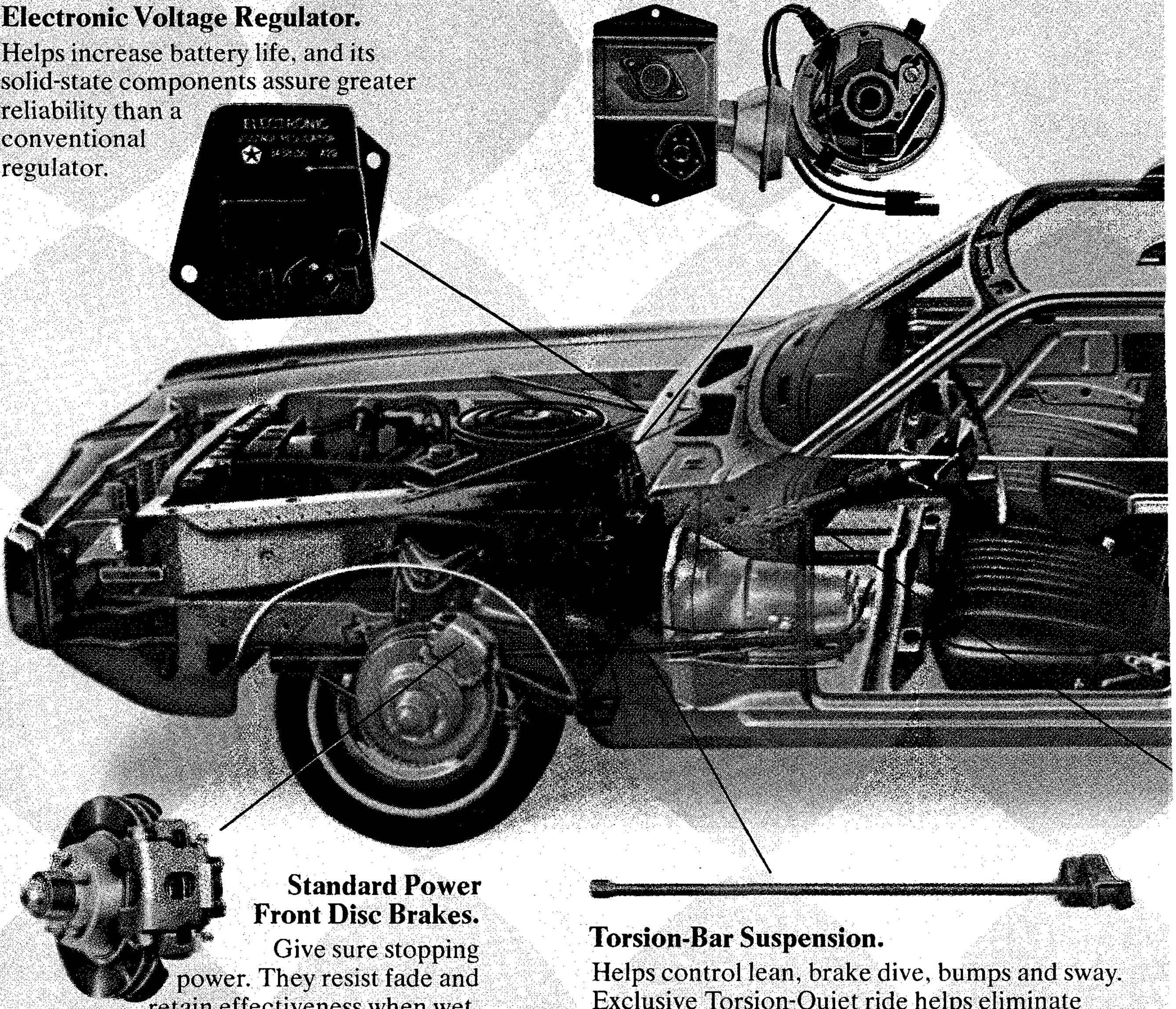
THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN . . . rare in today's over-mechanized world. Misty Harbor and Harbor Master are superior craftsmen of all weather coats. You know it by their designs: all distinctive, clean, with a kind of well-heeled elegance. You know it by their selection of fabrics. And when design and fabric are brought together, it's with the greatest attention to detail. This is master craftsmanship. *He's wearing the Flagstaff, about $75. She's wearing the Cristina, about $70. Both tailored in our exclusive warp knit rib fabric of* ***100% textured*** **DACRON®** ***polyester*** *and treated with* **ZE PEL*** *rain and stain repellent.*

WESTERN PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER

FLAGSTAFF at: MACY'S, Herald Square; HAMBURGER'S, Baltimore; MORRY'S MEN'S STORES, Chicago; JUSTER'S, Minneapolis.
CRISTINA at: LORD & TAYLOR, New York and branches; JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia; STEWART'S, Baltimore; CARSON, PIRIE SCOTT, Chicago; or write HARBOR MASTER, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York 10019; or MISTY HARBOR, 512 Seventh Avenue, New York 10018

Extra care in engineering...it makes a difference.

Chrysler Corporatio
to take car



Optional Dual Air Conditioning.
A Chrysler Corporation exclusive, is the only system with a rear unit to supplement the front air conditioner for cool comfort, front and back. Optional on our full-size station wagons.

Electronic Ignition.
Delivers up to 35% more starting voltage than conventional systems. With no points or condenser to replace, maintenance costs are reduced.

Electronic Voltage Regulator.
Helps increase battery life, and its solid-state components assure greater reliability than a conventional regulator.

Standard Power Front Disc Brakes.
Give sure stopping power. They resist fade and retain effectiveness when wet.

Torsion-Bar Suspension.
Helps control lean, brake dive, bumps and sway. Exclusive Torsion-Quiet ride helps eliminate annoying road noises.

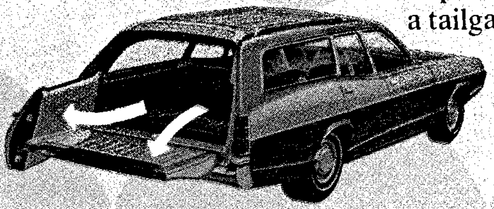
CHRYSLER Dodge
Plymouth Dodge Trucks

Discover the difference extra care in engineering makes in every Dodge, Chrysler and Plymouth wagon built in this country.

wagons are engineered of kids or cargo.

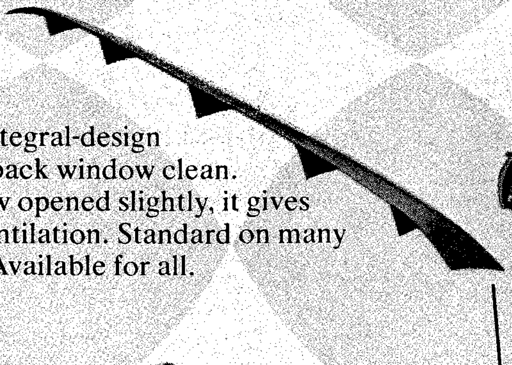
Three-Way Tailgate.

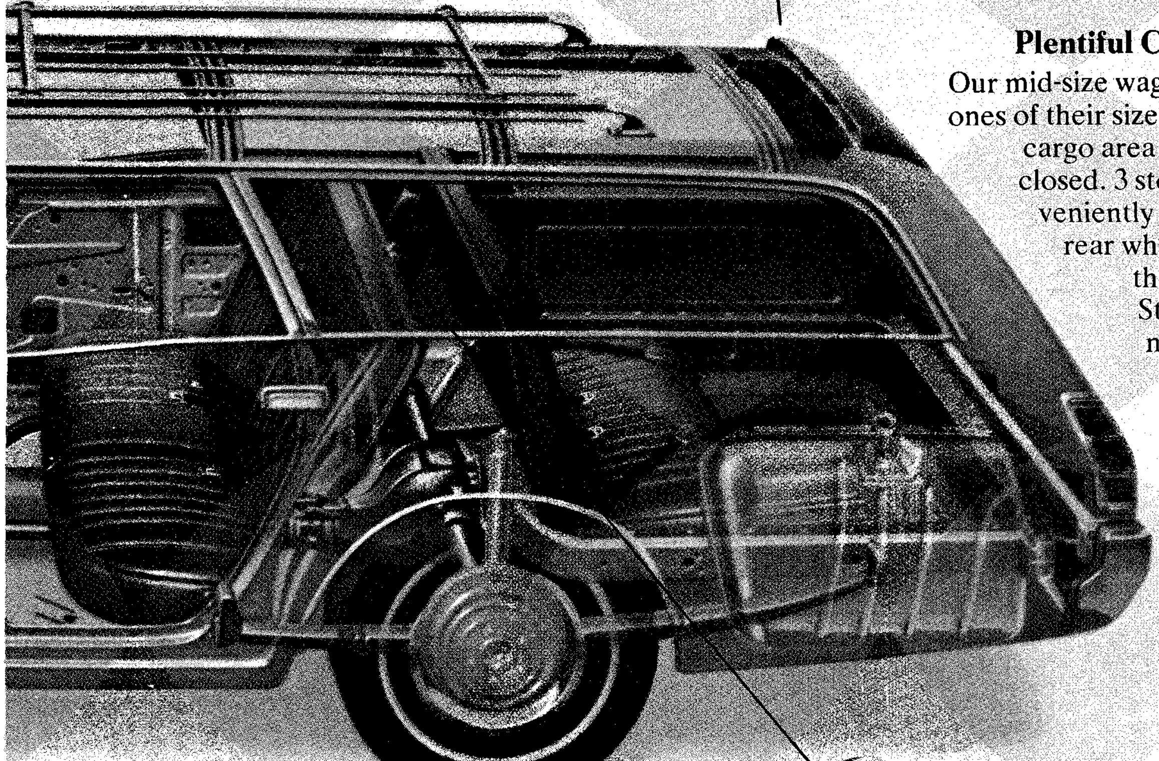
Is engineered to open three convenient ways: opens as a door with the window up, with the window down, and it opens as a tailgate.



Air Deflector.

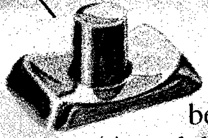
Our exclusive integral-design helps keep the back window clean. With the window opened slightly, it gives flow-through ventilation. Standard on many of our wagons. Available for all.





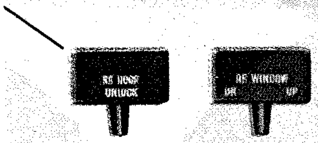
Plentiful Cargo Capacity.

Our mid-size wagons are the only ones of their size with a flat, 4′x8′ cargo area with the tailgate closed. 3 storage trays, conveniently located over the rear wheel wells, handle the odds and ends. Stowage compartment beneath the cargo floor of all our station wagons, gives extra storage space.



Second Seat Release.

Conveniently located, can be reached from either side. (A push button located in center of seat-back on intermediate wagons and a lever located on both sides of full-size wagons.)

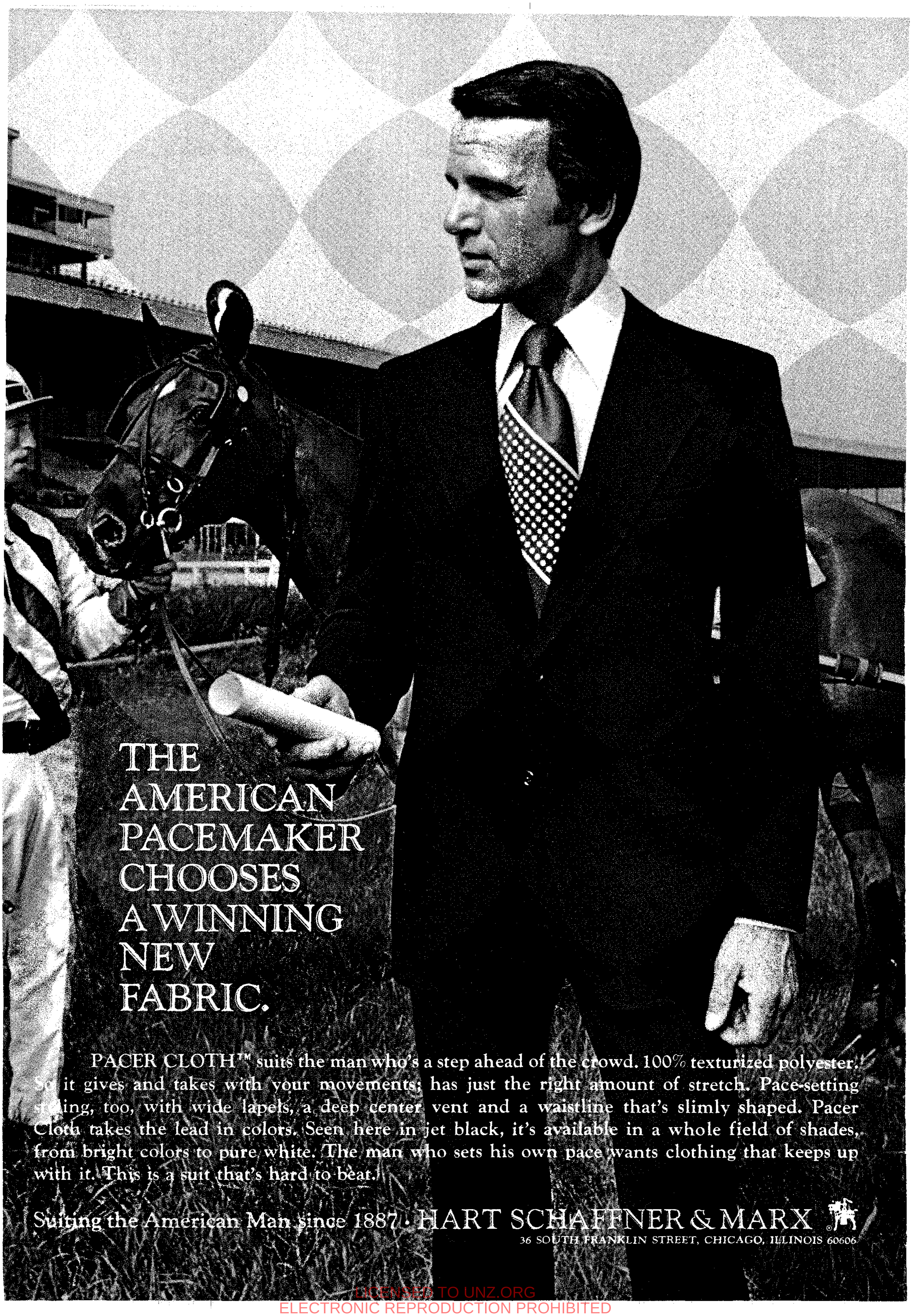


Tailgate Auto-Lock.

Our Auto-Lock automatically locks the tailgate when the ignition is turned on. Standard on some Chrysler Corporation station wagons; optional on others.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

CHRYSLER • PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DODGE TRUCKS


THE AMERICAN PACEMAKER CHOOSES A WINNING NEW FABRIC.

PACER CLOTH™ suits the man who's a step ahead of the crowd. 100% texturized polyester. So it gives and takes with your movements; has just the right amount of stretch. Pace-setting styling, too, with wide lapels, a deep center vent and a waistline that's slimly shaped. Pacer Cloth takes the lead in colors. Seen here in jet black, it's available in a whole field of shades, from bright colors to pure white. The man who sets his own pace wants clothing that keeps up with it. This is a suit that's hard to beat.

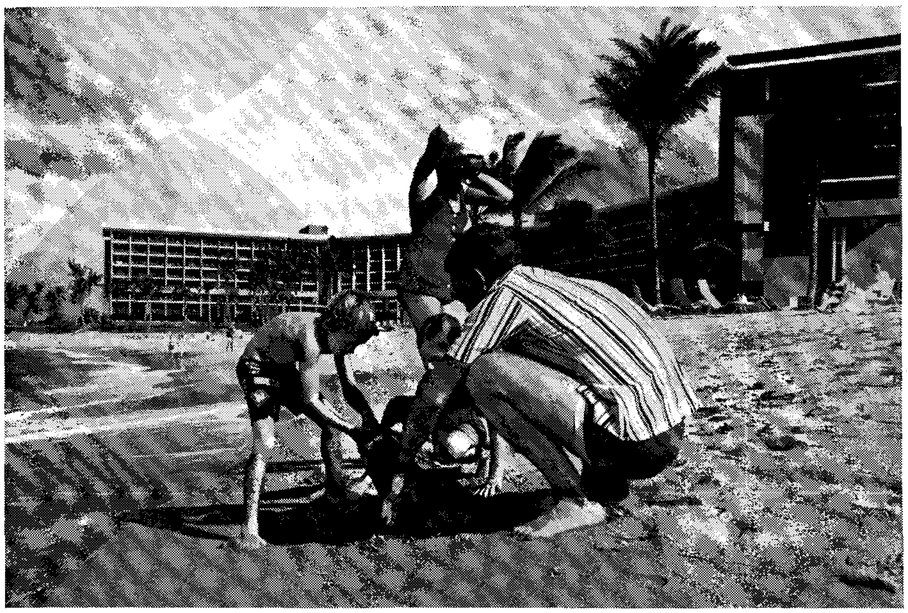
Suiting the American Man since 1887 • HART SCHAFFNER & MARX®
36 SOUTH FRANKLIN STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60606

was twice called on to reform French musical life, was shortly, at the personal behest of President Pompidou, to be engaged in establishing in Paris a unique institute of acoustical research, and today is engaged in projects not merely to conduct orchestras in New York and London but to reactivate the musical life of these two largest cities of the West.

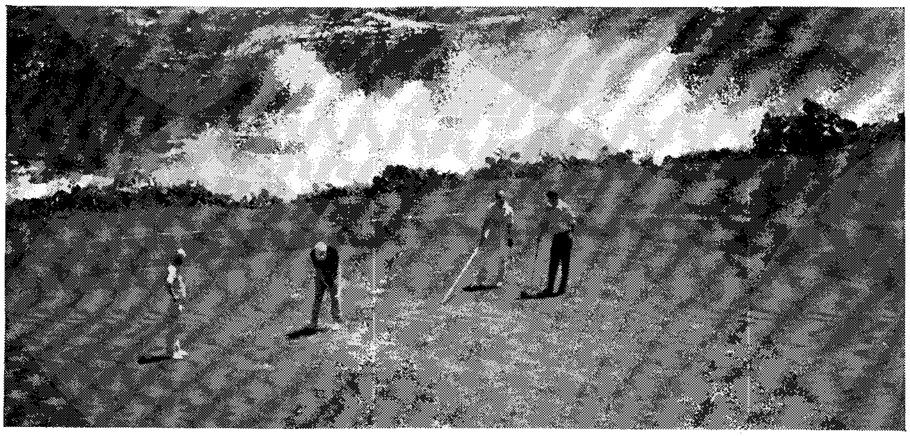
At the heart of what he said lies the idea that music is today at a turning point as decisive as that which architecture reached more than fifty years ago, when concrete began to take the place of stone and brick. An old world has lost momentum and direction; a new world has yet to be born. Signs of the present crisis are to be found everywhere. The orchestra, which was evolved in the eighteenth century in response to certain harmonic innovations, is today obsolescent. Insofar as concert life has been reduced to interpreting a repertory that does not renew itself, it is dying. Both concert halls and opera houses are increasingly ill-suited to the needs of new music. Instruments are related to the requirements of the past. Electronics, once the hope of the future, have failed to evolve. Too many composers, having lost touch with the general musical public, have withdrawn into enclaves in which they thrive on mutual esteem and little else. Boulez is not disturbed by the variety of experiment in today's avant-garde music; on the contrary, he feels that "you need a lot of ideas if you are to eliminate the ones that are fruitless." What worries him is its lack of direction. This, as he sees it, is a situation that cannot be resolved by musicians alone. What it calls for is a far-reaching collaboration of composers, performers, and scientists in a properly equipped research center, which might play a role similar to that played by the Bauhaus in the emergence of modern architecture.

Such a collaboration is no pipe dream. President Pompidou, who was Premier at the time of the Malraux fracas but felt unable to intervene in a matter directly within the Minister's competence, is known to have been unhappy about Boulez's hostile relations with French official life, and to have regarded it as a misfortune that the outstanding French musician of his generation should have been in voluntary exile since 1959. When Malraux ceased to be Minister, feelers were put out, and in 1970 Boulez dined at the Élysée Palace. There Pompidou offered him the directorship of the sort of institute of acoustical research he had in mind, which would form part of a cultural center that is to rise in Paris on the site of Les

Rockresorts Style:



Play with your kids at Cerromar. Or we will, while you play golf or tennis.



Bring your kids to Cerromar this summer and our free Children's Day Camp (mid-June through Labor Day) will leave *you* free as well—free daily right through dinner. Free to play golf—and mind those sandtraps. Or tennis. Or swim. See your travel agent or in New York call (212) 581-3462. Chicago (312) 372-4489. Washington, D.C. (202) 347-4951. In the West call Glen W. Fawcett, Inc.

GOLF PLAN
7 days, 6 nights, including luxurious breakfasts and dinners, all greens fees, airport transfers, use of Sauna and Health Club. Plus Cerromar Golf Cap and 3 golf balls for each person. $149 per person triple, $169 per person double, $253 single. Available year 'round.

FAMILY PLAN
7 days, 6 nights, with breakfasts, dinners. Supper Club night, use of water sports equipment, Health Club, greens fees or tennis court fees for one day, airport transfers. $127 per person quadruple (2 parents and 2 children sharing room), $138 per person triple, $160 per person double. May 1-Oct. 20.

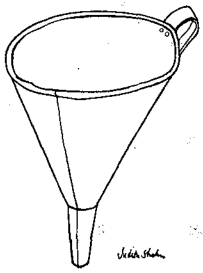
CERROMAR BEACH HOTEL
DORADO BEACH, PUERTO RICO
OPERATED BY ROCKRESORTS FOR EASTERN AIRLINES

GORDON
OF PHILADELPHIA

At LORD & TAYLOR, all stores;
MARSHALL FIELD, all stores;
FILENE'S, all stores;
GOLDWATERS, Phoenix and Scottsdale;
or for the store nearest you,
write Gordon Sales Associates,
1410 Broadway, New York 10018.

GORDON MAKES THE DIFFERENCE
. . . with a print to shake off those winter doldrums. In the Aztec tradition, a tie-wrap skirt in red, navy or black with white. Of washable 100% cotton. Sizes S, M, L; about $16.
Activair takes the credit for the short sleeve polo. Of 100% nylon.
Sizes 34-40; about $15. SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Halles. The Centre Beaubourg, as it is called, is a project dear to the heart of the French President and his wife, and, thanks to their personal interest, it is rapidly materializing. Boulez did not immediately accept Pompidou's offer, but when, in the late summer of 1971, he went to Paris to approve architectural plans, he was plainly hooked. An area has already been cleared to make way for an Institut de Recherche et de Coordination Acoustique-Musique, discussions on a budget are at an advanced stage, and Boulez has already addressed himself in some detail to the question of what its tasks should be. It is known that Pompidou is eager to see his center in existence by the time he stands for reëlection in 1976. No contract has yet been signed, but it will be surprising if the same year does not see Boulez established in Paris as director of the research institute he considers essential for the development of music today.



In his view, such an institute must find solutions to three basic problems, all originating in the fact that the tempered scale, which divides the octave into the twelve equally spaced semitones that gave rise to major-minor harmony, has no special relevance to the non-tonal, non-thematic world of today. First, then, there must be research into new, microtonal scales. Directly related to this is a need for new instruments, which the lonely voice of Edgard Varèse first called for during the First World War. Those we have today were, with few exceptions, devised in relationship to the tempered scale, and their inflexibility confronts a composer with the choice of accepting them as they are, and thus confining himself to a tempered world; of using them for purposes they were never designed to meet, such as tapping the body of a violin (which then might as well be a tea chest); or of plunging into a non-tempered world with inadequate resources. Finally, there is a need to expand the frontiers of sound itself. The electronic field, which in the fifties seemed so full of promise, is, Boulez believes, today drying up for want of research, and, as a result, generates only what he contemptuously dismisses as "the music of science fiction." He does not see electronics replacing instrumental sound. ("They can live together like cotton and rayon.") But he is convinced that with adequate research electronics could fulfill a role as crucial in the evolution of music as concrete has played in that of architecture.

Such views make Boulez a voice crying in a wilderness of Dadaist gimmickry—a wilderness whose eagerness to accept ad-hoc solutions does not appeal to his systematic, Cartesian mind. "You cannot make a revolution with anarchists," he has said. "There I am three hundred per cent Leninist." Whatever the hemline of the year may be—graphics, improvisations, *Wandelkonzerte*, in which music is played at various points and the audience is free to wander among them, attempts to cash in on pop ("They are cheating themselves as well as their audiences")—he finds it no substitute for the highly articulate musical thinking that the tempered scale once made possible. For Boulez, a coherent language is an indispensable precondition of musical creation. ("Without grammar, a sound is a sound and nothing more.") That in itself is sufficient to separate him from most of the young composers who have emerged in recent years. But attempts to portray him as a revolutionary turned police chief, or a rebel who has evolved into a repressive schoolmarm, do him less than justice. Boulez today shows no signs of looking to the past for a solution to his problems; on the contrary, his attitude toward the past is almost defiantly free of nostalgia. Recently, a friend in England pointed out to him an eighteenth-century bridge on his estate whose balustrade had been kicked out by hooligans. To the friend's surprise, Boulez said that part of him sympathized with the hooligans. It is a remark that illuminates his lack of reverence for his own musical predecessors: "A composer is useless, really useless, if he is no more than the previous generation. . . . It is a matter not of being up to date . . . but of having understood one generation so completely that one can go further."

WITHIN a week of Boulez's resignation from the Paris Opéra in 1968, he was approached by Sir William Glock, the B.B.C.'s Controller of Music, with an invitation to become chief conductor of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, in London. Glock, who is one of the most imaginative and courageous musical administrators of his time, had known Boulez for years. As long ago as 1952, he had asked him to write an article on Schoenberg for a periodical he was then editing. The result was the notorious "Schoenberg Is Dead." The English translation was milder than the original

WHY STAY IN PARIS?

Take in the Mona Lisa at the Louvre and the night life on the Left Bank.

But, why stay in Paris?

There's a France beyond Paris just waiting for you to come visit.

Villages and towns steeped in art and history. Vineyards, castles, Alpine spas and beaches made famous by bikinis.

And the best way to get there is by train.

Where in France will the French trains take you? Almost anywhere.

Only four hours separate Paris from Strasbourg. But be careful. Once you've walked its medieval streets, lined by timbered houses, you may never want to return to the glass and concrete of the modern city.

Just two and one-half hours from Paris is Dijon. One of the renowned gastronomic capitals of the world. Buy an extra bottle of white wine there with the money you've saved eating cafeteria-style on the train.

French trains are known throughout the world for their comfort, speed and punctuality.

They're also known as a great place to get to know the people. It's easy to start a conversation in the relaxed atmosphere of a train. Even if you've barely passed second-year French, or German or Spanish. For trains are really the Continental way of travel.

You can eat on a French train. Read on a French train. Sleep on a French train. Dream on a French train. And you'll find French trains surprisingly economical, too. Particularly when you take advantage of the new 2nd Class Student-Railpass.

Whether you buy your tickets as you go, or a 1st Class Eurailpass or new 2nd Class Student-Railpass before you go, you'll save more by seeing your travel agent. Or nearest French National Railroad ticket office. For reservations: French National Railroads, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020; 11 East Adams Street, Chicago 60603; 9465 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills 90212; 323 Geary St., San Francisco 94102; 2121 Ponce de Leon Blvd., Coral Gables 33134. Also in Toronto and Montreal.

Please send me your literature describing places to see in France other than Paris.

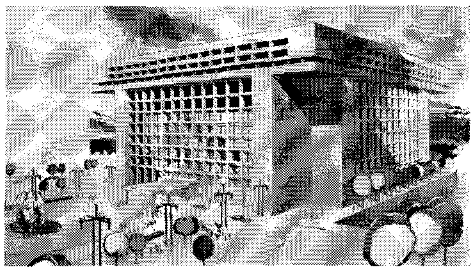
Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________State______Zip____

Dept. A2 Box 80, Lindenhurst, N.Y. 11757

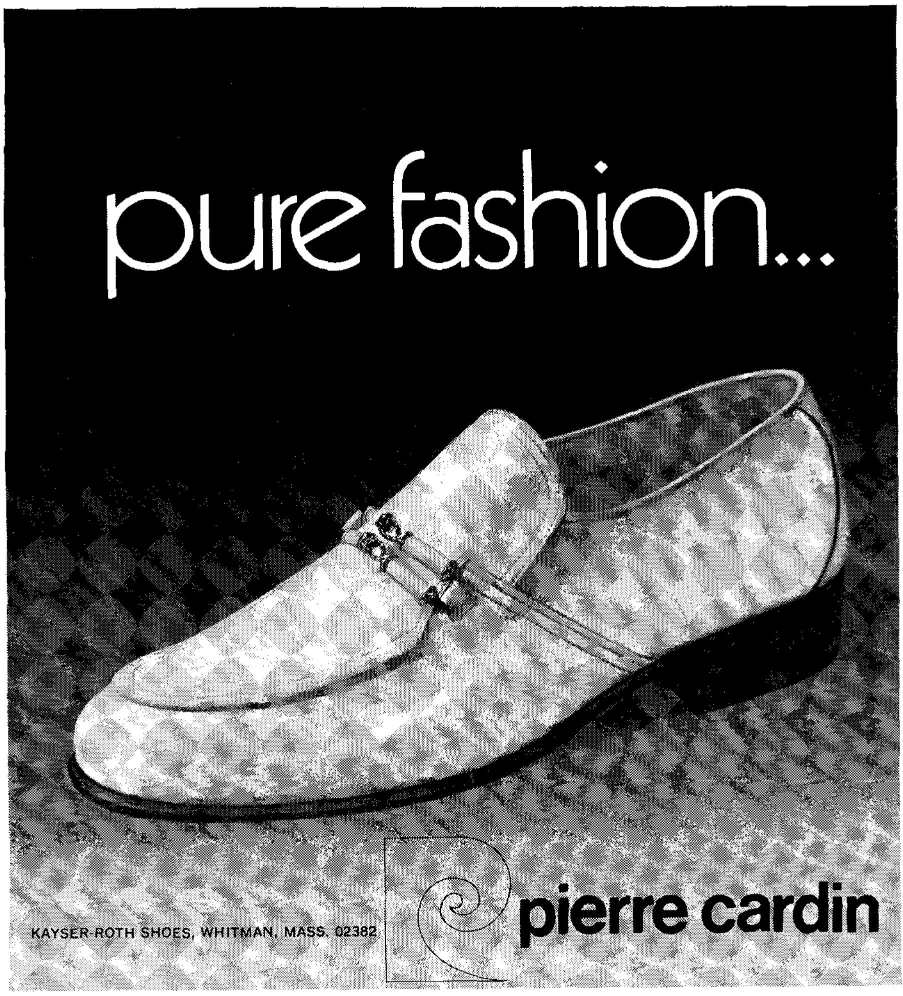
French National Railroads



A new hotel opens its doors to Washington, the nation and the world.

Inaugurating a new style of elegance in the nation's capital. *Spacious rooms and suites with all the civilized luxuries and amenities.* Dazzling restaurants and cocktail lounges. Resplendent settings for the most exclusive business meetings and diplomatic functions. Ideally situated in the L'Enfant Plaza complex, the capital's magnificent, new cosmopolitan center, appropriately named for Pierre Charles L'Enfant, who designed the master plan of Washington, D.C.

Opening May 31st
LOEWS L'Enfant PLAZA
480 L'Enfant Plaza East, S.W., Washington, D.C. 20024 • Tel: (202) 484-1000
LOEWS HOTELS
One good stay deserves another
For reservations, see your travel agent or call Loews Reservations in your area toll-free.



(which has never been published), but it was enough to cause a furor of resentment among Schoenberg's disciples, for this was the first time—at any rate, outside France—that the backward-looking implications of Schoenberg's dodecaphonic scores had been laid bare. In 1957, Glock had had a part in bringing the Domaine Musical to London, and Boulez had conducted a concert—one of the first occasions on which he had done so outside Paris. Then, in 1964, Glock had invited him to conduct a series of concerts with the B.B.C. Orchestra. Some critics found the performances "cool," "detached," and "analytical." But Otto Klemperer, who is not given to wasting his time, sat through a large number of rehearsals, manifestly spellbound, and subsequently travelled, in his eighty-third year, to Bayreuth to hear Boulez conduct "Parsifal."

Glock and Klemperer were by no means alone in their admiration for Boulez's gifts. In 1965, Lord Harewood, then the director of the Edinburgh Festival, mounted the largest retrospective of Boulez's music that has yet been presented, and Boulez himself conducted "Pli Selon Pli" and "Le Marteau sans Maître." In the same year, he conducted the B.B.C. Orchestra during its tour of the United States, and George Szell, that most exacting of perfectionists, invited him to Cleveland, where in 1969 he was appointed the orchestra's principal guest conductor. Gradually, his engagements multiplied, and each time he replied to a question about how many months of the year he proposed to devote to composition, the number shrank. On each occasion, he emphasized that he was not really interested in conducting for its own sake. For him, it was no more than a means of bringing together the creative and the executant sides of his character and of bridging the gulf that separates the general concertgoing public and contemporary music. Yet the time he was prepared to devote to conducting steadily increased, until today it consumes a minimum of eight months a year.

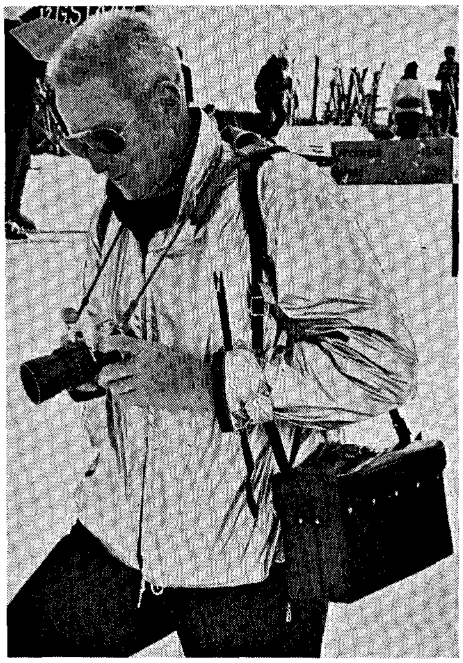
In 1966, Boulez had stated that he would on no account accept any permanent post as a conductor. But Glock's invitation seemed to offer a unique opportunity to put into practice his ideas for regenerating concert life. The resources of the B.B.C. were immense, in Glock he had a sympathetic and trusted collaborator, and he had already established a good working relationship with the orchestra. Furthermore, London, which was not too remote from Baden-Baden, was large enough to contain the new, younger musical public he was determined to unearth. In every way, it looked like an ideal marriage. It would provide satisfying work, obviate the need for much travel (which he hates), and leave him about half the year free for composition.

In January, 1969, Boulez's appointment was made public, and shortly afterward, with his future more precisely determined than at any earlier moment in his career, he left for the United States to conduct a series of concerts with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Shortly after his arrival, he was asked in an interview whether he was in the running to succeed Leonard Bernstein as the orchestra's musical director. His answer was unambiguous. Even if anyone had approached him—and nobody had—he would not consider a job in which one was a "prisoner." As though that were not clear enough, he continued, "Nor do I know enough about New York's musical life to bring about the necessary changes. To change bad habits, one must know them well." And, to drive the point home, he added, "London is the model of my conception of contemporary musical life. . . . Today London plays the role of Berlin in the twenties." Nevertheless, his month at Philharmonic Hall so impressed the orchestra, its board, and its management, who for two years had been searching for a successor to Bernstein, that they felt they had found their man, and offered him the job. Boulez did not give his reply right away. Instead, he returned to London to discuss the matter with Glock—as he was bound to do, for a New York engagement would mean some reduction of his contractual commitments to the B.B.C. Not unnaturally, and by no means only on his own account, Glock was appalled at the notion of Boulez's assuming responsibility for two orchestras three thousand miles apart, especially since each of the jobs, as Boulez viewed it, amounted to an open-ended commitment to a far-reaching reform of concert life, and the two were thus vastly more taxing and time-consuming than merely to gyrate between the two cities with a handful of specialties. And when was he going to find the time to compose? Boulez saw the force of these arguments, and in May, 1969, Glock left for a holiday in France in the belief that the threat had been averted. On his return, however, Boulez told him that the "problems" of the Philharmonic had "come up again." The Philharmonic would, he said, accept a short initial season if the B.B.C. would agree to an equal division of his time (four

We don't believe in miracles

. . . but this jacket comes close.

Blue side out keeps you warm.


Silver side out keeps you cool.

The Apollo Jacket

10 ounces of all weather protection

Incredible handful. Only 10 ounces.

Removable hood zips into collar pocket.

Miracle? No. Incredible handful? It sure is. Developed from the fabric used in space suits, the Apollo reverses to suit the weather. Wear the navy side out when it's cold . . . turn the silver side out when it's warm. You'll be comfortable in your good-looking Apollo jacket all the year 'round—skiing, boating, golfing, on a hike, at the beach.

Styled with a jaunty, adventuresome look, the Apollo is as practical as it is handsome. It's **rainproof and windproof.** Has a removeable hood that zips into a hidden collar pocket. Special mesh vents under the arms keep you dry in any weather, and a waist draw string adjusts to your comfort. The fabric is a strong, lightweight nylon bonded to a new kind of aluminum "skin." It makes a jacket light and compact enough to carry in your pocket or handbag.

Try it with our home-trial guarantee.

Order your Apollo Jacket now. Wear it outdoors with reasonable care. If this jacket is not entirely satisfactory, return it to us within two weeks, postage prepaid, for your money back. We're sure you'll find the Apollo Jacket just about the **most wearable 10 ounces** you've seen. In all sizes for men and women. Send your coat size for a proper fit. Colors: navy reversing to silver.

Each $29.50, postage free. Save $2.00. 2 for $57.00.

©1971

Made exclusively for Norm Thompson by Empress.

Norm Thompson Dept. M:31

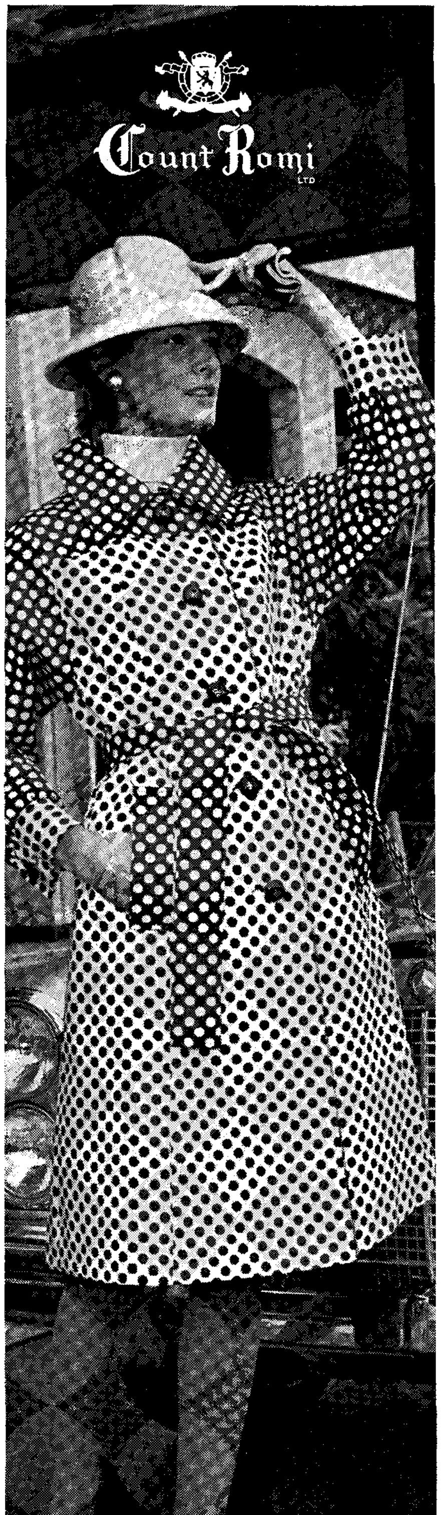
1805 N.W. Thurman Street
Portland, Oregon 97209
Telephone orders: (503) 222-9104
(day or night)

☐ Send FREE 80-page color catalog, "ESCAPE FROM THE ORDINARY"
Direct import savings on fine country clothes, sportswear and equipment for men and women.

Name
Address
City
State Zip

	Quantity	Size	Men's	Women's
Apollo Jackets				

☐ Enclosed is check for $
Charge to ☐ MasterCharge ☐ BankAmericard
Card Number
Expiration date
Signature X
For MasterCharge give added data below:
4-digit Interbank No.


Count Romi
LTD

The Happy-Go-Luxury Coat...
Only from Count Romi.

A bit of dash in reverse dots of silky, sensuous Qiana* nylon. Crafted by Max Adler with soft shoulders and slash pockets. It's a go-everywhere coat treated with Du Pont ZE PEL® to resist rain or or stain. In navy with white, red with white or black with white. Sizes 6-18. Approximately $150. Slightly higher West.

Available at:
Bergdorf Goodman
I. Magnin & Co.
Gus Mayer Stores, Inc., All Stores
Neiman-Marcus

Qiana
nylon

Du Pont registered trademark

months in London, four months in New York, and four months "strictly for composition") in the second and third seasons. Furthermore, Carlos Moseley, the Philharmonic's managing director, would be arriving in London within a few days to negotiate such a deal. Warned that Boulez was now intent on New York, Glock concluded that the choice might well lie between having him for four months and not having him at all. In June, 1969, it was announced that Boulez would become Music Director of the New York Philharmonic for a term of three years and would assume his duties in September, 1971—the very month in which he was due to take over the B.B.C. Orchestra for a similar period.

In New York, if not in London, the Philharmonic appointment was, on the whole, well received. Bernstein gave it his blessing, the board expressed itself as delighted, and even the orchestra members spoke highly of their new chief. Boulez's impact on the orchestra was already apparent when he returned to conduct it for a month in the spring of 1971. David Hamilton, in the *Nation*, described the quality of its sound as "lighter, thinner, decidedly more brilliant." Today, there is general agreement that he has a better orchestra than he inherited, and on the whole his men respect him. They are irritated, however, by his tendency to devote much of his rehearsal time to a score that interests him, with the result that the remainder of the program is neglected—as was manifestly the case in a recent performance of a Brandenburg Concerto, in which he had not even troubled to indicate whether or not there were to be repeats.

In the main, only two groups here have appeared less than enchanted by his appointment. The first consists of the more elderly subscribers, who adorn, in particular, the Friday-afternoon concerts. On these occasions, Boulez has rather unkindly said, "the audience seems to consist of widows who have five-o'clock-tea appointments on Fifth Avenue," and whose decorous, gloved applause "sounds like snow falling." No snow fell, however, on a Friday afternoon in the spring of 1971 when he treated his audience to a concert of music by Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern. Those are names calculated to strike panic to the hearts of well-heeled matrons, and many members of the audience on that occasion did not even wait to discover that all the pieces to be performed were such early works that they might almost have been written by Wagner, Mahler, or even Brahms. After the intermission, Philharmonic Hall was, it seems, half empty.

Boulez sees little point in exposing audiences to shock treatment, and still less in alienating geese that lay golden eggs; the orchestra is, after all, largely dependent on its subscribers. His tactics are to lead the upper East Side only gently into the realms of "modern" music, much of which was written well over half a century ago. What he asks for in return is open-mindedness. "I want people to ask themselves, 'Is this music bad, or am I unable to understand it?' I would like to see a question mark at the end of their personalities, and not only an exclamation mark," he told me. The human ear is a far more elastic organ than most concertgoers are willing to concede, and Boulez has no doubt that he will be able to broaden his audiences' sympathies. When he has done so, he will no doubt add what his Philharmonic Hall programs have so far conspicuously lacked: examples of the major scores of composers such as Carter, Messiaen, Lutoslawski, Henze, Stockhausen, Berio, Birtwistle, and, indeed, Boulez himself, who are now middle-aged and therefore stand between the great founding fathers of twentieth-century music and today's avant-garde. In New York, if not in London, Boulez has in this respect erred on the side of caution. Nevertheless, he has been sure from the start that if some subscribers fell by the wayside, there would be others to take their place—in particular, younger people. It is still too early to say whether his confidence is well founded. The management at Philharmonic Hall claims that, after an early drop in subscriptions, they are now rising again. Certainly there are more young faces around than in the past. There are also on occasion rows of empty seats at the back of the orchestra—something that rarely occurred during Leonard Bernstein's rule. In London, where Boulez has all the resources of the B.B.C. at his disposal, he is less dependent on the box office. Yet in one essential respect his position is stronger in New York, where, as director of the city's only major orchestra, he is uncrowned king of its musical life; in London he is only the chief conductor of one orchestra (and by no means the best) among five, and his activities are, accordingly, more easily swallowed up in a ceaseless stream of events. Boulez cuts more ice in New York than he does in London.

Paradoxically, it is at the opposite end of the musical spectrum, among

The winding, twisting, narrow roads of England make the TR6 solid, tough and beautiful to drive.

In England, we're not enthusiastic about driving in a straight line. Here cars must be built with an uncanny ability to handle and perform, safely and accurately.

As epitomized in the classic Triumph TR6.

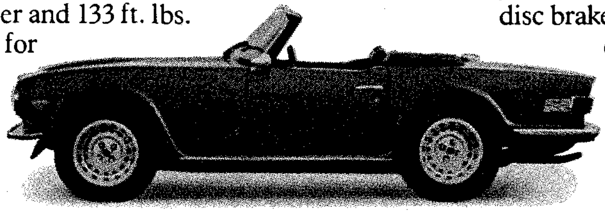
At its heart, a beautiful high-performance 6-cylinder engine developing 106 horsepower and 133 ft. lbs. of torque. Two powerful reasons for its quick response.

To that, add precise rack & pinion steering, plus 4-wheel independent suspension, and the twists and curves of English roads become more than just negotiable. Triumph engineering keeps the TR6 four-square in the groove on the hairiest hairpin turn.

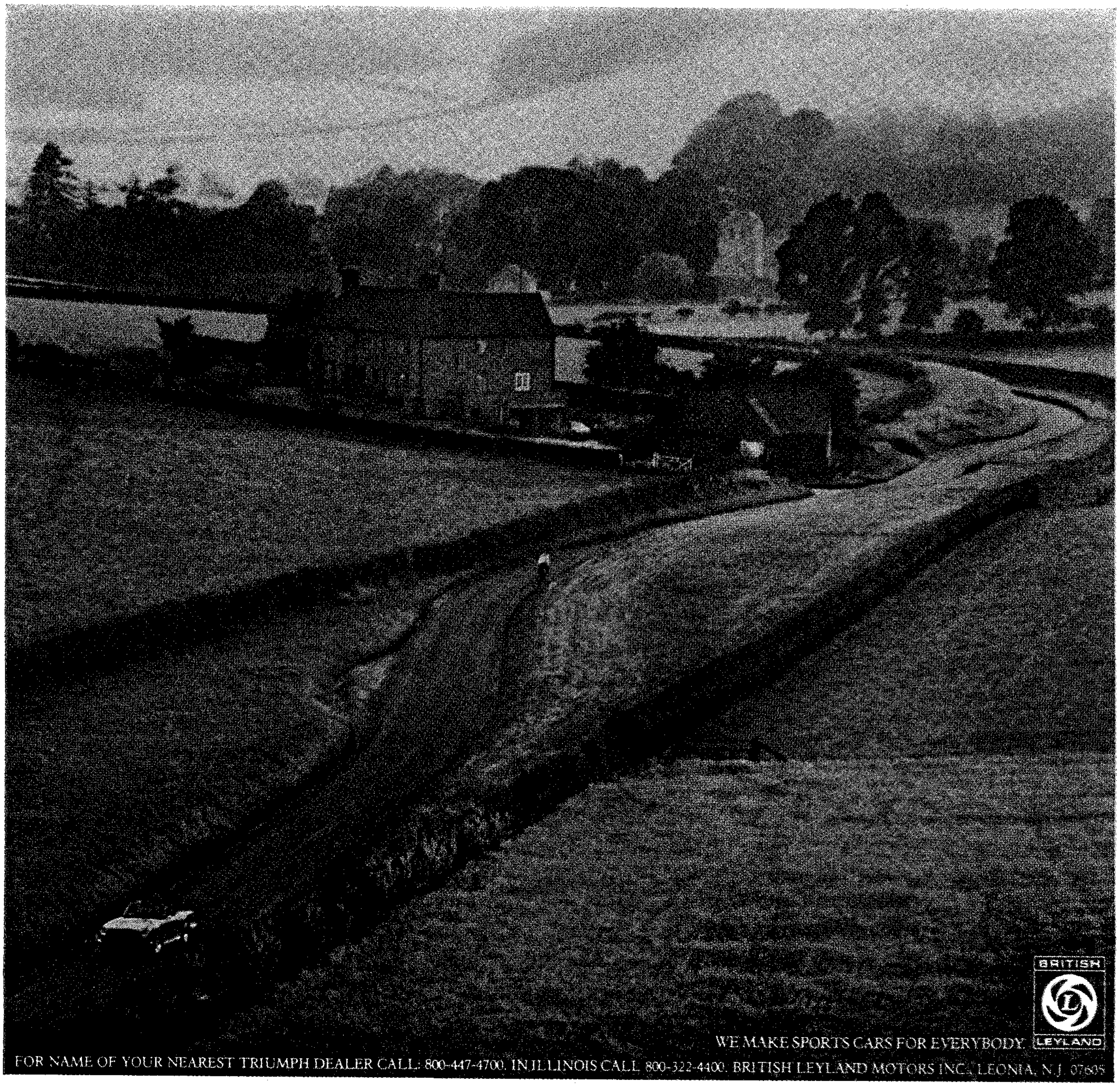
In addition, because you don't know what's around the next bend, it's good to know the TR6 has big 10.9 inch disc brakes up front to stop you even more quickly than it goes.

If you share our passion about driving, test drive a TR6.

On the winding, twisting, narrow roads of America.



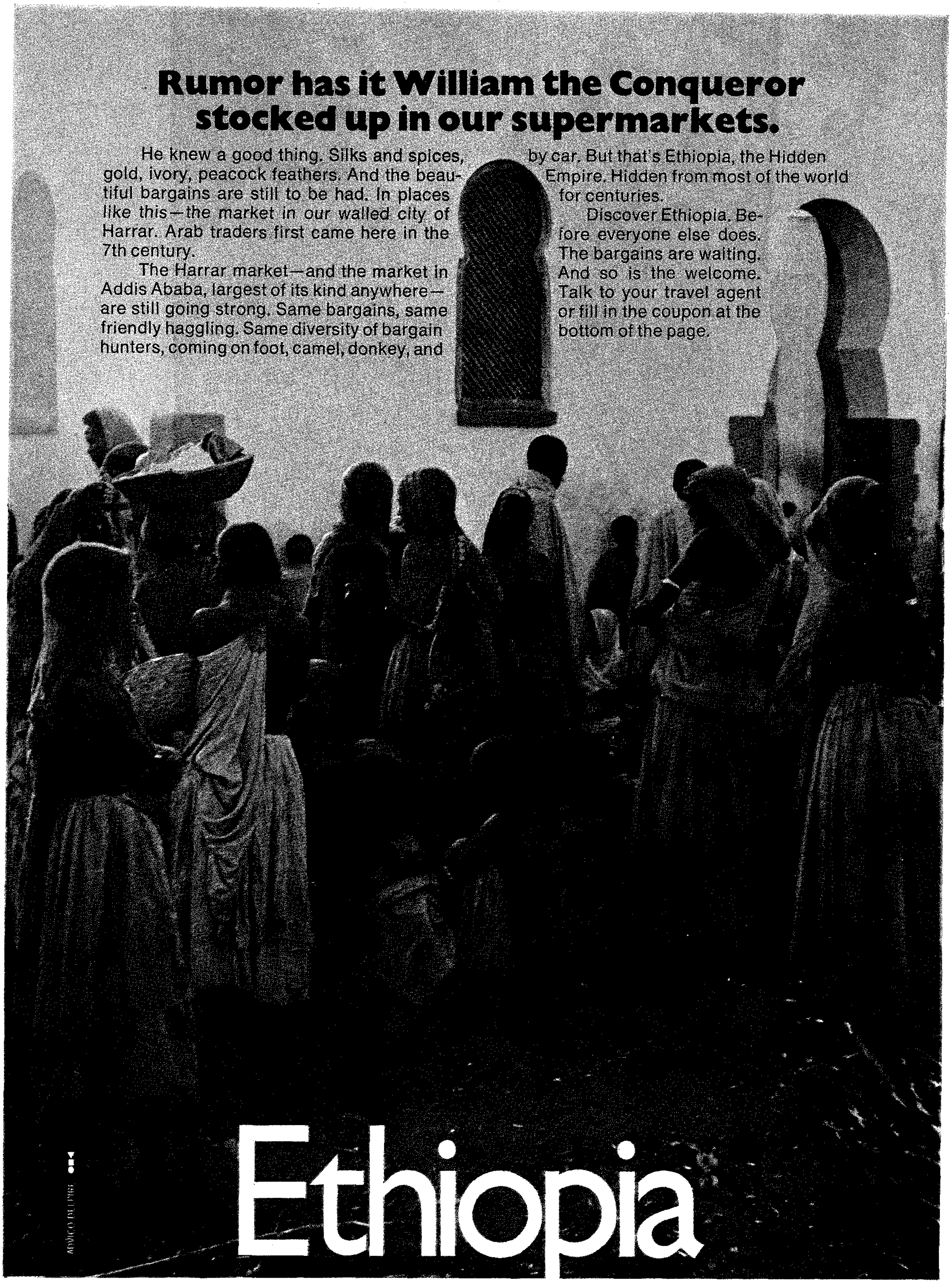
The Classically British Triumph TR6.



WE MAKE SPORTS CARS FOR EVERYBODY.

BRITISH LEYLAND

FOR NAME OF YOUR NEAREST TRIUMPH DEALER CALL: 800-447-4700. IN ILLINOIS CALL 800-322-4400. BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, N.J. 07605



Rumor has it William the Conqueror stocked up in our supermarkets.

He knew a good thing. Silks and spices, gold, ivory, peacock feathers. And the beautiful bargains are still to be had. In places like this—the market in our walled city of Harrar. Arab traders first came here in the 7th century.

The Harrar market—and the market in Addis Ababa, largest of its kind anywhere—are still going strong. Same bargains, same friendly haggling. Same diversity of bargain hunters, coming on foot, camel, donkey, and by car. But that's Ethiopia, the Hidden Empire. Hidden from most of the world for centuries.

Discover Ethiopia. Before everyone else does. The bargains are waiting. And so is the welcome. Talk to your travel agent or fill in the coupon at the bottom of the page.

I'd like to be among the first to discover Ethiopia, the Hidden Empire, with Ethiopian Airlines (daily Boeing flights from Europe). Please send me brochures.
Ethiopian Airlines, 200 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017, Tel. (212) 867-0095.
Dept. K-3

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City ____________ State ________ Zip ________

ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES

The Key to the Hidden Empire

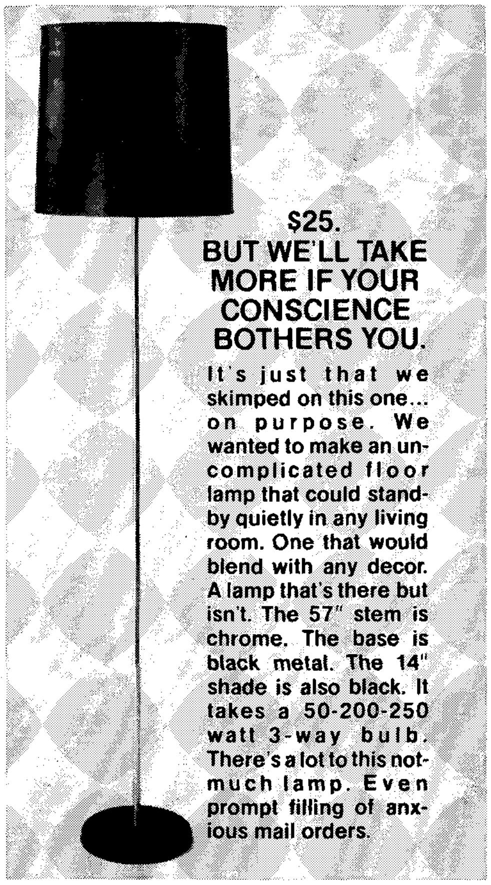
far-out American composers, that his appointment has aroused most opposition, and for this Boulez himself is not blameless. In the 1969 interview in which he ridiculed the notion that he might be Bernstein's successor, he also delivered himself of some exceedingly unflattering comments on the American avant-garde. He dismissed its present absorption in electronics as "just a trick of fashion," adding, "Next year, they'll discover the viola da gamba." Playing Bach on a synthesizer revealed "an appallingly low level of thinking." He went on to describe that rigorously intellectual periodical *Perspectives of New Music* as having "a cashier's point of view." The situation in the universities he characterized as "incestuous," for "the university musician is in a self-made ghetto and, what is worse, he likes it there." The trouble with American music was that it lacked strong personalities. It has no one "as good as Henze," he said, "and that is not setting your sights very high." Given Boulez's already published view of his German contemporary, it was setting them very low indeed.

Needless to say, those comments rankled, and the following year there was an answering fusillade. In an open letter to Lawrence Morton, the director of the Ojai Festival, in California, where Boulez was to conduct nineteen works in the spring of 1970, a group of composers, including Morton Feldman, Terry Riley, La Monte Young, and Frederic Rzewski, complained that not one of the nineteen was by an American composer. They accused him of "imperialistic thinking," aimed at preserving "the illusion of European superiority." Boulez ridiculed that accusation, and, in truth, he is too much of a cosmopolitan to harbor prejudice of this sort. He points out that in literature and painting Europe has not been slow to accept American influences, and that Cage's music has by no means passed unnoticed there. The fact that today's far-out American music has as yet made little impression across the Atlantic may, he implies, say more about its achievements than about European prejudices.

His critics also argued that it was not necessary for Boulez to come to the United States and present early-twentieth-century music as an introduction to more recent developments. Such music was, they asserted, "taught and performed extensively . . . in any good college or university." Their claim is well founded, but it fails to meet Boulez's point that the classics of our century have yet to be accepted by the general concertgoing public. It is precisely

FOR INFORMATION. CALL UN 1-8955. OR VISIT OUR STORE AT 831 MADISON AVE., 10 TO 6. MON-SAT.

GEORGE KOVACS



$25.
BUT WE'LL TAKE MORE IF YOUR CONSCIENCE BOTHERS YOU.

It's just that we skimped on this one... on purpose. We wanted to make an uncomplicated floor lamp that could standby quietly in any living room. One that would blend with any decor. A lamp that's there but isn't. The 57" stem is chrome. The base is black metal. The 14" shade is also black. It takes a 50-200-250 watt 3-way bulb. There's a lot to this not-much lamp. Even prompt filling of anxious mail orders.

FOR OUR EXCITING CATALOG OF OVER 200 CONTEMPORARY LIGHTING DEVICES, SEND 50 CENTS TO:
GEORGE KOVACS, DEPT. N-212, 831 MADISON AVENUE, (69TH ST.), NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10021

The shell-carved chest is a *Historic Newport®* Reproduction. Circa 1760.
®Historic Newport is a trademark licensed by the Preservation Society of Newport County.

**In 1760 these shells were hand carved.
They still are today.**

See the timeless beauty and authentic detail of Kittinger Furniture. Reproductions of uncollectable originals. Send $3 for "Library of 18th Century English and American Designs". 1903C Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, N.Y. 14207.

KITTINGER
GENERAL INTERIORS

Showrooms: Boston, New York, Atlanta, Buffalo, Chicago, Dallas, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles

Florence Eiseman Sportswear for Spring and Summer.

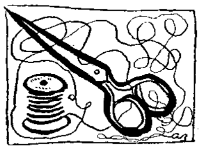
Marshall Field Sunningdale Shop
Swanson's, Kansas City, MO

THE HAT

SUEDE LEATHER HIKING HAT/PRICE $27.95
Send hat size or circumference of head
Write: Dept. BB add $1.50 for delivery,
N.Y. residents add tax.
Send for free catalog

Kreeger & Son
Camping Gear
30 West 46 St., New York, N.Y. 10036
212-541-9704

to drag such music out of the university that he has entered the fray, and he is scornful of those who prefer purity to involvement. "To be an effective revolutionary, you have to enter organizations and change them," he says. He does not claim to be the only leading member of his profession able and willing to conduct the classic twentieth-century music, but he remains the only one of his stature to do so as part of a coherent, long-term policy. It is here that the essential difference between Boulez and his colleagues lies, though where he has led, others are now beginning to follow.



But, as he himself is well aware, such music is already part of history, and, to narrow the gap between it and today's avant-garde, he has initiated, both in London and in New York, a series of Prospective Encounters, at which chamber groups give informal concerts mainly of far-out music, and which he himself frequently introduces as well as conducts. Though he stresses the informality of these concerts as a means of bringing composers closer to their audiences, Boulez is not at home in the role of compère. This is a matter partly of language, partly of temperament. Though fluent—indeed, voluble—his public English is not always easy to follow. Nor does he blossom in the give-and-take of public discussion. Contemptuous of the sort of synthetic matiness that might oil the wheels on such an occasion, he is likely to take refuge in professorial severity (one of his nicknames at Philharmonic Hall is the French Correction) and to rap out answers to questions in a way that inhibits any further exchange of ideas. In theory, these are evenings when all concerned—players and conductor as well as audience—embark on expeditions of discovery. In practice, Boulez, the product of an authoritarian educational system quite foreign to Anglo-Saxon traditions, treats them as a means of imparting instruction.

Nor has he as yet devised many convincing programs for these experimental concerts. Even when due allowance has been made for the need he feels to include a high proportion of native works (the first season of Prospective Encounters in New York was devoted exclusively to American composers), it is hard to understand what has prompted his choice of some of the scores. From the start, Boulez has emphasized that the purpose of these concerts was not to offer masterpieces but to provide examples of the various sorts of music being written. Yet some of the works performed, in London as well as New York, have hardly risen to the level of adequate specimens of a style, and at times Boulez—notoriously unable to feign enthusiasm he does not feel—has barely troubled to disguise his contempt for them. Occasionally, he even seems to take pleasure in revealing their shortcomings. Indeed, before he took up his New York appointment, he suggested as much when, referring to the American composers who had attacked him, he explained to me, with a note of menace in his voice, "We will present composers of all tendencies. Then they will be judged by what they compose, and not by what they write to the papers."

Beneath these tensions lie deeper waters. In a phrase that carries ironic echoes of his own youthful contempt for a preceding generation, Boulez's avant-garde critics in their turn have dismissed him as a composer "whose music has ceased to be relevant to these times." They argue that he uses conducting as a means of establishing the historical pedigree of his own music, but cannot bring himself to face the fact that the rigorous serialism he once represented has come to a dead end—or, to put it more bluntly, that he conducts the works of the past because he can no longer see his way creatively into the future. Is it mere chance, his critics ask, that since his conducting gathered momentum he has produced no score of first-rate importance? True, he has composed more than is often assumed. But the works he has written since the early sixties have dribbled from his pen a little at a time, and the great head of creative steam that produced the second piano sonata, "Le Marteau sans Maître," and "Pli Selon Pli" seems, for the moment, to have spent itself. Virgil Thomson's comment on Boulez's recent music, "It all comes out small," contains a good deal of truth. "Cummings Ist der Dichter" (1971), yet to be heard in New York and still, like so much of his recent music, incomplete, is a work of real charm and imagination, even if it breaks no new ground. His most recent score—". . . explosante/fixe . . ."—a small-scale affair in which, for the first time since the fifties, he uses electronic instruments, aroused little enthusiasm when it was recently given its premiere in New York. Only "Éclat-Multiples," whose first section dates back to 1965, when it was saluted by Stravinsky as "a small masterpiece," has the impetus of what may yet develop into a major work; at any rate, a substantial third section of a score that now lasts some fifty minutes is still to be performed, and more, it seems, is to come.

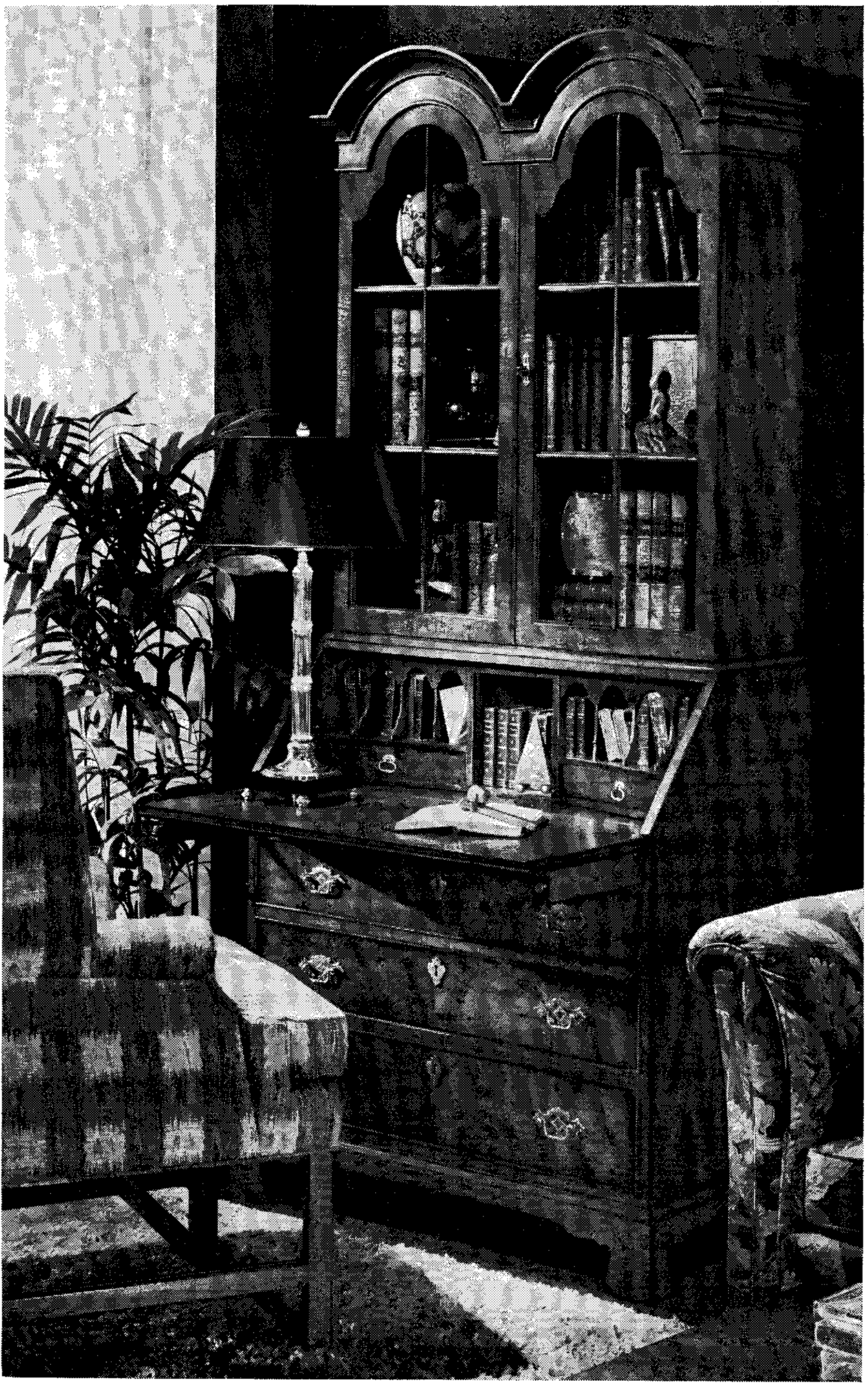
THE composer-conductor is not a new phenomenon. Strauss and Mahler are only two outstanding twentieth-century specimens of a breed that was once common. But, for a man who still considers himself primarily a composer, Boulez has saddled himself with a prodigious amount of conducting. As if his commitments in New York and London were not enough, in August, 1970, after a year as principal guest conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra, he agreed to become musical adviser at Cleveland—a position he held until May, 1972. This winter, he has been giving master classes in both composition and conducting at the Juilliard School. Last month, he conducted the Philadelphia Orchestra for a week, and in May he will have a Continental tour with the B.B.C. Orchestra, followed by another next year, when he will also take the Philharmonic to Japan. In February, 1975, he will do a stint in Los Angeles, and that summer he is scheduled to take the New York orchestra on an extensive tour of Europe, and who can tell what other engagements he may accept in the meantime? At forty-eight, he is perhaps less indestructible than he likes to suppose. (In 1966, he suffered a severe attack of shingles, which temporarily paralyzed one side of his face.) Small wonder that the sheer pressure of events now and then overwhelms even his vaunted powers of organization, that he frequently looks tired, that there are sometimes reports of an uncharacteristic glumness at rehearsals, and that there are occasions when the performances themselves suffer. Unfriendly voices have begun to ask whether it is Pierre Boulez that is changing concert life or concert life, as it is organized in the age of the jet, that is changing Pierre Boulez. Certainly he has put himself in a position that would seem to demand superhuman mental and physical stamina.

Why does he drive himself at such a furious pace? No one who knows him believes that his motive is money. As a good Frenchman, he knows its value. He likes eating well, though simply; he enjoys good wine and drives an open Mercedes. He is generous to his relatives and ready to help friends in difficulty. Both in New York and in London, he lives in furnished suites in an expensive part of town. But he has no extravagant tastes, no social ambitions, no wife and children to provide for. He rarely entertains, and in New York most of his meals are taken in a

The look for the life you live now.

An enthusiastic awareness of what's new. A scrupulous dedication to what's lasting. That's what Henredon is all about...a tradition of uniquely livable furniture. In that tradition this exceptionally fine reproduction from the Queen Anne period, carefully crafted by Henredon of solid pecan with walnut and yew-wood veneers. Its distinguished lines and generous storage space elevate this handsome secretary to a new high in furniture flexibility—suitable for bedroom as well as living room or library. To see more Henredon secretaries in varied styles and sizes—and other elegant accents for your home in both wood and upholstery—send $2.00 for brochures to Henredon, Dept. NY 3-313, Morganton, North Carolina 28655.

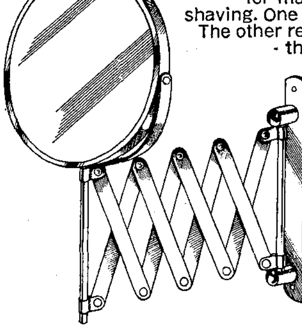
Henredon



STEVENS
CHAS. A. STEVENS & CO., 25 N. STATE, CHICAGO

CASCADING CAFTAN spills sumptuously over the body in a color-shocked, India-inspired print of acetate jersey. Frog-latched mandarin collar, deeply slit at neck and knee. By Dottie, S-M-L 28.00. Farmington Shop, 3rd Floor. Add 75¢ for handling.

EXTENSION MIRROR
Get close to yourself. Women love our extension mirror for make-up; men for shaving. One side magnifies. The other reflects things as they are. Extends from wall 3″ to 16″. Chrome-plated. 6″ diam. **$11.** At all Hoffritz stores. Mail: 65¢ pstg. & hndlg. Area sales tax. Credit cards. **Send $1 for catalog of 1,125 items.**
HOFFRITZ HAS IT
20 Cooper Sq., Dept. N6, N.Y.C. 10003

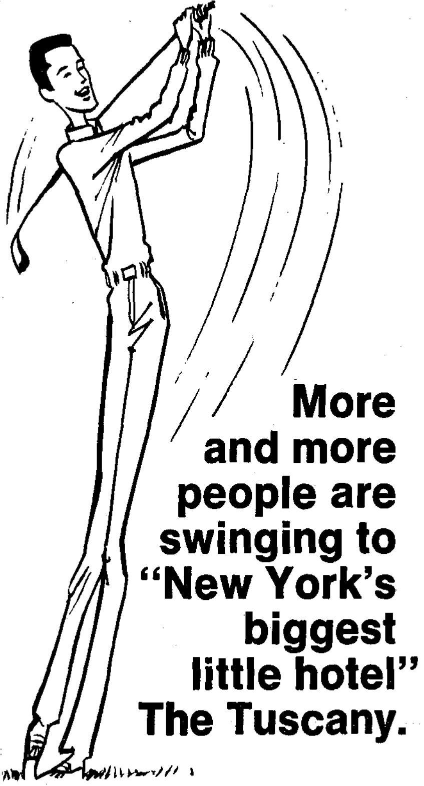


modest restaurant where he has a charge account. Indeed, his economic needs could be satisfied by a fraction of the amount of work he undertakes. No doubt he was flattered by the offer from New York. He has the competitive spirit of an athlete, and a challenge of that sort was bound to arouse it. He has a strongly practical cast of mind, which enjoys addressing itself to problems and solving them. No doubt he has also enjoyed demonstrating to the French that other nations are only too happy to avail themselves of his absence from Paris. (The message has got through, for each time he has appeared there with the B.B.C. Orchestra there have been loud cries of "*Boulez à Paris!*") And surely he has, as the Napoleonic cast of his jaw suggests, an unusually strong will to power. That is indeed a crucial element in his character.

Boulez himself is never at a loss for an answer to any question, and least of all to the question why he has undertaken so much non-creative work. Talking at prodigious speed, he will discourse at length on the necessity of finding a new pattern of concert life and of advancing the taste of audiences, and will spell out the importance of establishing his center of acoustical research. What he says is almost invariably shrewd and farsighted. And surely it is all to the good that a man of his calibre should occupy himself with these basic matters. Yet an uncomfortable doubt persists. Does not a composer's most effective means of changing the world lie in his *music*? In a radio discussion with Liebermann shortly after the *Spiegel* interview, Boulez insisted on the need for opera houses that would encourage the evolution of new forms of music theatre. Liebermann's reply was simple: "*You* write the work, and *we* will find a way of putting it on."

Boulez refuses to allow the problem to be posed in these terms. He insists that the composer alone cannot fashion the new materials that music is today in need of—hence his project for a research center. But those who maintain that his absorption in conducting is a means of escaping the creative problems that confront him suggest that this project may be a further means of externalizing his difficulties as a composer. Even if it should fulfill his hopes, they ask, could a composer approaching fifty hope to profit from the new resources it would provide and the drastic changes in composition that these would undoubtedly involve?

Paradoxically, however dogmatic Boulez may appear in print and con-



More and more people are swinging to "New York's biggest little hotel" The Tuscany.

And here are some of the reasons.
Every room comes with a butler's pantry, adjustable bed with vibrator, lounger chair, FM radio, electric shoe polisher, Irish linen towels, electric wall clock, bathroom extension phone, color TV and, most important of all, a staff of exceptional, friendly people, who truly believe in treating every guest at the hotel, as if he or she were the only guest.
Our restaurants are extraordinary, too. So is our new bar.
And we're just around the corner from Grand Central, the air terminal, most shops and theatres.
May we send you a brochure?

THE Tuscany
Arthuro Belsere
Executive Director
A DORAL HOTEL
39th Street, just east of Park Avenue
New York 10016
Telephone: (212) 686-1600

DELRAY BEACH, FLORIDA
20 two bedroom / two bath townhouses. 36 two bedroom / two bath mid-rise condominium apartments on 400′ Atlantic Ocean frontage.
Inquiries invited. Send to:
COSTA DEL REY CONDOMINIUM
2175 S. Ocean Blvd.
Delray Beach, Florida 33444
Tel. (305) 278-6788

"The soul of the apartment is in the carpet"
Doris Leslie Blau
ANTIQUE and EXEMPLARY CARPETS and TEXTILES
15 East 57th Street, New York 10022 • 759-3715

versation, he is a man who has never ceased to question himself and everything he does. Indeed, he has raised what has been called *le doute Boulezien* to the level of a creative principle. It is a heroic concept, which drove him through the serial experience and has led him to withdraw many of his scores and rewrite others—not always to their advantage. Today, the urge that once compelled him to question the basic grammar of music, to go back to Square One and begin again, compels him to question the very materials of which music is made.

Can a composer tear up his roots in this way? Does there not come a time when a man must accept himself, what he is, and the place in history he has been allotted, and make the best of it? Self-criticism is an essential component of the creative process. But Messiaen, with Boulez in mind, has warned of the danger implicit in a principle of doubt that may finally lead to a doubt of oneself. Indeed, Boulez, in a characteristically acute piece of self-examination, has posed the question "Is there not perhaps an excessive, even suspect passion in this desire to examine and verify everything?" Possibly there are moments when the mysterious springs of creativity are best left, like a growing plant, to their own devices.

Last November, Boulez signed a further contract, which binds him to New York until the end of the 1976-77 season. (In London, where he has accepted only a year's extension of his original contract, his commitment comes to an end in 1975.) After that, it is unlikely that he will continue to devote so much of his time to conducting. Though he presents a brave face to probing questions about the time left for composing, there can be little doubt that he is unhappy in a situation in which he rarely finds time to produce more than an installment of a new work. Whether his research center in Paris will provide the new creative impetus he plainly needs remains to be seen. But what he has already achieved as a composer, a conductor, a theorist, and a reformer is sufficient to make him one of the crucial figures in the musical life of the second half of the century.

—PETER HEYWORTH

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

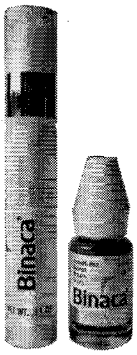
[*Headline in the Manitowoc (Wis.) Herald-Times*]

LACK OF MONEY
MAIN PROBLEM
OF POOR PEOPLE

Put a little fun in your breath.

You don't have to have bad breath to use Binaca.®

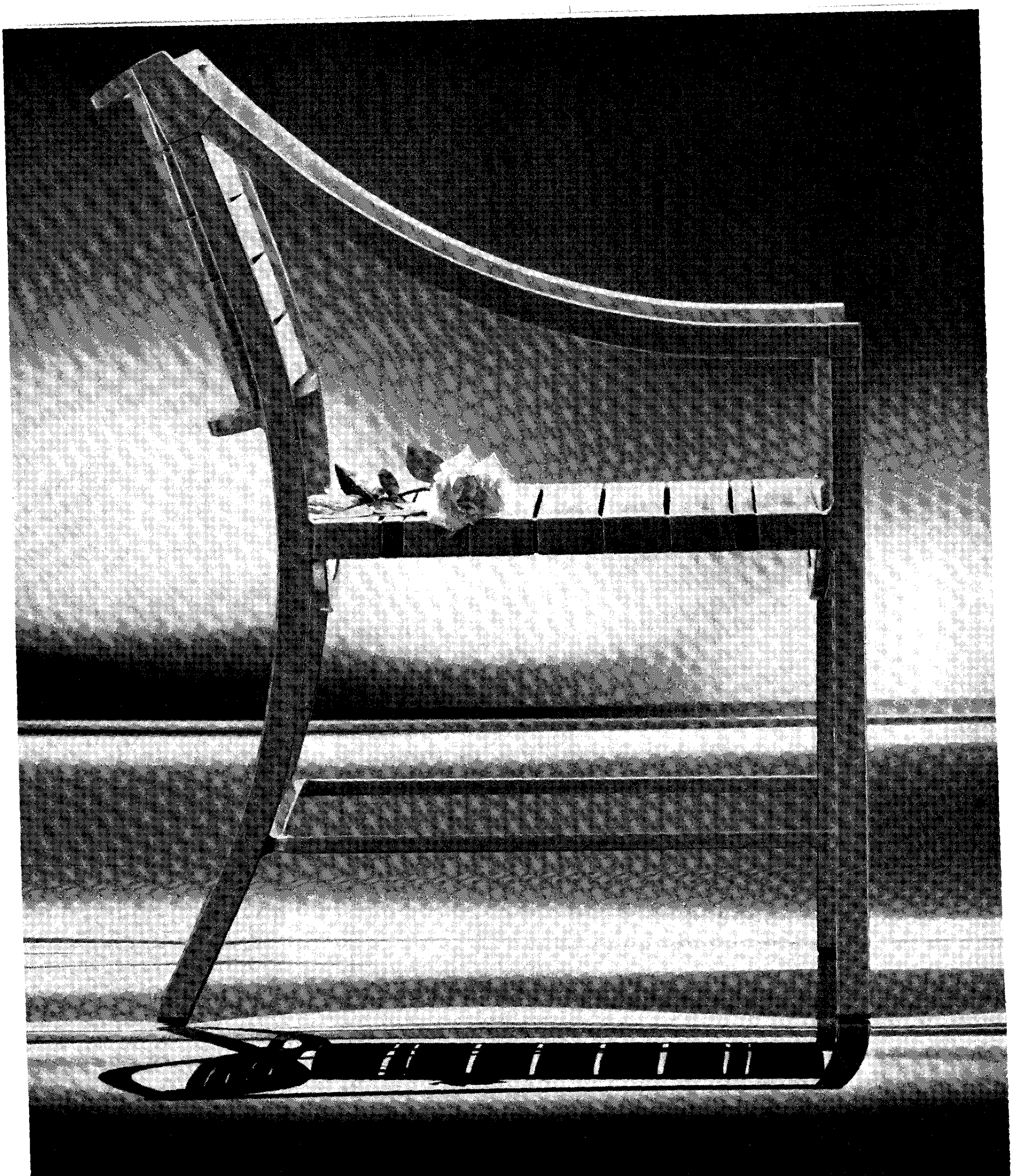
Binaca's got a snappy fresh taste that brightens up your mouth and makes everything it does a lot more fun!



And Binaca Drops and Spray come in a delicious frosty mint flavor, too.

Now your breath can be as much fun as you are.

Binaca



What makes Brown Jordan furniture expensive is what makes it Brown Jordan.

Take the casual distinction of Regent II. Skilled hands work with tubular aluminum to create that crisply contemporary look. Hand welded joints are hand buffed to smooth every surface from every angle. Each of the wide vinyl straps is individually mounted. Even the table tops are individually fitted. All this handcraftsmanship naturally makes Brown Jordan furniture more expensive. But consider it as a long term investment in good living. For so much durable elegance, the price is surprisingly small. Don't settle for anything less.

BROWN JORDAN
A SUBSIDIARY OF SCOTT PAPER COMPANY

At leading stores and interior designers. Send $2 for 62 page catalogue and nearest dealer to Brown Jordan, Dept. R, El Monte, Cal. 91734. Plant also in Newport, Ark.

THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

Lanford Wilson's "The Hot l Baltimore," which has been running for quite a while in a tiny Off Off Broadway theatre, has moved Off Broadway, to the spacious Circle in the Square, and into an absolutely first-rate new setting there by Ronald Radice. All the action takes place in the lobby of a once fine hotel now gone to seed and about to be demolished. A noble, sweeping marble staircase at the back of the arena stage and a bright-red Coke machine nestling beside it immediately tell us all we need to know about the place. The horseshoe-shaped hotel desk is cluttered with dusty boxes of old rent receipts, shabby filing cases, an electric percolator, a box of tea bags, and a checkerboard. Mr. Radice's scenery is a triumph; the play is another matter. I must, with many regrets—special regrets, because I admired Mr. Wilson's "Lemon Sky," of a couple of years ago—record a negative vote. Even though I liked it better the second time I saw it, and laughed aloud a few times, I still didn't believe it. The whole script has a synthetic ring and is very sentimental. Most of the characters are residents of the hotel—not derelicts, exactly, but certainly discards. There are, among others, three hookers, all warmhearted but of distinct varieties; an elderly, well-bred, tolerant spinster with insomnia; an elderly, peevish man with hypochondria; a closed-faced tomboy lesbian, hipped on ecology and health foods. There is not much plot to speak of—just incidents and some crises and surprises. Character is all, and the characters seem derived more from lit than from life. They are characterizations, not people.

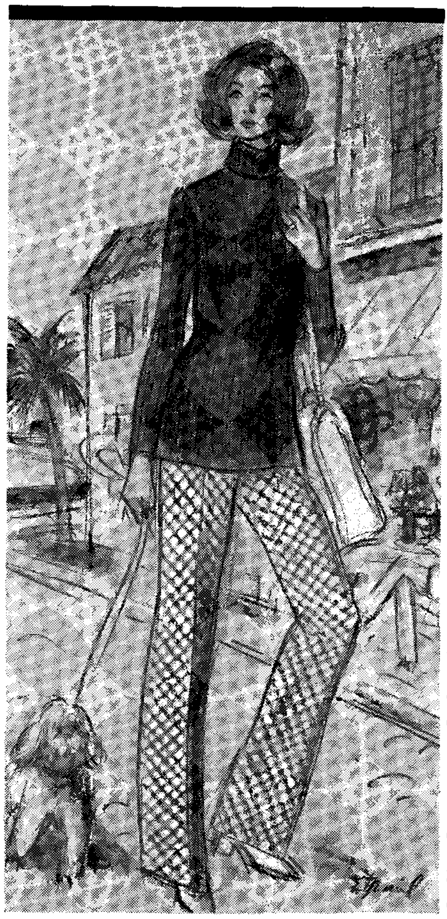
Nevertheless, the script is well enough written, and it is well performed by the original cast. The actors, under Marshall W. Mason's skillful direction, play together as if they had lived together for years (and wouldn't remember one another's names if they drifted apart tomorrow). The best of the performances are those of Judd Hirsch as a room clerk; Conchata Ferrell as a fat, pretty, wisecracking whore (a few good wisecracks, too); Trish Hawkins as a slim, pretty, ingenuous whore; Louise Clay as another clerk; and Mari Gorman—an exceptional performance in an exceptional role—as the lesbian, trying to conceal panic and desperation with a gruff, laconic manner, and opening up only once, to display an ecology magazine and to declaim upon the healthful properties of garlic.

"An Evening with the Poet-Senator," by Leslie Weiner, at Playhouse 2, is a play about the love affair of a Jewish flier named Aaron Silver, stationed in England during the Second World War, and the wife of an English general. The story is told in flashbacks and broken scenes by a professor of poetry named Norris Cummings, formerly a senator from Minnesota, who failed to win the Democratic nomination for President in 1968, and who, twenty-five years earlier, served as Silver's colonel in combat. Throughout the evening, Cummings functions somewhat in the manner of the Stage Manager in "Our Town," interrupting the action and addressing the actors directly, and, of course, moving back and forth within the action between 1943 and the present. Silver is a timid man, sexually and in every other way, and an idealist besides, and his progress as lover and soldier is meant to serve as an example and reproach to the politician, who forfeited the nomination without a fight and let his supporters down. That the parable about Silver is supposed to have been written by the politician is confusing but no responsibility of mine.

On the evidence at hand, I think one can say that Mr. Weiner was not put on earth for abstract thought, particularly of a political nature, but foolishness is no crime, and—again on the evidence at hand—I think one can also say that he is a promising dramatist, able, among other things, to evoke a time and a place. (Anne de Velder, who was responsible for the costumes and presumably found stockings with seams for the actresses, is quite an evoker in her own right.) Once the *clef* and other such matters are dispensed with, there is some enjoyment at hand. There is humor and there is feeling, and there are scenes and parts that can be acted. They are well acted by an able cast, under Isaiah Sheffer's direction. Henderson Forsythe is impressive as the thinly disguised senator-professor-colonel, whose motives and behavior often seem as puzzling to him as they do to those around him; David Margulies is as believable as possible, I guess, in the stagy role of the Jewish flier; and Margaret Linn and Tandy Cronyn are very good as the self-possessed yet vulnerable English wife and her forlorn sister, whose lover is killed in combat.

"Thoughts" (of all misleading titles!) is an *un*broody, stylish, free-style little musical at the De Lys—so free-style, in fact, that it seems at first to be a revue. But then, as number follows number, a story slowly emerges. Events begin with the birth of a baby boy to a black minister and his wife in Montgomery back in the nineteen-forties, and then continue with his boyhood among his friends and his parents' friends in Alabama; at sixteen, after a crony of his has been sentenced to the electric chair on some trumped-up charge by a white tart, he leaves home, and ends up, apparently quite successful, at a party in New York. The courtroom scene aside, and one in which the two boys must submit to some sexual abuse by a white insurance collector, the mood of the show is quite gentle, and it is casual in execution, but there is irony in it, too. Lamar Alford, who wrote the score and most of the words, knows exactly where he stands and what he is doing. The irony at one point works in reverse. After the courtroom scene, the four white actors of the company—as judge, tart, lawyer, and legal secretary—sing a funny lament about "playing Bad Whitey again." Mr. Alford's jazz-and-rock score is delightful, and his songs are very well sung by everyone in the attractive company. The performances are good, too—especially those of Howard Porter as the young hero, Barbara Montgomery as his mother, Mary Alice as both an old midwife in the South and a waitress in New York, and Sarallen as a tall, funny schoolteacher in the South and a tall, funny party guest up North. Michael Schultz directed; the musical staging was by Jan Mickens; and the extremely effective lighting was by Ken Billington. The show originated, as does so much of worth, at Ellen Stewart's LaMama.

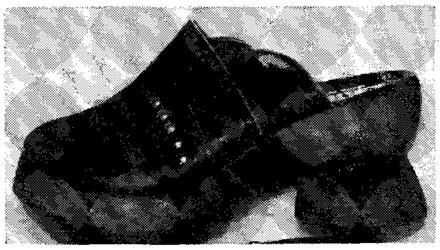
The Chelsea, in Brooklyn, is having a festival of sorts. Robert Kalfin, its adventurous director, has booked for approximately two weeks apiece four shows from regional theatres around the country, and the proceedings opened last week with "From Palo Alto to Brooklyn," a program by Ger-



GREAT TO GO WITH
Great **Sax** top in easy-care nylon. Great **Bleyle** pants in a snap-to-care-for polyester. Great, great colors! The long-sleeve rib turtle shell in kelly, navy, mocha, Bengale red or black. 8 to 18 (10A) $22. The pants in white checked with kelly, black, mocha, navy or Bengale red. 8 to 18 (10B) $40. Imported from Europe by Hooper Associates.

The Colonial

400 S.W. 152 St., Seattle, Wash. 98166, CH 2-7007



Wooden Clogs — Three bonuses make this a superb sandal: clog styling, carved wooden base, handsome leather. Easy to slip into — great for the casual life. Deep-brown leather. Sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9; medium(B) width. **$20.95**
Shipping, add 50¢ each. *Send for free catalog.*

THE TOG SHOP Lester Square
Americus, Ga. 31709

ald Hiken and Paul Richards. Mr. Hiken and Mr. Richards, whose names you may recognize, are experienced actors, originally from this city, who now work out of California. They have become strolling players, appearing at clubs and colleges and night clubs in sketches that they write themselves and present in a very pleasant and informal way. Before the show and during the intermission, they mingle with the audience, under the odd misapprehension that, according to a program note, they are thereby eliminating "the fourth wall." The minute they start acting, of course, up it goes again, even though the houselights remain on. Mr. H. and Mr. R. have now written twelve hours' worth of material. The sketches they selected for the performance I saw lasted about two hours, and they certainly could have been stronger, although the final sketch—about an actor newly arrived from Poland in 1922 to join the Yiddish theatre and a prop-man who is sent to the boat to meet him and break him in on America—had its entertaining moments. A few odd ones as well. Would a Pole just arrived here in the twenties be likely to ask for sarsaparilla or to use the words "kiss ass," which are surely indigenous to Hollywood in the thirties? Nothing wrong with the ambience, though, and that is what matters. —EDITH OLIVER

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Southampton Press*]

Word comes from Mrs. Ralph Lounsbury that she did have her left hip operated upon in November and came home two days before Christmas. She is doing well and expects to leave any day now for Florida.

Mr. Franklin Canfield had the great misfortune to be bitten by a large dog in his own apartment house in New York. He is all right now and doing well but it has been a great inconvenience.

In a warm sheltered spot the grass is beginning to have a little real green in it. Also a few bulbs are beginning to show. The days are much longer so the spring outlook is ever so much improved.

Mrs. Frederick Havemeyer is one of our very few Southamptonites who went to the Inauguration and had a lovely time. Dr. Paton's sister, Mrs. Powel, gave a gala luncheon for her and several other people. She had her picture taken with Dillon Ripley who was carrying a Rhode Island Red chicken. They were at the Smithsonian Institute which has a zoo. Mrs. Havemeyer told Mr. Ripley he was carrying the chicken wrongly because its legs were not held firmly as the chicken likes to have them held—not dangling. It is rather an interesting point. Who can establish the true status?

Mr. and Mrs. James Zimmer were here for a few days after their very strenuous trip to India and are now off skiing in St. Moritz for a month or so.

There are successful businessmen who like the fact that one of Boston's best addresses is also one of the most convenient.

The Ritz is for them.

The
Ritz-Carlton
Hotel
Boston

Fur is fine
But bare is better.
Slip out of winter and into our Jamaican sun. All rooms on the beach. All outdoor and indoor sports. All you have to do is call your travel agent or WDI Mundy, Inc., Empire State Bldg., New York 10001. Phone: (212) 868-0420. Out of state, call toll-free: (800) 221-7390.

SHAW PARK
BEACH HOTEL
Hugh Maitland-Walker, General Manager
OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA

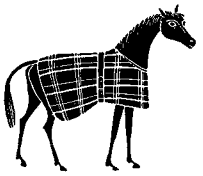
Be seen in the
best circles
the Pontchartrain

the Pontchartrain
DETROIT'S PREFERRED HOTEL

Wooden Floor Lamps
WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St.,
New York, N.Y. 10022

THE RACE TRACK

The West Has It Best



NO doubt about it, Santa Anita had the best horses in action and the best racing in the country last week. (And hasn't it had it all season?) To start things off, on Tuesday my old friend Quack, who hadn't been out since he set a world's record in the Hollywood Gold Cup last summer, won the $59,000 San Bernardino Handicap; on Thursday Susan's Girl, a 1972 Eclipse Award winner, galloped home by four and three-quarters in the $68,000 Santa Barbara Handicap; and on Saturday Mrs. Mary Jones, who owns Cougar II, and Charlie Whittingham, who trains him, plus a lot of horseplayers who think he's the greatest found that those last few thousand dollars toward a million are the hardest, for Cougar II finished third in the $111,000 San Luis Rey Stakes. Elmendorf's Big Spruce, a 13–1 shot, passed the post ten lengths out front, while Cicero's Court was nearly three lengths ahead of Cougar II; the Big Cat barely saved third place by a neck from River Buoy, who had made most of the running. Because all the starters in the mile and a half on the grass carried scale weight of 126 pounds, Cougar II, who had been giving a lot of weight in handicaps, was 1–5. From all accounts, he went well, though the footing was softer than he likes, but when Big Spruce rocketed out of the pack in the stretch nothing else had a chance. Still, Cougar II increased his earnings to $926,391, and the $125,000 San Juan Capistrano is still to come.

MUCH of the activity at Aqueduct last week was as dull as the weather. Yet there were bright spots. For one, a crowd of forty thousand came out last Saturday and bet four and a half million. Another was the Correction Handicap, which Robert Dodderidge's Soul Mate won by nine and a half lengths. Oh, let's call it ten. Six fillies went to the post, and Soul Mate, a racy-looking chestnut (she's by Red God) who had shown speed at Santa Anita, stumbled slightly coming out of the gate, but, recovering quickly, she was away like a scared cat and stepped the first quarter in 0:22⅖ and the half mile in 0:45⅕. She finished the six furlongs in 1:09⅕. Lucie Honey took the place easily from Never Hula. Candid Catherine, who was fourth, was a disappointment to many, including her owner, F. Eugene Dixon. Early last month, he bought her from Lloyd Miller for $200,000. (Mr. Miller, you may remember, owned lovely, unfortunate Dark Mirage.) Perhaps the 120 pounds Candid Catherine carried slowed her down. Robyn Smith, who rode Lucie Honey, brought off a double earlier in the day; she won on Tropical Judge in the first race and on Dundee Marmalade in the sixth.

There was a ten-length winner at the Big A earlier in the week—Angle Light, who ran away from everybody in a one-mile event on Wednesday. He is a stablemate of Secretariat and is trained by Lucien Laurin. His owner is Edwin Whittaker, a Toronto electronics executive. Angle Light ran second to Secretariat in the Garden State Stakes, and his owner says he'll do it again in the Kentucky Derby. How's that for a Derby tip straight from the stable?

ALLEN JERKENS, who trains a shipshape and successful stable for Jack Dreyfus, Jr., had hopes of winning two stakes out of town last weekend with the Hobeau Farm racers, but the usual thing happened: while Mr. Dreyfus's Blessing Angelica came from behind in the last few strides to win the Valley Forge Handicap from Alma North at Garden State Park, in Jersey, his favored Vertee finished eighth in the Gulfstream Handicap at Gulfstream Park. That wasn't the only surprise in the Florida race; the Oxford Stable's West Coast Scout, who is something of an in-and-outer, came from ninth place along the rails in the last half mile to win by half a length from Super Sail, and Freetex, who seldom runs two races alike, came from tenth to be third. The fractional times for the mile and a quarter were 0:22⅘, 0:45⅘, 1:10, 1:35⅕, and 2:01. Eastern Fleet led for a mile, then tired. I suppose the reason Vertee blotted his copybook so badly was that he couldn't get to the front, where he likes to run, as he did in the Widener and the Campbell Handicaps, so he just wouldn't try. Horses are like that.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

MAN FARES BEST
IN ENVIRONMENT
—*Headline in the Hartford Courant.*

Well, he'd better stay flexible.

An hour from now you could be a preferred guest at any of these great hotels.

We're not a hotel chain, but a friendship chain. With you, our guest, as a link, enjoying the special individual attentions reserved for guests referred by one of us to another. Call the Preferred Hotel in your city, for a personalized reservation at one of the other Preferred Hotels. Or call Toll-free **(800) 558-9898.** In Wisconsin call **(800) 242-9235.** In Canada call collect **(416) 924-8070.**

Beverly Hills/Los Angeles
BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL

Calgary, Canada
THE INTERNATIONAL OF CALGARY

Boston
THE RITZ CARLTON

Denver
THE BROWN PALACE HOTEL

Detroit
HOTEL PONTCHARTRAIN

Houston
THE WARWICK

Kansas City
THE HOTEL MUEHLEBACH

Milwaukee
THE PFISTER HOTEL AND TOWER

Minneapolis
THE NORTHSTAR INN

Montreal, Canada
THE RITZ CARLTON

New Orleans
THE PONTCHARTRAIN HOTEL

New York City
THE PIERRE

Roanoke, Virginia
HOTEL ROANOKE

Salt Lake City
THE HOTEL UTAH

San Francisco
THE CLIFT HOTEL

Santa Barbara, California
SANTA BARBARA BILTMORE

St. Louis
THE CLAYTON INN

Toronto, Canada
PARK PLAZA HOTEL

Vancouver, Canada
GEORGIA HOTEL

Washington, D.C.
THE WATERGATE HOTEL

PREFERRED HOTELS
ASSOCIATION

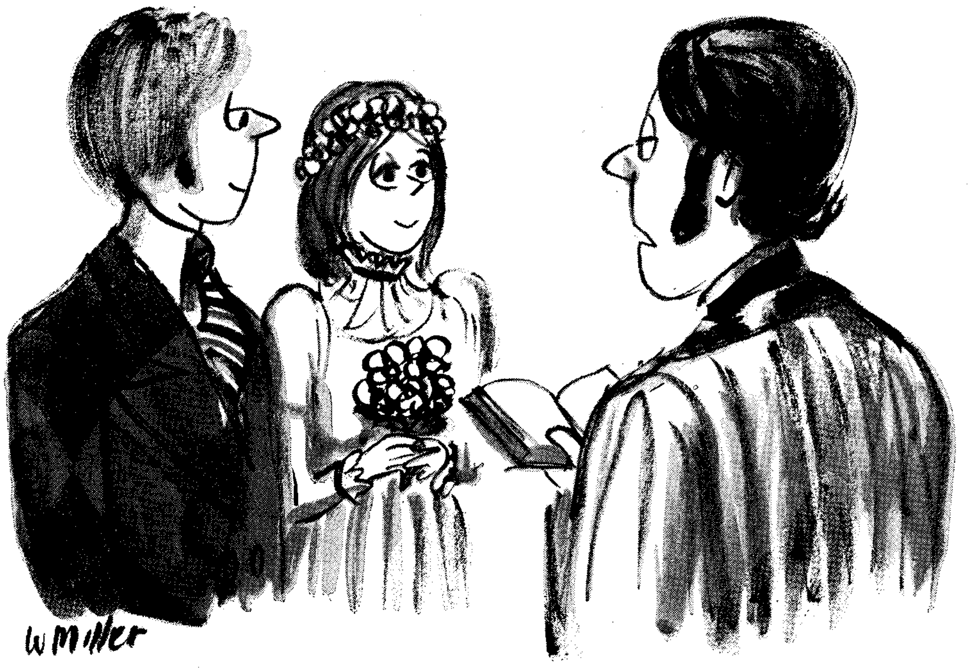
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE PLUNDERED PAST

II—SAILING FROM BYZANTIUM

THE rise of the art museum in America is an event that could not have been predicted and cannot be easily explained. Although the United States, according to a favorite European myth, is motivated almost entirely by the soulless business ethic, it now spends more on art museums than the rest of the world combined, and most of the money comes from businessmen. A good estimate is that a third of mankind's museums of all sorts are in a country that has rarely been accused of an excessive devotion to art. Before the Civil War, there were only a few museums in the United States, the oldest public art museum being the Wadsworth Atheneum, in Hartford, which opened in 1844. (There is some dispute over priority, but Hartford seems to have the strongest case.) By 1910, there were about six hundred museums. A census in 1939 recorded twenty-five hundred, and thirty years later that total had more than doubled. In one spurt, between 1965 and 1970, new museums were opening at a rate of nearly one a day. The expansion continues; there were major openings in 1972 in Texas at Corpus Christi and Fort Worth, and, in Washington, D.C., a fifteen-million-dollar building will soon house the Joseph H. Hirshhorn collection of modern art, valued at as much as fifty million dollars.

Fifty years ago, one European observer who sensed what was occurring was the French art dealer René Gimpel. During a visit to the United States in 1923, he was particularly impressed by the Toledo Museum of Art, which had been munificently endowed by a glass manufacturer, Edward Drummond Libbey. Gimpel, a brother-in-law of Joseph Duveen, the great art dealer, was, unlike him, wary of superlatives. Yet in this provincial city he was struck by the selfless dedication to art of Mr. and Mrs. George Stevens, director and assistant director of the Toledo Museum. The visitor noted in his diary, "Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, who are only moderately well off, are devoting their lives to the museum. He gave up a fine situation for this post, which has obliged them to live, if not drably, at least quite unpretentiously. This devotion to the cause of art is found throughout the United States, and gives an idea of the fervor that convulsed the Middle Ages when its churches were erected." A prescient remark, but something that Gimpel could not have guessed was that this fervor, this altogether creditable obsession with art, would in time have as a regrettable side effect the negation of the museums' nominal purpose—the preservation of the past. There was no way for him to foresee that museums, acting out of the loftiest of motives, would indirectly subsidize the devastation of antiquity.



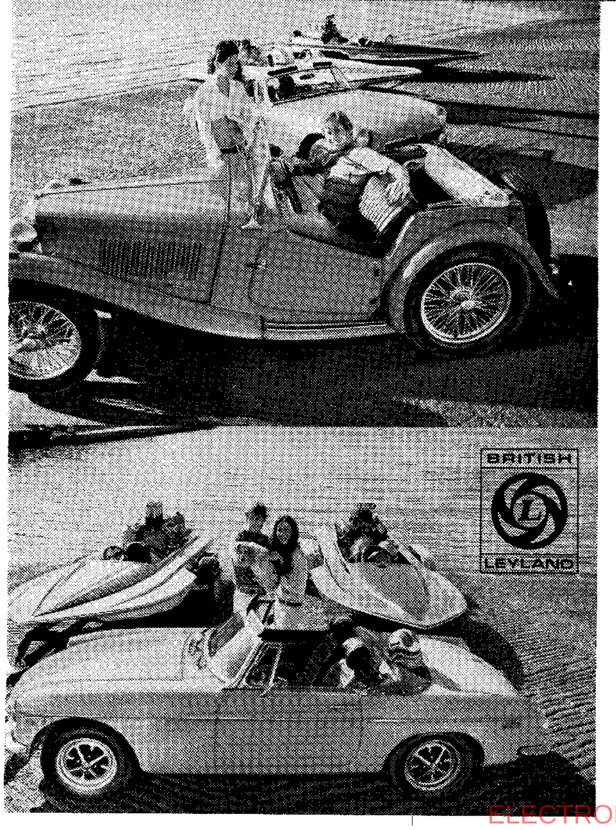
"To relate, respect, and yet be your own person,
until, perchance, affections erode?"

IN the history of American museums, a landmark year was 1870, when two great institutions were incorporated—the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. These were the first of the encyclopedic galleries, each determined to display the best of the world's art of all periods and regions. The timing was formative. The Civil War was over; there was a freshened air of nationalism, a new competitiveness with the older cultures of Europe. Fittingly, the first directors of both the new museums were Civil War officers—Major General Charles G. Loring in Boston, General Luigi Palma di Cesnola in New York. The trustees were men of great wealth. There was big money, and there was an aggressive spirit of acquisition. A poem by Walt Whitman, "Song of the Exposition," written in 1871, eloquently catches the spirit:

> Come Muse migrate from Greece and Ionia,
> Cross out please those immensely overpaid accounts,
> That matter of Troy and Achilles' wrath, and Aeneas', Odysseus' wanderings,
> Placard "Removed" and "To Let" on the rocks of your snowy Parnassus,
> Repeat at Jerusalem, place the notice high on Jaffa's gate and on Mount Moriah,
> The same on the walls of your German, French and Spanish castles, and Italian collections,
> For know a better, fresher, busier sphere, a wide, untried domain awaits, demands you.

So the great migration began. In the next half century, galleries filled with Old Masters, Greek statuary, medieval tapestries, Chinese vases, Egyptian mummies. And in the process it became apparent that the art museum, essentially an eighteenth-century European invention, was going to take a different form in the New World. American museums, to begin with, were decentralized and essentially private, whereas the British Museum and the Louvre, like other European collections, were under state authority. This meant that American museums could operate with freewheeling enterprise, unhampered by bureaucratic controls; it also meant

MGB
Still built with a marvelous device called the human hand.



When the MG-TC first came to America, it was love at first sight.

And judging from the reception given today's MGB, we haven't lost our touch.

Because the MGB is still crafted with the same workmanship that has built the MG reputation for tough, reliable, quick-handling sports cars.

In the showroom, you can see the results. Strong design. Solid engineering. And careful, conscientious assembly.

On the road, you can feel the results. The quick precision of rack-and-pinion steering. The stability of race-seasoned suspension. The sure feel of a four-speed, short-throw gearbox. And the performance of the rugged 1798 c.c. engine.

You'll know you're driving a machine built by sports car enthusiasts for sports car enthusiasts.

And as the road narrows to two lanes and begins twisting through rolling mountain meadows, it won't take long for you to get that singular feeling that you are part of the car, and it is part of you.

The "B's" performance on the track speaks for itself. It's the reigning SCCA National Champion in E Production.

You'll also find a complete array of genuine sports car instrumentation—including electric tachometer and trip odometer.

The steering wheel is fitted with alloy spokes and wrapped in glove-soft vinyl. Also standard: front disc brakes, semi-reclining bucket seats, full carpeting, mag-style wheels, dual mirrors and an oil-cooling system.

So see your MG dealer and try your hand at true sports motoring.

For his name and for information about overseas delivery, dial (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, dial (800) 322-4400. Calls are toll free.

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, N.J. 07605

The sports car America loved first.

Bean's
Outdoor
Sporting Specialties

Nylon Shell
for Men and Women

Ultra light, all weather sports jacket of tough two-ply coated nylon. Water repellent and washable. Front zips up to form snug turtleneck collar. Concealed hood, two slash side pockets, drawstring at bottom. Can be folded into left pocket and zipped shut.
Ladies sizes: Sm., Med., Lg.
Navy. Powder Blue. Yellow. Red.
Men's sizes: Sm., Med., Lg., Ex. Lg.
Navy. Yellow. Olive. Red.
——Send Free Catalog

Ship——Ladies' Nylon Shells @ $9.50 postpaid
Color—————— Size——————
Ship——Men's Nylon Shells @ $9.75 postpaid
Color—————— Size——————
Name——————————
Address——————————
——————————
Zip——————————

L. L. Bean, Inc.
240 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032

BLEEPER
BLEEPER
BLEEPER

ELECTRONIC GOLF BALL SET

A tiny transmitter is imbedded in our Bleeper Electronic Golf Balls. Lose one and let the pocket receiver point the way—the louder the bleep, the closer you are! Guaranteed to be the cleverest gift of the year for the golfer who has everything. Set includes receiver and two balls. Extra balls $3.95 each. Fore!

$30.00

Mail orders add $1.25—Ga. residents add Sales Tax.
BankAmericard, Master Charge, American Express cards honoured.

STERN'S
1248 West Paces Ferry Road at I-75 • Atlanta 30327
404-261-3678
Mail and phone orders promptly handled
Copyright ©1972 E. H. Stern, Inc.

that they could operate with less public accountability. Equally important was the difference in approach to the public. European museums tended to ignore the mass audience in favor of the minority of connoisseurs. In America, the net was cast wider. Art, great art, was often seen as a form of moral therapy. At a founding meeting of the Metropolitan Museum, one of the principal speakers was the poet William Cullen Bryant. "My friends," he said, "it is important that we should encounter [*sic*] the temptations to vice in this great and too rapidly growing capital by attractive entertainments of an innocent and improving character." From this impulse evolved the notion of the multi-purpose museum. The gallery was not, as in Europe, simply a collection; it was also a campus. With energy and imagination, American curators invented junior wings, prepared lecture and concert series, and devised visually dramatic displays. Frequently, the measure of success was attendance figures—the democratic justification of an institution with an aristocratic pedigree. To swell attendance, publicity was needed, and one method of obtaining it was by putting on elaborate special exhibitions. There was another method—a continuing flow of spectacular acquisitions. Accordingly, art museums sought out wealthy trustees who might be persuaded to loosen their purses for such acquisitions. When a journalist recently asked a Museum of Modern Art trustee what he looked for in a fellow-trustee, he was told, "Money." "Is that all?" the reporter asked. "That's three things," was the reply. "Money, money, money."

Yet even as the explosive growth of the museums was beginning, more than one observer saw dangers in their outlook, which, it was feared, could evolve into high-minded rapacity. An early warning was sounded by Henry James. In 1905, the novelist made a long visit to New York, his native city, for the first time since 1883, and one of the many things that struck him was the transformation of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It no longer occupied an eccentric mansion on West Fourteenth Street but had moved grandly uptown, to Fifth Avenue and Central Park. "It is a palace of art, truly, that sits there on the edge of the Park," James wrote in "The American Scene." He was to some degree impressed by the emphasis given education in the enlarged museum, but otherwise he had doubts. He saw in the huge new edifice "an object lesson" of a large presence in the New York future. He would not attempt to foretell it exactly, but felt it sufficiently to define its announcing shadow: "Acquisition—acquisition if need be on the highest terms—may, during the years to come, bask here as in a climate it has never before enjoyed." To the novelist, there was money in the air, "ever so much money—that was, grossly expressed, the sense of the whole intimation." The money was to be "for *all* the most exquisite things . . . except creation, which was to be off the scene altogether," he noted, adding, "The Museum, in short, was going to be great." One reads this with a certain awe: James, with a few words, was able, like an aerial flare, to illuminate a troubled landscape.

BY the nineteen-forties, it was clear that the museum world was indeed troubled. One problem was that in America the art museum had too many functions, with a resulting confusion of purpose. The point was mordantly expressed in 1945 by Francis Henry Taylor, then director of the Metropolitan. "If the term 'museum' strikes terror to the heart of the average layman," he remarked in a book called "Babel's Tower," "it is as nothing compared with the sense of panic which its sound produces in the poor innocents who spend their lives rationalizing its very existence." Taylor continued:

> Going back into the far reaches of time, the word "museum" has succeeded in meaning nothing vital to anyone in particular, yet at the same time it has strangely meant all things to all men. Through a metamorphosis lasting many centuries, it has emerged from the simple designation of a temple of the Muse to be the encompassing catch-basin for all those disparate elements of hereditary culture which are not yet woven into the general educational fabric of modern society. And since education has been defined as "the art of casting artificial pearls before real swine," it is only natural that museum workers should have concerned themselves with the elaborate furnishing of the trough at the expense of the digestive capacity of the feeders.

So disenthralled was Taylor that in 1954, without warning, he resigned as the Metropolitan's director and returned to a post he had held earlier—that of head of the small and still manageably intelligible Worcester Art Museum, in Massachusetts. Before his decision, he said with irritation to a colleague, "Dammit, we've got them into the museum, but what do they look at? One thing after another—if they come to a fire hose, they look at that, too."

In the ensuing years, other museum workers attempted to define the aims of their institutions, with results that frequently remind one of the fable of the blind men and the elephant. An example is a "Museum Manifesto" published in 1970 by Joseph Veach Noble, who was then the Metropolitan's vice-director for administration and is now director of the Museum of the City of New York. Noble had questioned his brethren about the museum's proper role, and the only common denominator he had found was a spirited lack of unanimity. Undiscouraged, Noble proceeded to list the five major tasks of a museum, the first being Acquisition. Acquisition, he maintained, was "our lifeblood, our raison d'être." Any museum that shirked this duty might be a useful exhibition gallery "but it is not a museum." Acquisition took priority over the other purposes, which he defined as Conservation, Study, Interpretation, and, finally, Exhibition. But one thing Noble did not settle, and possibly could not, and that was the increasingly familiar curatorial dilemma: What does a museum do when there is a conflict between Acquisition and Conservation—when one value can be realized only at the expense of the other?

The dilemma arises in two places—at the entrance to a museum collection and at the exit. In the first case, there is the problem of suspect art, which may have been smuggled into this country contrary to another nation's laws. In the second, there is the question of whether a museum should dispose of its valuable things—and if so, how. The two matters are linked, because money gained through sales—or "de-accessioning," in museum parlance—is often used for acquisitions. To Europeans, the ease with which American museums dispose of art has long been a source of wonder and concern. A prevalent view has been expressed by Germain Bazin, former chief curator of the Louvre. In his book "The Museum Age," published in 1967, the French scholar asserts, "Endeavoring to create more space, several American museums went to the extreme of selling less popular works—an adventurous practice, because a revolution in taste might very well restore to fashion works formerly considered démodé. It is quite conceivable that the Barbizon painters, many of whose works the Metropolitan Museum sold as 'surplus' a few years ago, might return to vogue one day." (This has happened to Art Nouveau—deemed an ugly curiosity a few years ago and now squarely back in fashion.)

There are other risks as well. In a series of auctions in the nineteen-twenties, the Metropolitan realized a million two hundred thousand dollars by selling "surplus" Cypriot antiquities from the Cesnola Collection; later, it

Donmoor® for boys
DONMOOR INC., 34 WEST 33RD STREET, NEW YORK 10001 ©1973

DONMOOR KNIT SHIRTS, WOVEN SHIRTS, SWIMWEAR, PANTS, SWEATERS—BOYHOOD COORDINATES.

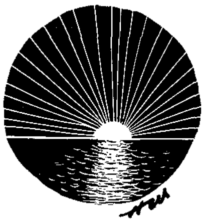
Handmade
Belgian Casuals
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President
For her
MIDINETTE
Calf $39.50

Soft-soled casuals known the world over.
Available in America only at our salons or by mail.
☐Red/trim black ☐Blue/trim green ☐All White
☐Blue/trim red ☐Brown/trim black ☐All Black
☐Beige/trim white ☐Yellow/trim white ☐All Navy
For a selection from 21 fashion-right colors, full color brochures on request.
My regular shoe size is________
Send______pairs @ $39.50 each.
Add $1.50 per pair shipping, handling.
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Second choice______
Name________
Address________
City________State________
Belgian Shoes
60 East 56 St., New York 10022, (212) PL 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.
AMERICAN EXPRESS & MASTER
CHARGE CARDS & BANKAMERICARD

When drizzle turns to drench.
An Attractive, weatherproof jacket of polyvinyl over comfortable cotton. From Sweden. Well stitched, reinforced and guaranteed waterproof, it has an attached visored hood that is corduroy edged. In Sea Blue, Hot Pink, Lime Green, or Bright Yellow. Sizes XS, S, M, ML, or L. $29.95. The Country Store of Concord, 15 Monument St., Concord, Mass. 01742. Include $1.00 postage.

The Country Store of Concord
Concord, Westwood, Beverly Farms, Edgartown, Nantucket, Mass., Guilford, Greenwich, Ct., Far Hills, N.J., Falmouth, Me.

was discovered that two heads from an important statuary group representing Geryon, the triple-bodied monster of Greek myth, had been erroneously de-accessioned. (Ultimately, the museum bought the heads back.) Nevertheless, the practice is widespread and is increasing, and since the Second World War there have been major museum sales in Boston, Minneapolis, Providence, Chicago, and by the Frick Collection and the Guggenheim Museum in New York. About twenty years ago, the Art Institute of Chicago sold a group of Impressionist paintings in order to acquire a Tintoretto; the aim was to "upgrade" its collection, but the Tintoretto was later reappraised as a workshop product with little market value, while Impressionist prices soared.



The biggest controversy over de-accessioning concerned the Metropolitan, and raised so many issues of importance that the underlying question—the priority given acquisition—was obscured by the smoke. This scandal, like many others, got under way with an official denial. On February 27, 1972, John Canaday, the chief art critic of the *Times*, asserted, with alarm and indignation, that the Metropolitan was secretly offering for sale a large number of modern masters, including works by Manet, Picasso, Gauguin, and Cézanne. A week later, with equal indignation, Thomas P. F. Hoving, the director of the Metropolitan, replied that the charge was "ninety-nine per cent inaccurate." Mr. Hoving found it truly confounding that anyone of Mr. Canaday's stature should imply that the museum was engaged in "equivocal, clandestine, and even possibly unethical" practices. It was true, the director said, that in twenty years the Metropolitan had disposed of some fifteen thousand works "by a variety of methods," but, he explained, the risks in such de-accessioning were "not more significant" than the risk of missing a great work of art for lack of funds. Moreover, he promised that if any pictures were sold, the museum would announce that fact.

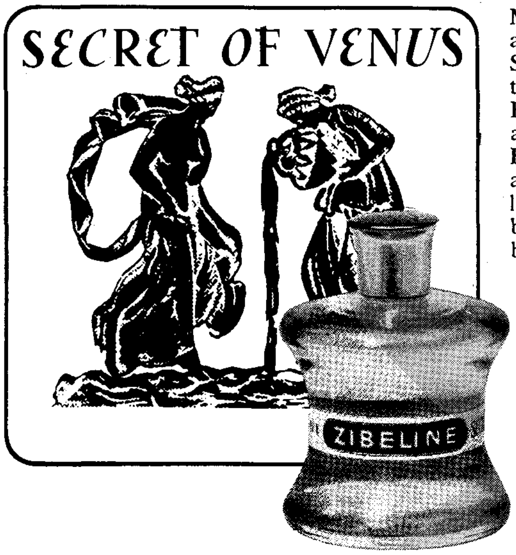
Subsequently, it developed that Mr. Canaday's assertions were not all that inaccurate, although, in the general hubbub, a sizable number of paintings had been removed from the de-accession list. In September, Mr. Canaday learned that the Metropolitan, five months before, had secretly sold two important works, van Gogh's "The Olive Pickers" and Rousseau's "Tropics," for a reported million and a half dollars to the Marlborough gallery, the most aggressive international purveyor of art. No announcement had been made. In embarrassing installments, the rest of the story was pried from the museum. It appeared that the museum had secretly traded or sold at least fifty paintings from a collection of modern masters bequeathed it by Adelaide Milton de Groot, a member of a wealthy old New York family. While Miss de Groot was alive, she had been courted by many museums, but around 1950 she had been persuaded to leave the Metropolitan the bulk of her collection—which, the Metropolitan's representatives apparently told her, was too important to be dispersed. She died in 1967, at the age of ninety-one, and her wish, expressed in her will, if not in terms that were legally binding, was that the Metropolitan give to other museums in New York or Connecticut any works it did not want. Five years later, the collection had been dispersed, and among the de Groot paintings that had been returned to private hands were works by Modigliani, Bonnard, Beckmann, Léger, Dufy, Degas, Renoir, Redon, Toulouse-Lautrec, Picasso, and Gris. The secret sales were denounced by art historians, the College Art Association, the Art Dealers Association of America, and the friends and kin of Miss de Groot. Among some of the questions asked were: Did the museum get a fair price in its private sales, or was Mr. Hoving (in the phrase of Mr. Canaday) "a small boy setting up his first lemonade stand"? Was the spirit of the bequest violated by ignoring a donor's wishes? Were the de-accessioned works indeed weak and inferior examples of the artists involved, as the museum now claimed? Had the departmental curators approved the sales? By what right did Mr. Hoving tell a reporter "It's none of your business" when the reporter inquired as to the whereabouts of still another missing painting—the "Odalisque" by Ingres?

The overriding question, however, was: Why was the Metropolitan dumping its art? The tersest explanation was given by the chief curator, Theodore Rousseau: "What really sparked all this was the acquisition of a really great work of art—the Velázquez—and we had to make some sacrifices." Mr. Rousseau was referring to the purchase, in 1970, of "Juan de Pareja," in London, for $5,544,000—the highest price ever paid for any work of art at a public sale. To finance that purchase, the museum borrowed heavily from its endowment funds, and to repay its debts it was forced to sell what it could at the best possible price. Was the Velázquez worth it? An almost identical portrait has been on exhibit for a half century at a smaller New York museum, that of the Hispanic Society of America. The portraits are so similar that some nineteenth-century scholars thought they were equally good, but the present view is that the Hispanic-museum work is a product of the Velázquez studio, in the production of which the Master may or may not have had a hand. What is unquestionable is that the Metropolitan's Velázquez has star quality, and that the purchase of the painting at a record price stimulated publicity. This is symptomatic of an outlook that is deeply troubling to some scholars, among them John Coolidge, a retired director of the Fogg Museum, at Harvard. At an early stage in the de-accession dispute, Dr. Coolidge was quoted in the *Times* as saying that leading art museums of the Northeast no longer gave "high priority to collecting" but, instead, with the full support of their trustees, were shopping for masterpieces. "The museum which stops collecting in favor of shopping stops thinking about the issues which matter most," he said, "and, what is worse, can no longer effectively help those who do think about such things."

There is another problem that has been generally overlooked. In the United States, works of art given to a museum provide a tax benefit to the donor or his estate, partly on the assumption that the public, too, will benefit from seeing the art. However, when a museum returns such a legacy to the private market it is negating the spirit of that tax benefit. Furthermore, a gallery may decide to take a handsome monetary gain on art intended solely for the public enjoyment.

ALL this is part of the price paid for the priority given Acquisition—notably, the purchase of star works of art. A more serious cost is the physical destruction of historical evidence—which relates directly to the question of buying suspect goods. In major American museums, the question arises every week. It happens like this: A dealer comes into a curator's office and spreads on the desk marvellous treasures, or photographs of marvellous treasures, that can have been unearthed only in clandestine excavations and clearly have been smuggled from the country of origin. There is a pleasant patter of conversation, an exchange of gossip, as the curator looks—without seeming too eager—at

Why do so many French men go home for lunch?



Many Frenchmen do lunch at home, you know. And Secret of Venus just may be the reason why . . . it is France's largest selling bath and perfume oil so more French women wear it than any other. This tantalizing, long lasting perfume oil for bath and body has always been available in Zibeline . . . now available in **Antilope,** too.

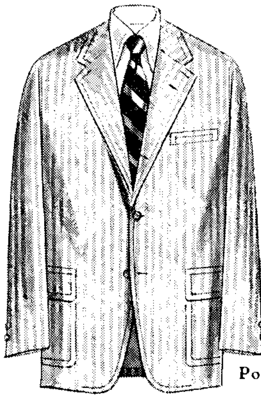
Secret of Venus-France's Largest-selling Perfume Oil for Body and Bath

At fine stores, everywhere.

PARFUMS WEIL PARIS INC., 745 5TH AVENUE, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

From the Monet bead breed...as you like them...golden beads in a variety of shapes and sizes. From the simplest classic to the fashionably unique. All in the golden manner of Monet. From $15 to $40. At the finest stores.

Monet®
Master Jeweler
16 East 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016



TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
San Francisco's Great Natural Shoulder Store Since 1946

Classic Seersucker or Poplin Warm Weather Travel Sportcoats $65*

Classic Seersucker or Poplin Suits $85**

Classic Blue & White or Brown & White striped cotton seersucker or Tan or Navy cotton-and-Dacron poplin sportcoats more comfortable and practical than ever. Cable Car's classic 3-button soft natural shoulder model. Ideal for travel, work. *Size 50, 71.50. Seersucker or Poplin Suits (same colors & sizes as sportcoats), $85. **Size 50, 93.50. **Satisfaction Guaranteed.**

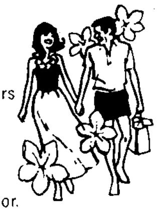
	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	46	48	50
Reg.			x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Short	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x			
Long						x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
X-long									x		x	x	x	x

Mail Orders to: Seersucker, Poplin, Sptcoats; Suits
Cable Car Clothiers, No.150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108

Circle Item	Color	Size	M.O. or Check ☐
Seers, Popl. Sp. Coats			Cable Charge ☐
Seers, Popl. Suits			Sorry, No C.O.D.'s

☐ **Please send catalogue** (415) 397-4740

Name..........
Address..........
..........Zip..........
Add 1.75 Ship. & Hdlg.; 5½% Sales Tax in Ca. M3-31



HAWAII!

KUILIMA CASTAWAY
5 days / 4 nights
ocean-view room

- Four breakfasts, two dinners
- Airport transportation
- We'll greet you with leis.
- You'll be on Oahu's North Shore, away from the clamor.
- Only ten minutes from the Polynesian Cultural Center; shuttle to Ala Moana Shopping Center and Waikiki four times daily — $4 round trip.
- You'll have your own uncrowded beach; your own 18-hole golf course; your own lighted tennis courts!

You'll love it. There's not another hotel in sight!

$105 per person, double occupancy. Call toll-free: (800) 648-6666 (except Alaska, Hawaii and Nevada), or your travel agent.

IT-DWK-CA-2 Eff. 12/1/72 thru 12/31/73

DEL WEBB'S
KUILIMA
RESORT HOTEL AND COUNTRY CLUB
(KOO-EE-LEE-MA)
On Oahu, Hawaii's Scenic North Shore

Director of Public Relations
Del Webb's Kuilima Resort Hotel & Country Club
Kahuku, Oahu, Hawaii 96731

Gentlemen, please send me your 4-color Castaway brochure. NY

Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____

the prizes before him. Are they genuine? On this point, the curator must rely on his educated scrutiny while he listens to the tale told by the dealer. (There is always a tale, and it usually sounds more or less convincing; Norbert Schimmel, a New York collector of great discernment, says that his maxim is "Buy the piece but never the story.") If the curator wants the object, he will next plead for time. He must consult others, the price seems high, the budget is tight this year; these are ritual moves in the courtly saraband while both parties make their hard private calculations.

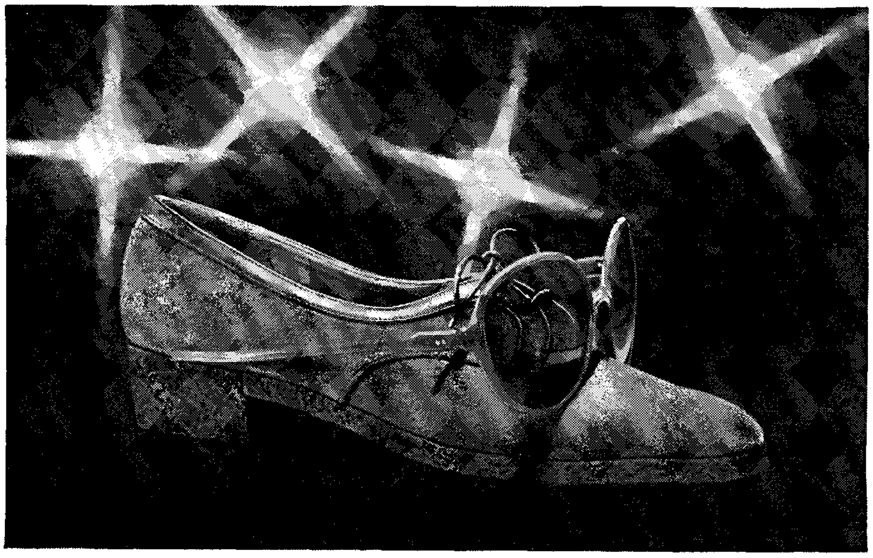
The pressure to buy can be palpable. An American curator is known by the acquisitions he recommends. (Mr. Hoving's rise at the Metropolitan dates from the museum's purchase, at his urgent plea, of the Bury St. Edmunds cross, in 1963, for a still undisclosed price, from a collector in Switzerland.) The curator in many cases submits his choices to a special committee of museum trustees, whose members esteem enterprise. Price is often not a consideration, at least in the usual sense; rather, it may be a means of giving a special halo of merit to the piece under consideration. If a dealer does not ask a high price for a unique work, the museum may feel that the vender does not believe in his own wares—a feeling that is all the stronger when the origins of the piece are obscure. Still, there will be a problem of scruple, or a fear that a foreign government will cause an unpleasant fuss. The dealer is equal to such doubts. He will suggest that if the museum does not buy the treasure it could vanish into the vitrines of a private collector, or that a rival museum is interested in it. What is the curator's first obligation? Surely it is to see that the public—his public—has access to a supremely interesting piece. Even if it has been smuggled from abroad, the dealer may point out, no American law has been broken, and why should a museum be responsible for another country's failure to enforce its own often absurdly inflexible laws?

So persuasive are these arguments that established American museums, acting in good faith, have wound up subsidizing the wholesale devastation of antiquity. Nowhere can the results be more clearly seen than in Turkey. Turkey has so many archeological sites that no one has yet been able to count them. A reasonable estimate is that there are some forty thousand, ranging from scattered burial places to the magnificent remains of sumptuous cities. As the land bridge between Asia and Europe, Anatolia has witnessed a unique procession of peoples and civilizations. In this varied landscape, one finds Neolithic settlements and Bronze Age cities, and, in a continuous chronology, the mingled artifacts of the Hittites, the Assyrians, the Phrygians, the Lydians, the Ionian Greeks, the Persians, the Armenians, the Hellenistic Greeks, the Romans, the Byzantines, the Arabs, the Seljuks, the Frankish Crusaders, and the Ottoman Turks. The great majority of the sites are in unpoliced rural areas, many of them only recently opened up by the building of roads. Turkey, rich in its past, is otherwise poor. In 1970, the gross national product per head in Turkey was calculated at $350, compared with $660 in Portugal, $3,020 in West Germany, and $4,850 in the United States. For a Turkish peasant, the sale of antiquities can mean the difference between poverty and a marginally better life, and there is always the hope of a lucky strike. In theory, the export market is illegal, but the law that protects antiquities is a rickety 1906 statute providing only nominal penalties. (A stronger measure has been stalled in the national parliament for years, reportedly because of opposition by landowners fearful of losing a source of income.) Turks who are professionally involved in archeology receive wages low even by Turkish standards: the starting wage of a guard is 413 lira, or about thirty dollars a month; the average rate for an unskilled digger is thirty lira a day, or a little over two dollars; and the salary of a museum director begins at 1,250 lira, or some $89 a month. At the same time, there has been a tremendous increase in foreign tourism, as in other once-remote areas rich in antiquities. In 1964, there were 168,054 tourist arrivals in Turkey, six years later the total was 664,722, and a year or so from now it is estimated that there will be a million.

FOR all these reasons, more ancient treasure has left Anatolia in the past generation than at any other time since the fall and sack of Constantinople during the Fourth Crusade, in 1204. A scholar who has seen the change is Cornelius Clarkson Vermeule III, curator of classical art and acting director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He recently remarked, "Fifteen years ago, I could go into any muddy village of the Near East and step backward in time. Today, in the tiniest Turkish town, you walk into the local merchant's and see tacked to the wall a list of 'Auction Prices Current' [from] Sotheby's and Parke-Bernet. The era of the stupid peasant is over; assuming it really existed."

Like opium, Turkey's other illegal crop, antiquities reach the market by established routes. Thousands of Americans are stationed on military bases or in diplomatic missions, and it is easy to gain access to the inviolable A.P.O.-F.P.O. mails. Also, art can be sent through the ordinary mails in camouflaged packages. (One American collector received an exquisite gold pendant within a lump of Turkish delight.) It can also be smuggled by ship or truck. There is an active internal market, too. "Virtually every foreigner's house in Turkey was a miniature museum," David I. Owen, a Pennsylvania archeologist, reported at a 1971 symposium on looting. "And all the objects managed to leave with them at the end of their residence. Even American agencies like CARE and AID contributed in their small way. Their staff members had the added advantage of going to outlying areas, far removed from the usual tourism, and literally had the pick of the material, which would then be sent out of the country." Dr. Owen believes that continued pillage, combined with urban growth and the mechanization of farming, will result by the end of the century in the obliteration of all remaining unexcavated sites near present urban areas. "If this seems somewhat alarmist in tone, I can allude to the tragic destruction of underwater archeological sites throughout the Mediterranean in somewhat less than fifteen years," he said. "This destruction is nearly total as far as ancient shipwrecks are concerned." His estimate of the gravity of the situation is shared by Professor Machteld J. Mellink, of Bryn Mawr, the acknowledged *doyenne* of American archeologists digging in Turkey. She has said, "This is the murder of man's history, and it's a tragedy."

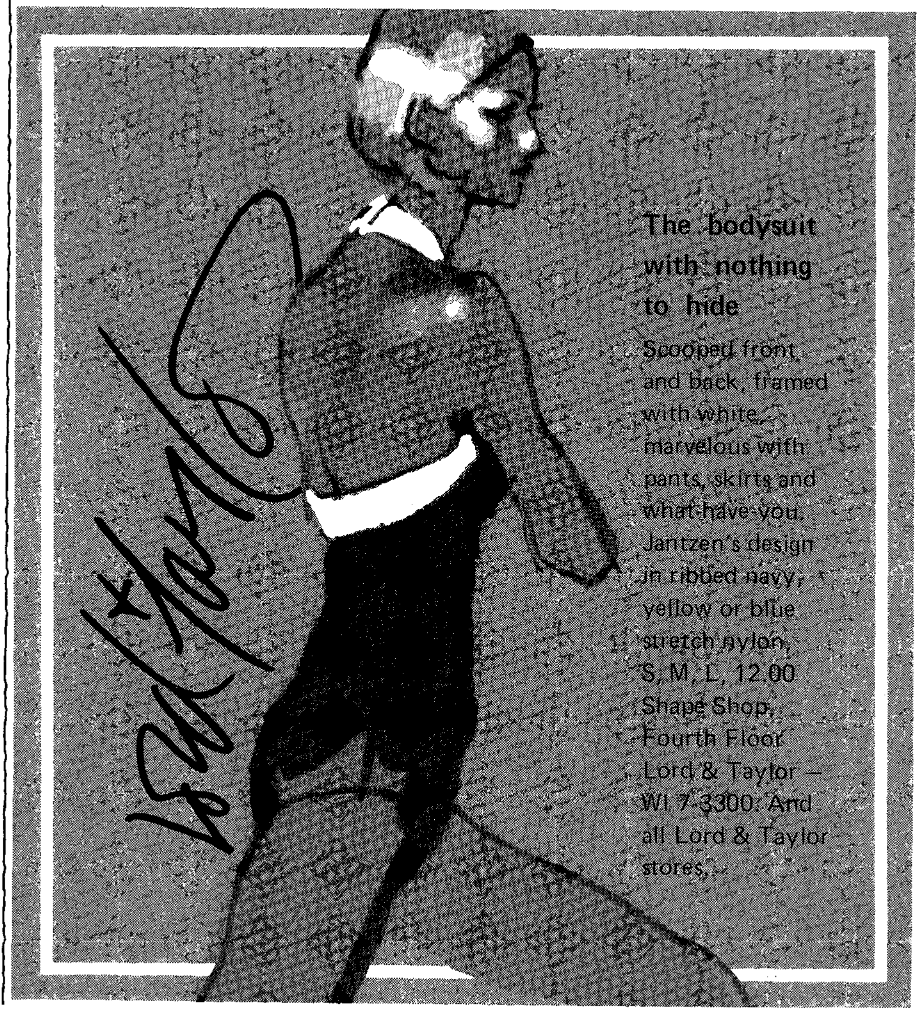
Tragedy it may be, but it is also a business. For years, one of the major dealers in Istanbul was a man of undisputed charm whom I shall call Gregory Omega. He used to operate a shop not far from the Grand Bazaar, and had a shrewd eye not only for the piece but also for the customer; he could tell in an instant how much a buyer might be willing to pay, and whether it would be worthwhile to take him home to see the best wares. In 1962, the dealer found a dream realized when a unique cache came to light. As Omega tells it, the episode



Have fame and adulation spoiled our little Italian walking shoe?
Never! Still the same little rubber crepe-soled Ferragamo . . . soft, supple, light, unlined, modest; probably the most comfortable shoe in the world. Judging from the fan mail . . . the never-ending demand, thousands of women think so and would just as soon travel without passport as without "Suez" . . . the little wonder shoe whose one claim to fame is utter, blissful walking comfort. No small virtue . . . for even the Pyramids pall when your feet hurt. Navy, black or malt suede, or white llama calf. AAA 5 to 11; AA 4½ to 11; B 3 to 11; C 5 to 9½. 28.00

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas Houston Fort Worth Bal Harbour Atlanta

Just write the Neiman-Marcus nearest you. Add 1.15 for postage, handling and insurance. Add 5% sales tax on items delivered in Texas, Calif.; 4% in Florida, Arizona, Georgia; 3½% in Nevada.

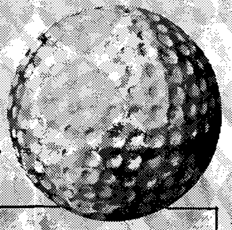


The bodysuit with nothing to hide
Scooped front and back, framed with white, marvelous with pants, skirts and what-have-you. Jantzen's design in ribbed navy, yellow or blue stretch nylon, S, M, L, 12.00 Shape Shop, Fourth Floor Lord & Taylor — WI 7-3300. And all Lord & Taylor stores.

Lord & Taylor

New Limited Edition

SOLID
STERLING
SILVER
GOLF BALL



Each hand-engraved and serialized. Regulation size and shape. Approximately 12 ounces Troy. Only 5000.
$125. Boxed. Postpaid
N. J. residents, add 5% sales tax.
Allow 8 weeks for delivery.

Send for catalog
Maison D'or
426 67th Street
West New York, N. J. 07093

We overlook nothing but the White House

MANGER
Hay-Adams
HOTEL

Across from the White House
16th at H Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. (202) 638-2260
Or call free: (800) AE 8-5000

"A THING OF JOY."—Kerr, N.Y. Times

A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY REVUE
Words and Music by **NOEL COWARD**
For Group Sales Only Call: (212) 765-1913
PHONE RES. ACCEPTED
Tues. thru Fri. Evgs. at 8 P.M. $8, $6, & $5. Sat. at 8 P.M. $9, $7, & $6. Mats. Wed. at 2. Sat. at 2. Sun. at 3 P.M. $7, $5, & $4.
NEW THEA., 154 E. 54 St./PL 2-0440

literally began with a dream. There was a peasant woman who lived in an obscure town called Kumluca (pronounced "Kuhm-lu-ja;" the Turkish "c" is phonetically a "j") and who one night dreamed that a treasure was buried beneath a tree. The following day, accompanied by her incredulous family, she found the very tree, and everyone began to dig. They came upon a chain, which as it was unearthed led directly to a trove of Byzantine silver—liturgical dishes, engraved crosses, candlesticks, dining implements, *repoussé* book covers, and a censer. Kumluca is about twenty miles from Antalya, on the Aegean coast, and news of the discovery reached Omega, who arrived in Kumluca in time to buy a substantial part of the treasure, which comprised at least a hundred pieces. When word of the find came out, the rest of the cache was obtained by the Antalya Museum and later sent on to the Istanbul Archaeological Museum. When Omega, who is a specialist in Byzantine art, studied his share, he found inscriptions naming a bishop, Eutychianus, and five stamps on each piece indicating that the silver was made for a monastery named Holy Sion between 565 and 575 A.D.—in one of the best periods of Byzantine art. The monastery was north of Myra, the port from which St. Paul sailed to martyrdom in Rome, and sixty miles from Kumluca. (Holy Sion is also associated with St. Nicholas the Sionite, who died in 564 A.D., and who, through the alchemy of time, ultimately took on a new identity as Santa Claus.)

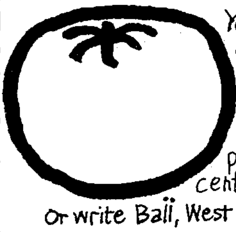
Omega's next move was to get in touch with an old customer in Washington, D.C., Dr. John Seymour Thacher, who was the director of Dumbarton Oaks, home of the Robert Woods Bliss Collection of Byzantine and pre-Columbian art. For years, Dr. Thacher had been prominent in museum and social worlds; he had ascended the accepted rungs, from Yale to the Fogg Museum and then to the Bliss Collection—a logical lateral movement, since in 1940 Dumbarton Oaks had been deeded to Harvard by its owners, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss. Dr. Thacher had worked hard over the years to see to it that its Byzantine art was the finest of its kind in the United States. Early in 1963, Dr. Thacher received a letter from Omega describing the treasure, and he shortly booked passage to Switzerland, where he met the dealer. On being shown the treasure, he recognized that this Byzantine hoard, the finest of its kind ever found, would assure the preëminence of

Everyone should visit at least twice. Once on business and once on pleasure.

There are two sides to a hotel's personality. And two tests of a truly great hotel.
One is how they treat you when you're part of a big group. A convention, say.
The other is how they treat you when you're alone. Or with a small group.
And the nice thing about Hotel Roanoke is that there's no difference.
Because whether you're by yourself, or with your family, or with a large convention, there's one common thought we want you to take away when you go.
That you want to come back. Because it will be like coming home.

Hotel Roanoke
Virginia's Preferred Hotel
Roanoke, Virginia 24006
Toll free (800) 558-9898 for reservations.

SINCE 1896...whenever the talk turns to great steaks, one name always heads the list...
FABULOUS
MANNY WOLF'S
STEAK AND CHOP HOUSE
ON 3RD AVE. AT 49TH ST.
LUNCHEON/COCKTAILS
DINNER
Only minutes from theatres and Madison Sq. Garden
Open 7 Days • Major Credit Cards
Reservations: EL 5-5030



You don't know what a salad can taste like 'till you use 'BETTER BOY' home grown tomatoes. Buy plants now. At garden centers most everywhere.
Or write Ball, West Chicago, Ill. 60185

we've got everything.
See your Travel Agent or call our representatives:
LEONARD HICKS ORG. NEW YORK 765-5800
FREEPORT'S
oceanus
BEACH and BAY RESORT
Freeport/Lucaya, Grand Bahama Island

the Bliss Collection. The price was high—a million dollars—but somehow Dr. Thacher was able to meet it, and in due course the Kumluca trove travelled from Switzerland to the United States.

There were two other developments. Omega was aware that the sale of the treasure would become known in Turkey; he therefore closed his shop and moved, first to Athens and later to Switzerland. Meanwhile, the Turkish share of the cache was being studied by Dr. Nezih Fıratlı, a curator of the Istanbul Archaeological Museum, who was preparing material on it for publication. Dr. Fıratlı had no idea where the missing portion of the treasure might be; he knew that Omega had acquired most of it and had left Turkey, but otherwise he was in the dark. In the summer of 1964, at an international meeting of Byzantine specialists in Athens, Dr. Fıratlı read a paper on the Kumluca silver, mentioning that much of the treasure was missing—in the hope that other scholars present would give him a clue about the vanished half. He learned nothing.

During this period, Dr. Thacher and the curators at Dumbarton Oaks were in a state of nervous indecision about the magnificent collection, which by now was in the museum laboratory. The eighty-fifth birthday of Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss would fall in September, 1964 (Mr. Bliss had died in 1962), and at about the same time there would be an international museum conference in the capital. Impatience prevailed over prudence, and the Kumluca treasure made its public appearance that autumn. A subsequent catalogue entry gives this information about its provenance: "The following objects are from a large treasure of ecclesiastical silver found near Antalya in southern Turkey and now divided between the Archaeological Museum in Istanbul and Dumbarton Oaks."

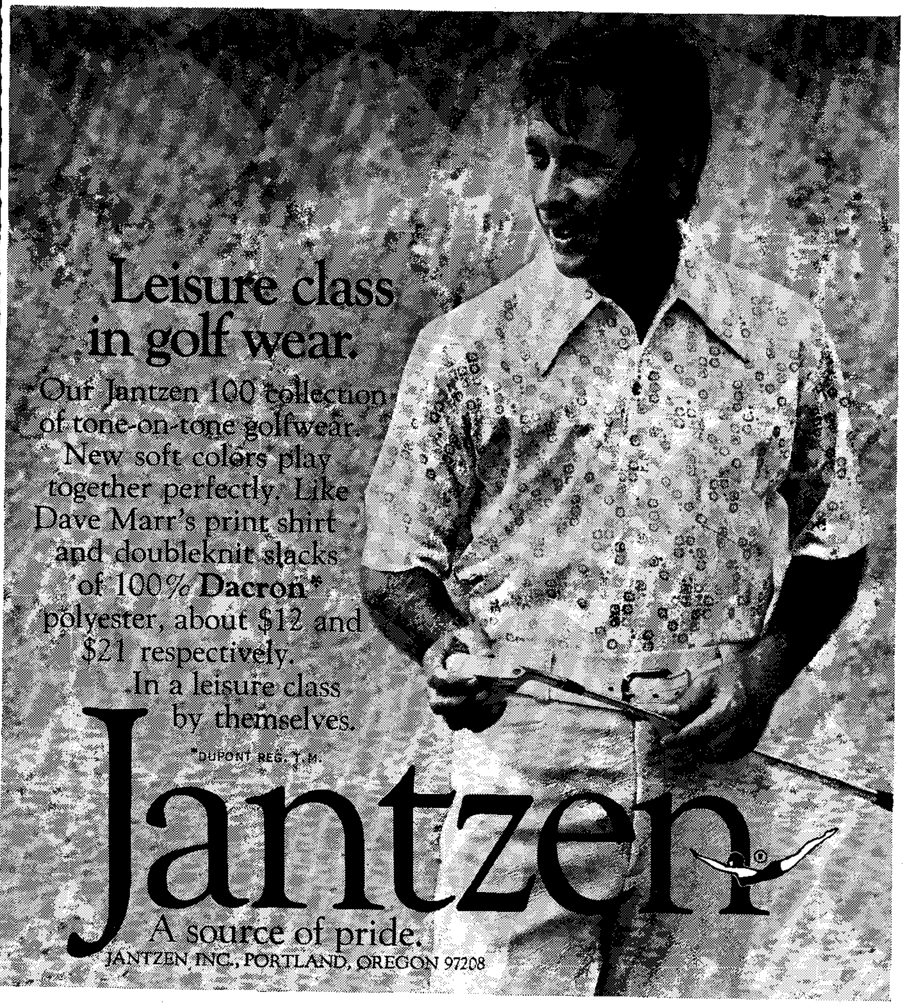
Once the secret was out, the Turkish authorities demanded the return of the smuggled silver. The State Department explained that the United States government had no control over Dumbarton Oaks. Unable to recover the hoard, the Turks retaliated by refusing official permits to scholars affiliated with Dumbarton Oaks who wished to do field research in Anatolia. Though Dr. Thacher retired as director in 1969, the ban persists. One reason for the Turks' unforgiving attitude is that three other treasures, which may all be from Anatolia, have since turned up in American museums. Each treasure posed a special dilemma to the mu-

IMPORTED
94.4 PROOF
BOODLES
BRITISH
GIN
DISTILLED DRY GIN
PRODUCED BY
COCK, RUSSELL & CO. LTD
EST. 1845

Boodles

The most expensive British gin in the world.
It costs a little more to taste the very best.

94.4 PROOF · 100% G.N.S. PARK AVENUE IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.



Leisure class in golf wear.

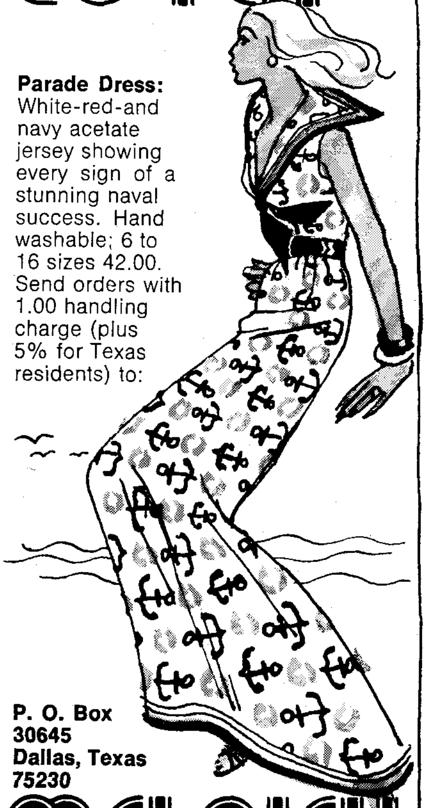
Our Jantzen 100 collection of tone-on-tone golfwear. New soft colors play together perfectly. Like Dave Marr's print shirt and doubleknit slacks of 100% **Dacron*** polyester, about $12 and $21 respectively. In a leisure class by themselves.

*DUPONT REG. T.M.

Jantzen®

A source of pride.

JANTZEN INC., PORTLAND, OREGON 97208



LESTER

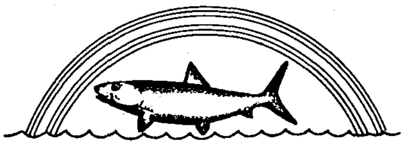
Parade Dress: White-red-and navy acetate jersey showing every sign of a stunning naval success. Hand washable; 6 to 16 sizes 42.00. Send orders with 1.00 handling charge (plus 5% for Texas residents) to:

P. O. Box 30645
Dallas, Texas 75230

MELNICK

THE HOTEL
Dorset
A Place For Conversation During Cocktails

Quiet. Unobtrusive service. Excellent food. Oasis from pressures. 30 West 54, just West of 5th Reservations, 247-7300.



RAINBOW BEND FISHING CLUB
GRASSY KEY

Patterned after the old Florida Keys fishing clubs and recapturing their spirit, Rainbow Bend is for people of all ages who seek simplicity in natural surroundings.

Fish • Swim • Sail • Snorkel
Birdwatch or Beachcomb

Owned and operated by the Tucker family it is situated on the oceanside of Grassy Key, ten minutes from Marathon Airport.

phone or write **(305) 743-6740**
P. O. Box 2447
Marathon Shores, Florida 33052

seum involved, and in each case the resolution provides a case study on the most emotional controversy that has ever unsettled the museum community.

WHATEVER the ethics of the Dumbarton Oaks decision to hold on to the Kumluca silver, Dr. Thacher at least knew that the treasure was authentic, and was able to learn something of the circumstances of its discovery. But what does a museum do when it is offered a dazzling find of obscure pedigree? This problem faced the Boston Museum of Fine Arts in 1968, when it had to decide whether to buy a cache of a hundred and thirty-seven pieces of gold jewelry—the apparent remains of a royal burial—which included bracelets, rings, a handsome diadem, a necklace, and, most striking of all, a Fifth Dynasty Egyptian gold cylinder seal in superb condition. As it chanced, the vender, again, was Gregory Omega, who had acquired the trove after his departure from Turkey. Omega either cannot or will not say where the treasure was discovered, though it seems likely that it came from southern Turkey. It was a difficult sale for Omega—partly because the Egyptian cylinder seal, though of outstanding interest, seemed culturally out of place in the hoard. He offered the treasure to museums and collectors in Europe, without success, and to the Metropolitan, where it was also rejected; Mr. Hoving later dismissed the find as a "dealer's bag"—meaning that it consisted of unrelated objects grouped together to fatten the price.

But in Boston the treasure appealed to Dr. Vermeule, the curator of classical art. (He was not yet the museum's acting director.) His wife, the former Emily Dickinson Townsend, is also a classical archeologist, and is a Fellow for Research at the museum and the holder of the Samuel Zemurray, Jr., and Doris Zemurray Stone-Radcliffe chair, the only full professorship at Harvard reserved for women. Together, the couple have roamed the Mediterranean, where dealers speak of them as of mythic personages. In his spare time, Cornelius Vermeule has been writing a memoir, tentatively entitled "The Exporters," about the antiquities trade. When he examined Omega's treasure, he decided that it was not a "dealer's bag." The decision was made to buy the gold for a six-figure price, which was donated by a museum trustee, Landon T. Clay. When the treasure was examined by the museum laboratory, tiny flecks of clay were found in the Egyptian cylinder seal, indicating that it had been buried with the rest of the gold. With the full concurrence of the late William Stevenson Smith, the museum's respected Egyptologist, the Vermeules concluded that the trove belonged stylistically to the Early Bronze Age, roughly in the years between 2500 and 2200 B.C., and that it was a find of major importance. A special circumstance had favored the purchase: the Boston Museum was planning the celebration in 1970 of its centenary. The normal eagerness to attract attention was quickened by the fact that the Metropolitan Museum would also observe its hundredth birthday in 1970. So anxious was the Boston Museum for a coup that its director, Perry T. Rathbone, gambled in 1969 on the purchase, in Italy, for a reported six hundred thousand dollars, of a portrait attributed to Raphael, which, the Italian authorities claimed, had been taken illegally from Italy and brought into the United States without being declared to customs—circumstances that later led to the return of the work to Italy. Shortly after that, Mr. Rathbone resigned.

The Raphael and the golden treasure were among the main attractions of the museum's initial anniversary exhibition, "Art Treasures for Tomorrow," which opened on February 4, 1970. The "birthday treasures," which numbered a hundred and thirty, and which the museum valued at ten million dollars, included some other objects of great interest—a Cycladic idol (one of the largest yet found), a rare bronze crown from Korea, a Persian hunting carpet of mellow beauty, and two arresting steel sculptures by David Smith. But it was the gold that caught press attention. Where did it come from? The museum was evasive, saying simply that it originated in "one of eleven or twelve countries located in the eastern Mediterranean area." This prompted an international outcry. The London *Sunday Times* said that the treasure was "almost certainly smuggled out of Turkey," and Turkish authorities angrily made the same claim. Other scholars complained that the trove was a hodgepodge, of little archeological value, since its provenance was unknown and its authenticity was open to serious question.

The Vermeules made their reply with elegant coolness in an article about the treasure which appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. They wrote:

> A couple of journalists in London have tried to create "a scandal" over the acquisition of this group, which had been offered on the international art market in Switzerland, Germany, and England before reaching New York. It would have been far more scandalous for it to continue its peregrinations, with a prom-

inent American museum bidding for the cylinder seal alone because the rest was "non-Egyptian" and private collectors wanting bracelets and hair-rings for their wives. The loss of archaeological context, with which the group came equipped, was guaranteed by the greed of whoever dug it up and peddled it abroad; and this loss is nothing to that which would have ensued had the collection been dispersed into scattered pieces. The donor deserves thanks for recognizing this impending danger and acting promptly to save what could still be saved for historical study by serious scholars. One can only hope that the site, with its new regional style, will be discovered and responsibly excavated in the near future instead of continuing as a playground for brigands, and that the ministers of education in eastern Mediterranean countries will increase their support of their antiquities services and their education of their people in the importance of not breaking into ancient monuments.

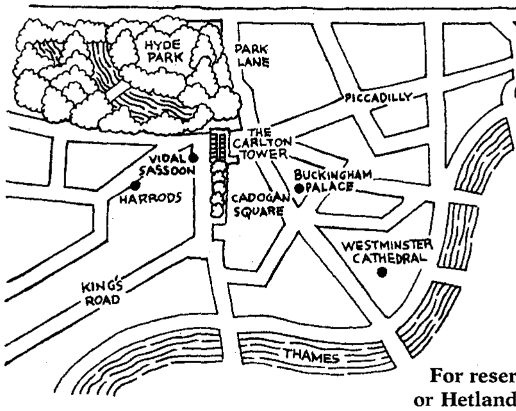
This able defense, however, did not do full justice to Gregory Omega, who insists that he never considered breaking up the collection. Dr. Cornelius Vermeule has elsewhere conceded as much; in an interview, he remarked to the *Christian Science Monitor:* "The seller wasn't going to split up the collection. He realized its value as a whole." Nevertheless, the Boston Museum acted in good faith in reaching a difficult decision and openly defending it. By coincidence, the Metropolitan Museum was at that moment coping with the same dilemma, and resolving it in a different way.

COMPETITION between museums for major acquisitions has its roots in the national rivalries of the nineteenth century. Going even further into history, one discovers that in classic times great art was a form of booty, and its capture a means of gaining prestige; thus Sulla looted Athens, Verres plundered Sicily, and Titus returned to Rome from Jerusalem with the treasures of the Second Temple. In the modern age, the history of pillage began with Napoleon, who filled the Louvre with the uprooted art of Italy. What Napoleon began was continued in other ways but to the same end in the decades that followed; each national museum had its agents combing the Mediterranean for portable art. The spirit of the epoch was expressed by the French commander of an expedition that removed an obelisk from Egypt: "Antiquity is a garden that belongs by natural right to those who cultivate and harvest its fruits." The harvesting had its beneficial results. Much was preserved that might have been lost or destroyed: the Rosetta stone, the winged lions of Nineveh, the Venus de Milo, and perhaps (although it is arguable)

If you can walk to all these places, you're at The Carlton Tower.

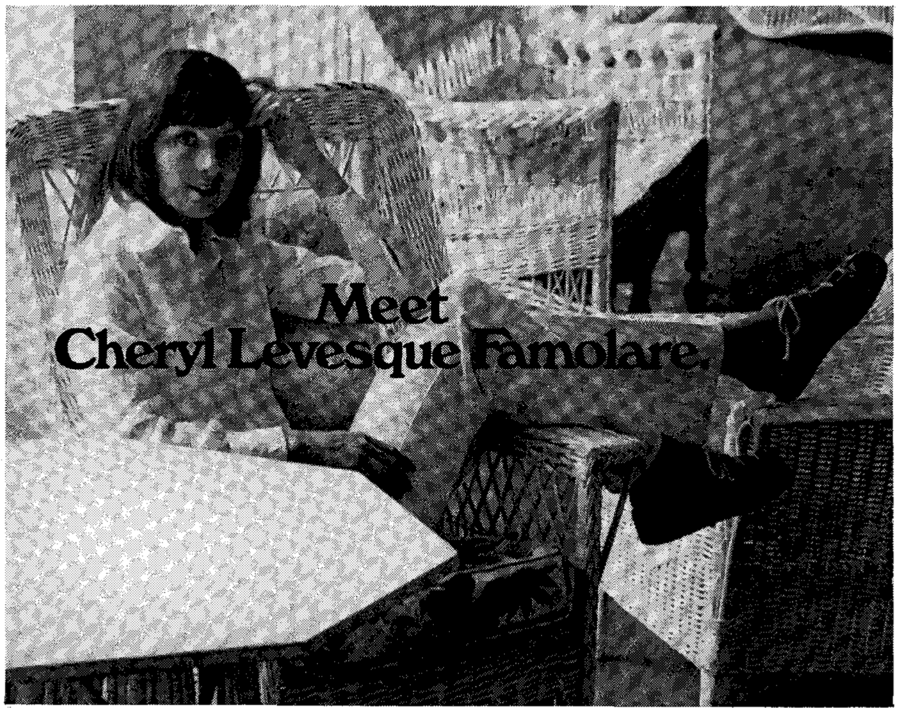
The Carlton Tower is that smashing hotel on London's Sloane Street that overlooks Cadogan Gardens. It's the one a very tight-lipped group of sophisticated travelers don't want you to know about. Here you'll find a smattering of clever American guests who've been to London enough times to know that they won't find a happier combination of convenient location, superb food and drink, impeccable English service and totally modern comfort anywhere.

Even though they want to keep it to themselves, you really should get to know it.

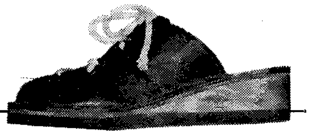


THE CARLTON TOWER
A LEX HOTEL
Cadogan Place, London S.W.1

For reservations call your travel agent or Hetland & Stevens/George R. Smith.
New York (212) TN7-1450, Boston (617) CO6-1370, Chicago (312) FR2-4383, Toronto (416) 923-3501, San Francisco (415) 392-7277, Los Angeles (213) 461-3541

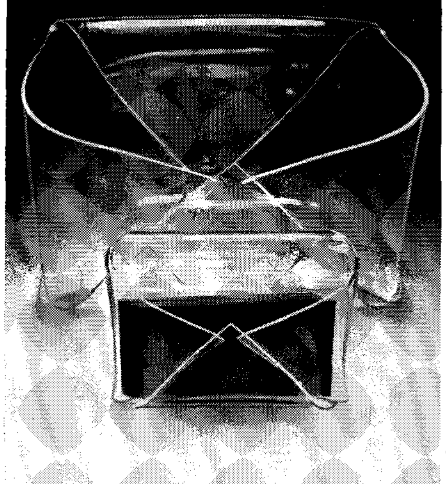


Step into a great name. Our backless leather walker. About $22. At Bonnier's, New York; Nordstrom's, Seattle.
Famolare Inc., 4 West 58 Street, New York 10019.



Famolare
BIBIANA'S BY FAMOLARE

See-through
love letter holder

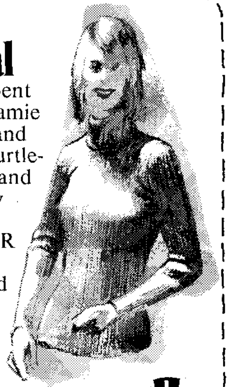


All your billets doux and bills
can find a happy dust-free home in
our oversized catch-all lucite
envelope, 8x5¼ inches, $9. Stow
magazines and manuscripts
in the king size envelope, 9½x14
inches, $25. Both come in
clear or smoke. Stationery Collections,
611 Fifth Avenue, New York,
and all stores.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone
orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Cool and Natural



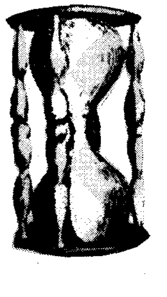
Nature's own absorbent fibers – cotton and Ramie flax – keep you cool and comfortable in this turtleneck classic. Casual and stylish with a nubby rib-stitch in white or natural tan, this SKYR Sportswear creation is hand-washable and yours for only $15. postpaid. Also available in short-sleeve U-neck at $12.

Please send me:______Turtlenecks
white☐ tan☐ sm.☐ med.☐ lg.☐
Please send me:______U-Necks
white☐ tan☐ sm.☐ med.☐ lg.☐

LANDAU PRINCETON, N.J.

NAME______
ADDRESS______
CITY______ STATE______ ZIP______

LANDAU, 114 NASSAU ST., PRINCETON, N.J. 08540



Vera Maxwell clothes are timeless.

the Elgin marbles. A less welcome result has been the enduring resentment of plundered countries, which has often given rise to laws prohibiting the export of all ancient art. One expression of nationalism has, in effect, stimulated another, while the past has continued to be destroyed.

The United States was a late entry in the competition for prizes, and, since it had no national museum in the European sense, the rivalry took a different form. Here the encyclopedic galleries began competing with each other as well as with the European national museums. The inter-museum as well as international contests have been pursued vigorously—so much so that museums have acquired the outlook of independent principalities, each with the jealous sensitivity of a royal court. A measure of this deep-rooted enmity is the use of the malicious leak to embarrass a rival institution. It was through this technique that the first hint emerged that the Metropolitan had in *its* cellar a treasure of suspect origin. The initial news report appeared in the Sunday Boston *Globe*, in an article by the art writer Robert Taylor defending the Boston Museum of Fine Arts for buying and displaying its golden cache. Taylor contrasted this action with the secretiveness of the Metropolitan, which, he suggested, had a rich Lydian hoard taken from tombs in the Hermus River valley of Turkey. The treasure, he wrote, "would be just the thing to celebrate an anniversary . . . if a sister museum hadn't hogged the headlines with a smaller gold collection." The story reached Turkey, and formal inquiries were made to the Metropolitan. The *Times* assigned a reporter to question the museum authorities; since Mr. Hoving was away, the Metropolitan spokesman was Theodore Rousseau, the chief curator. He denied that the museum had imported anything illegally from Turkey but added candidly that what he heard "seemed to be hearsay fabricated around something that might have a kernel of truth to it." This was in August, 1970, but not until February 23, 1973, was a further press inquiry made about the treasure. Fern Marja Eckman, of the *Post*, had heard about the trove's existence, and when she inquired at the Metropolitan's press office on a Friday she was told that no qualified curators were available to comment but that an interview could be arranged the following Monday. Over the weekend, the museum apparently leaked the story to the *Times*, whose account made it seem the Metropolitan was announcing the treasure's

LOVE's "go everywhere" elegant
linen-look for Spring in our new Dacron®
polyester knit fashion in White w/Aqua
trim—no iron machine washable.
About $11 2-4T, $12 4-6X, $14 7-14

Bonwit Teller, New York & all stores
Jordan Marsh, Miami
Rich's, Atlanta
Lane Bryant, all stores. 10½-16½ $15.

Joseph Love Inc.
1333 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018
*Du Pont registered trademark.

THE
OVERSIZED SCHOOLBAG
FROM DENMARK

Pockets, sheaths, pouches, compartments galore! Lots of belts and zippers. Straps and buckles pull it all together for a great casual look. A favorite of models, photographers, artists, students, musicians, dancers, opera singers, nuns, plumbers, cyclists, teachers, campers, lawyers, pilots, architects, poets, doctors, reporters and travelers because there's always a place to stuff one more thing. Adjustable shoulder strap, can be worn as a back pack. In squashy gray waterproof canvas. Roomy 15½" x 13" x 5". Perfect "carry-on" flight bag.

$16.50 Postpaid N.Y. Res. Add Tax

THE CHOCOLATE SOUP
328 East 9th Street New York 10003

auto æ europe
FREE 44-page ABCs of European Auto Travel
SAVE: RENT, LEASE, BUY & AUTO TOURS
1272 2nd Ave., N.Y., 10021, (212) 535-4000

SOUTHERN FRANCE
ACADEMY FOR PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT
August 1 to 10
Academic and practical exploration of Existential Meditation with introduction to Yoga, Transcendental Meditation, Sufi, I Ching, Tarot and Hassidic practices.
Tuition, room and meals: $148

Write airmail
The Director
Academy for Psychic Development
8 rue Gibelin
13625 - Aix-en-Provence
France

Studies in an Ancient French University town.

existence—the headline was "MET PROUD OF A RARE GREEK PITCHER."

The pitcher—probably Lydian, not Greek—was part of a collection of two hundred and nineteen pieces acquired in three lots between 1966 and 1968 from J. J. Klejman, a Madison Avenue dealer. Originally, the intention was to unveil the treasure during the centenary, but when the Boston controversy developed, the Metropolitan had second thoughts. It did exhibit a pitcher and four companion pieces at its final anniversary show, "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries." But there had been no formal announcement of the purchase (the price was around a half million dollars), and any reference to the new objects was omitted from the published catalogue of the exhibition. When "Masterpieces" closed, the five Lydian pieces vanished into the vaults, until their disclosure was forced by the *Post's* inquiry. Eventually, Mrs. Eckman did talk with Dietrich von Bothmer, the curator of Greek and Roman art. She asked him where the treasures came from. "You should ask Mr. J. J. Klejman that," was the reply. Didn't the museum ask Mr. Klejman? "I think you should ask him." Did this mean that the Metropolitan paid a half million dollars without asking where the cache originated? "Well, it's a long time ago. All I know is he acquired them on the Continent. That's what he told us at the time." (Klejman had said, according to a *Times* story, that he had "purchased the bulk of it on two occasions in different cities of continental Europe very early in 1966. He called the venders 'traders,' ignorant men . . . who themselves did not know the places of origin and could not distinguish the good pieces from the masses of 'junk' they also offered.") A scholar who spotted the five pieces at the "Masterpieces" show was Dr. Kenan T. Erim, a classical archeologist at New York University and an experienced excavator in Turkey. To him, the style was Lydian or western Anatolian, and in his view the group must have been part of a trove illegally excavated from a tomb in Lydia. For his part, Dr. von Bothmer insisted that, wherever the treasure came from, he was at least responsible for keeping the group together.

In any event, by withdrawing the pieces from sight, the Metropolitan was acting in accord with an old museum practice. Objects will sometimes vanish for a decade until it is felt safe to display them. An earlier instance was the decision of a Berlin museum to delay for ten years the public début of the great limestone bust of Queen Ne-

BVLGARI
JEWELLERS

NEW YORK
HOTEL PIERRE

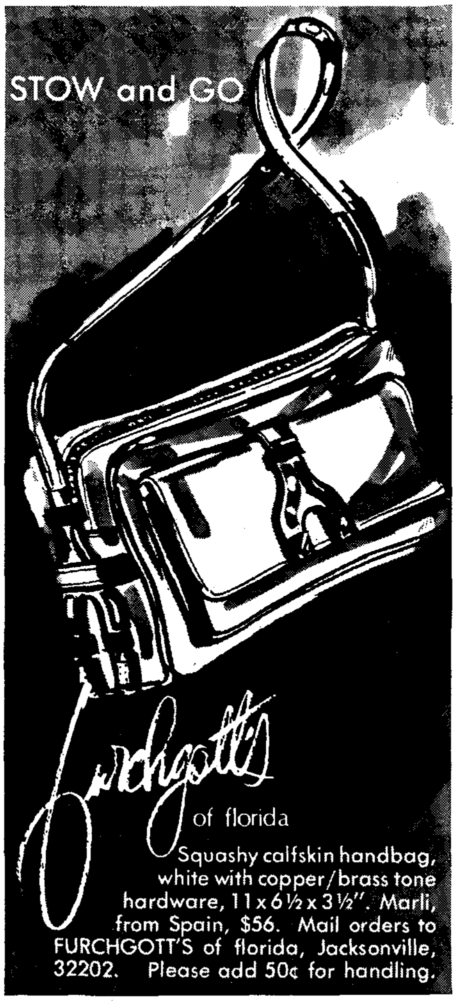
ROMA
VIA CONDOTTI

If you long for the good life, come to Austria, the most European country. In this jewel of a vacationland, two thirds the size of New York State, you can find all the marvelous experiences you came to Europe for. There is history. Austria has more castles and palaces to visit than any comparable area in Europe. There are ballets, operas and concerts—a cultural season that goes full tilt 12 months a year. There is scenery. Snow-covered Alps. Mountain lakes. Lush forests and medieval cities—citadels of the arts. There is good eating. Austria's gracious restaurants are known the world over. The elegant and the rustic. Come to Austria. Mozart, Beethoven and Johann Strauss lived there and loved it. You will too.

Austrian National Tourist Office
545 Fifth Avenue
N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Please send me the new colorful brochure about Austria.

Name________
Address________
City________ State________ Zip________



Furchgott's of florida
Squashy calfskin handbag, white with copper/brass tone hardware, 11 x 6½ x 3½". Marli, from Spain, $56. Mail orders to FURCHGOTT'S of florida, Jacksonville, 32202. Please add 50¢ for handling.

Aunt Abigail's SMOCK

We have gone to great lengths to make this notable Berkshire landmark servicable for almost every purpose.

Now our bright and cheerful classic country smock is available in three great lengths, three great patterns! Swinging full from a large round yoke with big square practical pockets and matching buttons on front and cuffs.

Fingertip length Just right for career girls in the office, store, at-home chores. Wear it over slacks or skirts, too. $11.95.

Knee length wonderful as a dress as well as a cover-up. Belt it or wear it loose and easy. $16.95

Ankle length an elegant breakfast robe that assures instant respectability when the doorbell rings. $21.95

All in red or navy country gingham check; bandana print in red or navy; multicolor Victorian flower print on red or black backgrounds. 100% colorfast machine washable cotton. Sizes small, medium, or large. Please specify size, length, pattern, color. All postpaid.

J. JILL LTD.
Dept. N-31
Great Barrington,
Mass. 01230

MONTEGO BAY
at the
Royal Caribbean
RESORT HOTEL

TRULY JAMAICA . . . snow white beaches, warm Caribbean waters . . . never a cold day in Montego Bay. Golf and tennis. Great food, gala native revues, dinner dancing. 170 rooms, 300 delightful Jamaicans to serve you. Adults only, no conventions.

Harry Shifman, General Manager

Reservations are made by your Travel Agent thru the Leonard Hicks Organization NEW YORK 765-5800

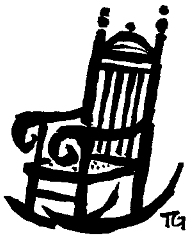
fertiti, which had been exported from Egypt in 1912-13 through misrepresentation. There was a furious protest anyway, and Egypt refused permits for all German excavations—a prohibition that was only recently lifted. Conscientious curators have long had misgivings about such sharp practices, but along with this attitude there has been a disposition to dismiss objections as nice-Nellyism. James J. Rorimer, who was the director of the Metropolitan from 1955 to 1966, used to admonish the overscrupulous that "no major work of art ever crosses a national frontier without at least two laws' being broken." This accords with what can be called the Cesnola tradition.

Luigi Palma di Cesnola, the Metropolitan's first director, arrived in New York in 1858, a penniless Italian immigrant of noble descent. During the Civil War he became a colonel in command of New York's 4th Cavalry Regiment. Recklessly brave, he was taken captive by the Confederates and subsequently released in a prisoner exchange. (After the war, he said he had been orally promoted to the rank of general by Lincoln the day before the President's assassination, and he called himself General Cesnola thereafter.) In reward for his war services, Cesnola was appointed United States Consul in Cyprus, which was then part of the Ottoman Empire. He was on the island from 1865 to 1876, and became an amateur archeologist, exhuming some 35,573 objects, in excavations that were for the most part conducted without Turkish permission. He then put his finds up for international auction, and though the Louvre and The Hermitage were interested, the winning bid came from the newly founded Metropolitan. "All right," Cesnola cabled. "Three hearty cheers for our dear New York museum." Thus alerted to the sale, the Turkish authorities in Constantinople issued an order forbidding export of the art, but Cesnola, forewarned, shipped his treasures off the island.

Back in New York with his collection, the General proposed that he be named the first director of the new museum, and the appointment was made in 1879. An impressive figure with a bristling mustache, Cesnola presided with vigor over the Metropolitan's early growth, and took the brave step of opening the museum on Sundays. He was at his desk until the day before he died, in 1904. The board of trustees extolled him as an "independent figure" devoted to duty, if somewhat impetuous in speech and action.

The Cesnola legacy is a fine collection of Cypriot antiquities and a tendency to ignore the export laws of art-rich countries. The Lydian purchase was squarely in that tradition, and, fortuitously, a reference to that treasure turned up in the first biography of Cesnola, "The Glitter and the Gold," published in 1971. The author, a journalist named Elizabeth McFadden, confirmed that Cesnola had invented what he called the Treasure of Curium—a rich collection of Cypriot jewelry that he erroneously said came from a single cache. Miss McFadden said she was certain that some pieces from the treasure were still "in the depths of the massive museum." Metropolitan curators insist that she is mistaken; there may have been some confusion with the Lydian treasure, but, in any case, it was a fuss that the General himself would have relished.

WHETHER one approaches the acquisition problem from the viewpoint of the Turkish officials, who represent a national interest, or from that of working archeologists, whose concern is quite different, one finds an increasing alarm over what seems the casual rapacity of American art museums. Ethics aside, there is a practical matter that makes the field archeologist the ally of the Turk: every foreign digger is dependent on a permit. In 1970, there were thirty-four foreign-financed excavations in Anatolia, of which seven were sponsored by Americans, the sponsors ranging from Harvard to Miss Iris C. Love, of Long Island University, who had been operating at Knidos. When the Boston scandal developed, all seven were threatened with the loss of their permits. As an Ankara official put it to the *Times*, "either America does something tough to stop this racket, or a lot of your classical archeologists are going to have to develop an interest in early Navaho culture." The appearance of a mysterious treasure in America is a feature story outside Turkey; inside Turkey it is a political story with emotional overtones. Like other Near Eastern countries, Turkey is resentful about what it regards as past Western exploitation of its patrimony. When treasures are smuggled, Turkish officials are made to look impotent and foolish, and their feelings are not soothed when American museums loftily—as it seems to them—insist that the

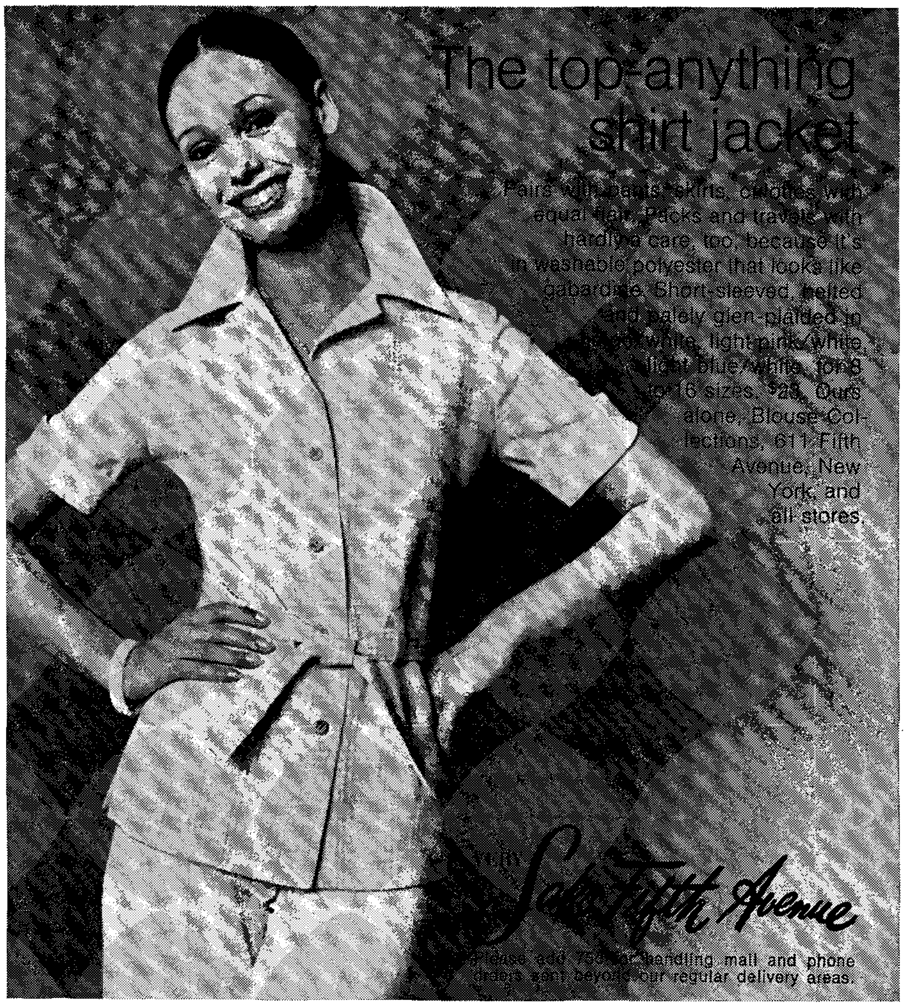


fault is Turkey's for not adequately protecting national property.

A special circumstance added to Turkish irritation over the Boston episode—the publication of the Vermeules' article about the treasure and pictures of it in the *Illustrated London News*. As it happens, that British magazine is identified in Turkey with the scandal known as the Dorak affair, which has been a source of lasting ill will toward foreign archeologists in Turkey. It is a puzzle with bizarre overtones of Hitchcock and Eric Ambler, and though the details are well known to archeologists, most laymen have never heard of it.

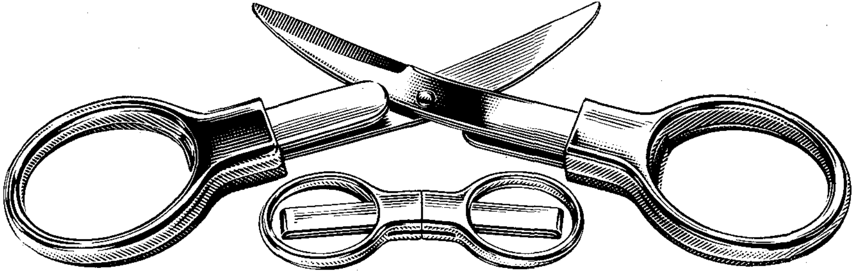
It began, innocently enough, in November, 1959, with the appearance of an article in the *Illustrated London News*, entitled "The Royal Treasure of Dorak." The author was James Mellaart, then assistant director of the British Institute of Archaeology in Ankara. The article was accompanied by detailed sketches of handsome figurines, fluted cups, fine daggers, and a marble sceptre, described as a treasure of great beauty and importance which had been found in a clandestine excavation in Turkey. But the only view of the treasure was that given in the pages of the magazine; all trace of it has otherwise been lost, and there are those who doubt its very existence. Mellaart, who is of Dutch birth and Scottish blood, is a scholar of international standing. While still a young man, he discovered two major Neolithic sites in central Anatolia—Hacılar and Çatal Hüyük. At the first, he came upon art of museum quality which was seven thousand years old, and, at the second, upon an urban settlement that was a thousand years older still. Çatal Hüyük yielded what seem to be man's first pottery, textiles, mirrors, and painted buildings. Then, in mid-career, Mellaart was somehow drawn into a Hitchcock scenario.

By Mellaart's account—quoted in a book entitled "The Dorak Affair," by two British journalists, Kenneth Pearson and Patricia Connor—it began with a chance meeting in 1958 while he was on a train to Izmir. "We were getting near the coast and it was getting dark. My compartment started to fill up, so I moved further down the train to an empty one. Soon after that, a girl came in and sat down opposite me. She was very attractive . . . in a tarty sort of way. But the thing that made me stare was what she was wearing on her wrist. She had a solid gold bracelet. It looked prehistoric. I said I was an archaeologist and asked her if I could have a look at it. It was the kind



The top-anything
shirt jacket
Pairs with pants, skirts, culottes with equal flair. Packs and travels with hardly a care, too, because it's in washable polyester that looks like gabardine. Short-sleeved, belted and palely glen-plaided in [illegible]/white, light-pink/white, light blue/white, for 8 to 16 sizes, $28. Ours alone, Blouse Collections, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.
Saks Fifth Avenue
Please add 75¢ for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

HOLD EVERYTHING-
don't take another step without
HAVERSNIPS!



You could find yourself in a difficult spot in which a pesky hangnail, an untrimmed eyebrow, a loose thread, or an uncut paper doll could turn a promising situation into a social debacle. Don't let this happen to you! Carry **Haversnips** in pocket or purse. If needed, remove them from their dandy snap-case, unfold them in a thrice, and quickly resolve any impending crisis by snipping through the Gordian knot or whatever it may be. **Haversnips** are forged of an outstanding grade of stainless steel that will keep them sharp virtually forever. Tucked together, before snapping into action, they just measure three inches. But here is the most incredible fact: although you might have seen travel scissors advertised at $7.95 (indeed—gulp!—that's what they are in **our** Catalog) we are offering **Haversnips** today at a price that verges on irresponsibility—namely, just two dollars, and that includes postage and handling. But there is more: we'll also send you our 64-page Catalog and a $2.00 gift certificate that you can apply to your next purchase. So, before we discover that we can't really make out on this deal, fill out the coupon, mail it to us with your check for **$2** and let us send **Haversnips** right out to you.

NY0331

☐ **Yes, send me Haversnips quickly. My check for $2 is enclosed.**

Name__________
Address__________
__________ Zip__________

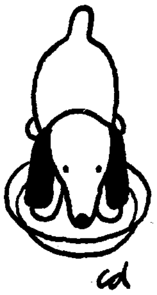
349-2

haverhill's
586 Washington St.
San Francisco, Cal. 94111

of thing that had only been found at Troy. She said she'd got lots like it at home, and asked if I would like to see them. Well, you know, it sounded important. I said I would." The girl spoke English with an American accent, and told Mellaart that her name was Anna Papastrati.

The girl took Mellaart to a house in Izmir, where he stayed several days, examining finds that he was told had been dug up illegally near the village of Dorak, near Troy, in the early nineteen-twenties. Studying the trove, Mellaart concluded that it had come from a royal burial of the Yortan culture, which had once flourished in that region. For Mellaart, the cache had a special fascination. It had been one of his theories that seafarers from ancient Anatolia had reached Egypt, and in the Dorak treasure, he said, he saw strips of sheet gold with hieroglyphs and a royal cartouche, which enabled him to date the find to about 2500 B.C. He was allowed to make all the sketches he wished, and he returned with them to Ankara. His colleagues recall his excitement over the treasure, whose existence he reported to the Turkish authorities and to Professor Seton Lloyd, the director of the British Institute. He omitted any reference to Anna.

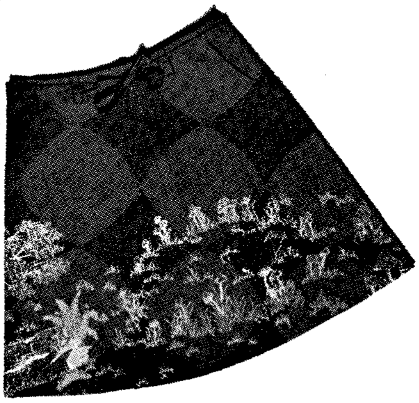
Mellaart was anxious to publish the sketches, and in October, 1958, he received a short, typewritten letter from Anna authorizing him to do so. With Lloyd's concurrence, he submitted his report to the *Illustrated London News*. Nothing was said publicly in Turkey about the Dorak find until 1962; then the popular newspaper *Milliyet* published a series that accused Mellaart himself of smuggling the treasure abroad. There was a police investigation. No trace of Anna could be found, and by that time the house in Izmir could not be identified. The British scholar was then barred from field work in Turkey, and his digs remain unfinished. He is now a lecturer in Anatolian archeology at the University of London.



One published theory is that the story was given out primarily for publicity purposes. However, the Dorak affair came close to ruining Mellaart's career. More ingenious is a second theory—that the treasure did exist, that it was held by parties unknown, and that its very novelty made it difficult to sell. A scholar's opinion was needed to authenticate the trove, and the girl on the train was the lure used to catch Mellaart. If this is true, the Dorak treasure may come to light again. To Turkish officials, the Dorak affair is an exasperating example of foreign culpability in the plunder of Anatolia. To archeologists, it is an instance of the damage done to historical evidence by illicit excavation. Even if the treasure exists, there is no assurance of its integrity; the strips of sheet gold imprinted with hieroglyphs could have been inserted in the cache to enhance its interest. The scholar who publishes a report on an undocumented find always risks giving credibility to worthless evidence.

THE archeologist, then, finds himself doubly imperilled by the illicit antiquities trade: he can be penalized by the loss of his excavation permit, and he can be compromised by unwittingly publishing falsehoods. Precisely these concerns have been at the root of a revolt against the acquisitive tradition of major American art museums. The revolt began at the University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, and the case for reform found its focus in the third of the treasures smuggled from Turkey to have come into question since the Kumluca dispute. In 1966, the University Museum acquired from a Philadelphia dealer a small hoard of Trojan and Sumerian jewelry. Publication of details of the purchase was assigned to an associate curator, George F. Bass, who is a specialist in underwater archeology, and whose interest has centered on ancient trade routes. In Dr. Bass's eyes, the treasure was important because it seemed to provide the first definite evidence of trade contact between Troy and the Sumerian city of Ur. The hoard—twenty-four pieces—included five pendants in a style that Sir Charles Leonard Woolley had found in the royal cemetery of Ur, and a pin and several earrings resembling jewelry that Heinrich Schliemann had come upon at Troy in 1873. According to the dealer, the treasure came from the area near Troy. But were the pieces really found together? As Dr. Bass pursued his examination, his mood changed to irritation; he had to accept the dealer's assurance on faith, and if his faith was misplaced he was wasting his time and misleading other scholars. When he completed his report on the Philadelphia treasure for the *American Journal of Archaeology*, he added to it a paragraph deploring the illegal market in antiquities. It read, in part:

> If we, as archaeologists, are truly interested in artifacts as evidence for ancient history, rather than as possessions



WOODSTOCK INN'S Woodland Wrap

A breath of Vermont from the Woodstock Inn. Country wrap, cotton-blend skirt with Fairy Ring motif hand-screened in white on Denim Blue or Leaf Green. Two deep pockets. Wash & Wear! S-M-L with choice of above knee or traditional length. (please specify). $18.

Please add 75¢ postage and send orders to

Woodstock Inn
WOODSTOCK, VERMONT 05091

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing and boating. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

And, if you like, remain the year round.

Living in your own private little world of brightness at the 1740 House, with every need and wish provided for, is a joy to contemplate.
And we hope you will.

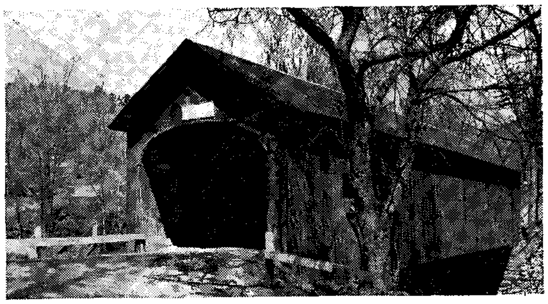
1740
HOUSE
LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

For Sale
NINE ORIGINAL WATERCOLOR DRAWINGS BY
Richard Taylor
1902-1970
EXHIBITED AT
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
AND
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
Ira Spanierman Inc.
50 EAST 78TH STREET NEW YORK 879-7085

to be selfishly prized because of their rarity, it is time to take a firm stand. The clandestine excavator and antiquities smuggler are criminals to be abhorred; museums and private collectors who encourage their illegal work, however, are held in high esteem by society.

When the *Journal* received Dr. Bass's article, he was asked to eliminate this last paragraph, and he did. He was at the time on sabbatical leave in England, and, with some misgivings, he gave the terminal paragraph to the British journal *Antiquity*, where it was published in June, 1970. He had an uneasy feeling that his institution would disapprove his bluntness. In this he was mistaken. Independently, another University of Pennsylvania archeologist had reached the same conclusion. This was Dr. Robert H. Dyson, Jr., who is the curator of the Near Eastern section of the University Museum, and who first became concerned with the looting problem while he was directing the university's excavations in Iran. In Guatemala, too, he found evidence of widespread depredation. Early in 1970, he approached Dr. Froelich Rainey, the director of the University Museum, who was about to attend a UNESCO meeting in Paris, which had been called to draft a convention to prevent the illicit movement of cultural properties. Wouldn't it be appropriate, Dyson suggested, for the University Museum to show its good faith by taking a unilateral step in the same direction? The director concurred, and on April 1st the University Museum announced that, on the unanimous recommendation of its curators, it would no longer purchase any antiquities not accompanied by a convincing pedigree. With what has come to be known as the Pennsylvania Declaration, the question of museum-acquisition ethics became, for the first time, a topic of open debate. And that debate revealed a conflict between archeologists and museums.

After the Pennsylvania Declaration, other museums followed the same course. At Harvard, Dr. Stephen Williams, the director of the Peabody Museum, was among those who took the lead in persuading the Harvard Corporation to adopt, in 1971, a policy barring the acquisition of suspect art by any of the Harvard museums—the Peabody, the Fogg, and Dumbarton Oaks among them. At the Field Museum of Natural History, in Chicago, a similar restriction was approved in 1972. However, not a single one of the largest art museums took the same step. Senior curators discussed the Pennsylvania Declaration with an air of annoyance or condescension. The Vermeules expressed the consensus in a



Vermont has something different to offer.

We've prepared a booklet that suggests new ways to view Vermont. It's a guide of 22 different and interesting tours.

Each includes an ample portion of our rolling countryside and historic sites. Each lets you stop almost anywhere and visit with our people.

The tour guide comes with a Vermont road map and a 188 page handbook to help you select things to do and buy and where to eat and sleep. The cost is 25¢ to cover mailing.

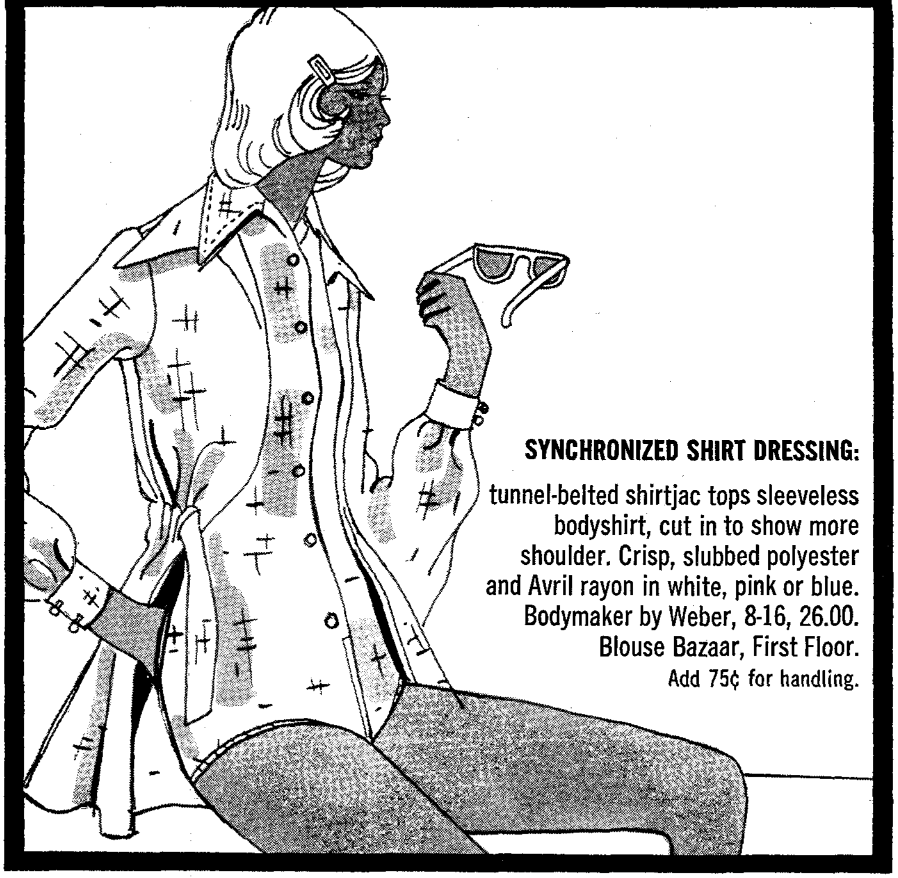
Enclosed is 25¢ for you to mail the tour guide packet.
State of Vermont, IT-34, Montpelier, Vt. 05602

Name____________________

Address____________________

____________________Zip________

CHAS. A. STEVENS, 25 N. STATE, CHICAGO STEVENS



SYNCHRONIZED SHIRT DRESSING:
tunnel-belted shirtjac tops sleeveless bodyshirt, cut in to show more shoulder. Crisp, slubbed polyester and Avril rayon in white, pink or blue. Bodymaker by Weber, 8-16, 26.00.
Blouse Bazaar, First Floor.
Add 75¢ for handling.

A shirt is only outstanding if it doesn't stand out.

At Sero® we recognize that a shirt is only part of a wardrobe. And it should always fit in with the other things you're wearing.

As a result, Sero shirts are never showy or garishly flamboyant. They're quiet. Elegant. And certainly gentlemanly. They're made to bring your suits and ties together. So your clothes make a simple tasteful statement.

For all its gentlemanliness, however, the Sero shirt is anything but dull. Each shirt is distinctive and different. It merely isn't flashy. (A shirt doesn't have to be flashy to be interesting, or boring to be in good taste.)

In short, our shirts are exciting in a quiet, understated way.

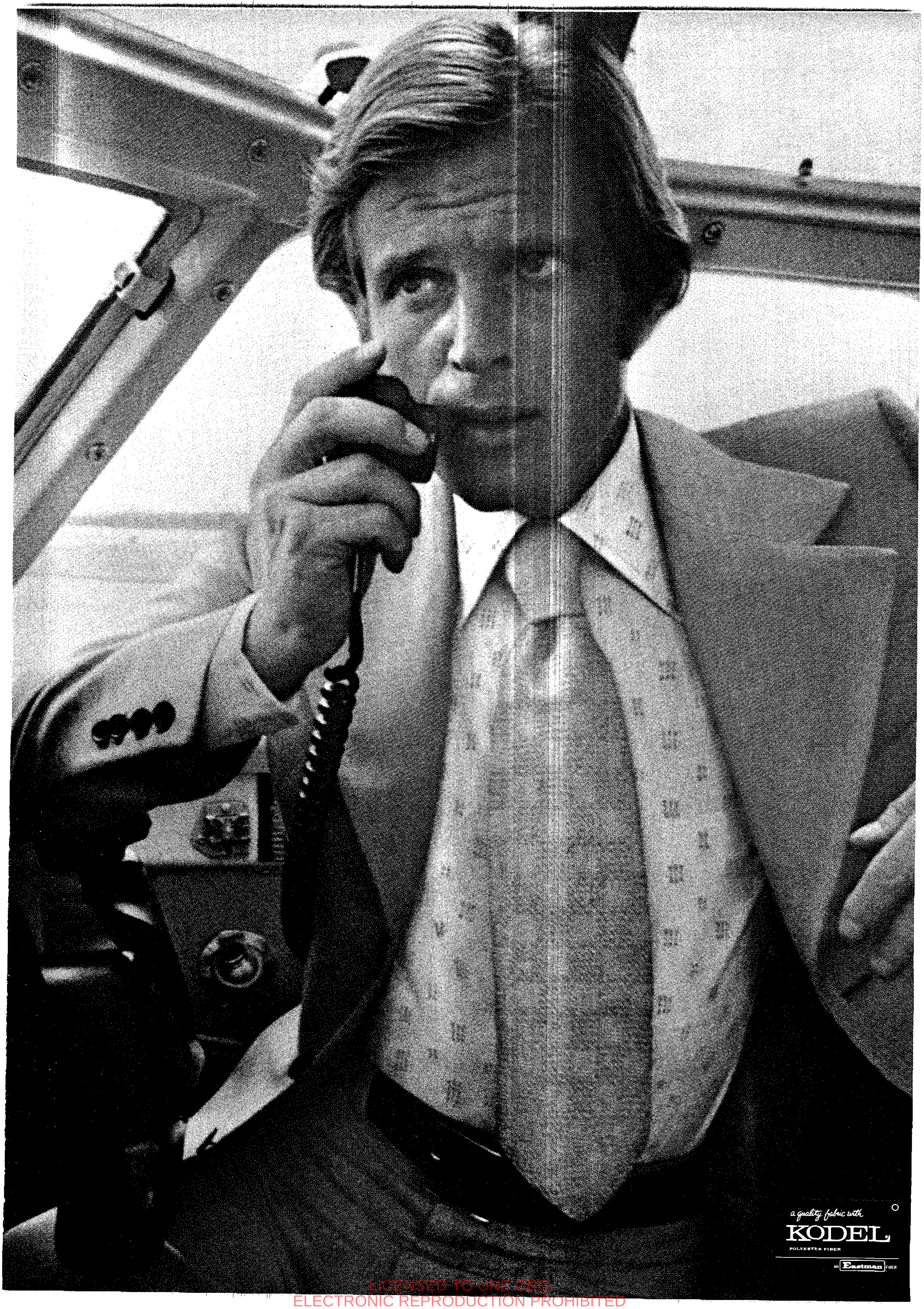
For a man who's exciting in a quiet, understated way.

P.S. There's nothing understated about the way this Sero shirt is tailored. From its longer pointed spread Nelson collar to its barrel cuffs. At a glance you know you're looking at a fine shirt. In a no-wrinkle blend of 65% Kodel® polyester and 35% cotton. Exclusively Sero. About $16.

SERO®

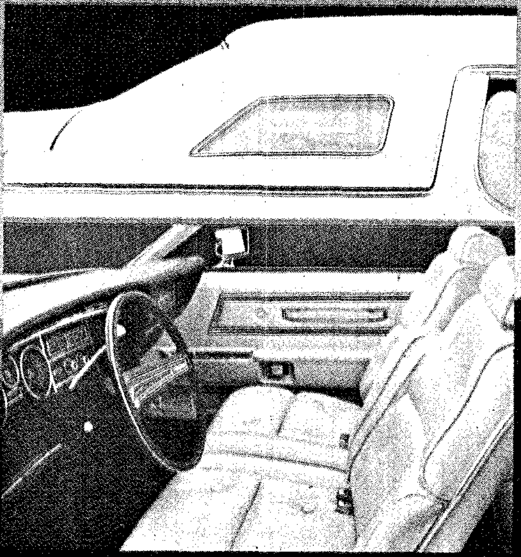
NOTHING IS OBVIOUS EXCEPT THE QUALITY.

FOR STORE NEAREST YOU, WRITE SERO, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT 06506


a quality fabric with
KODEL
POLYESTER FIBER
AN Eastman FIBER

The 1973 Thunderbird.

In appearance, in appointments, it's a luxury car. In ride and handling, it's distinctly Thunderbird.

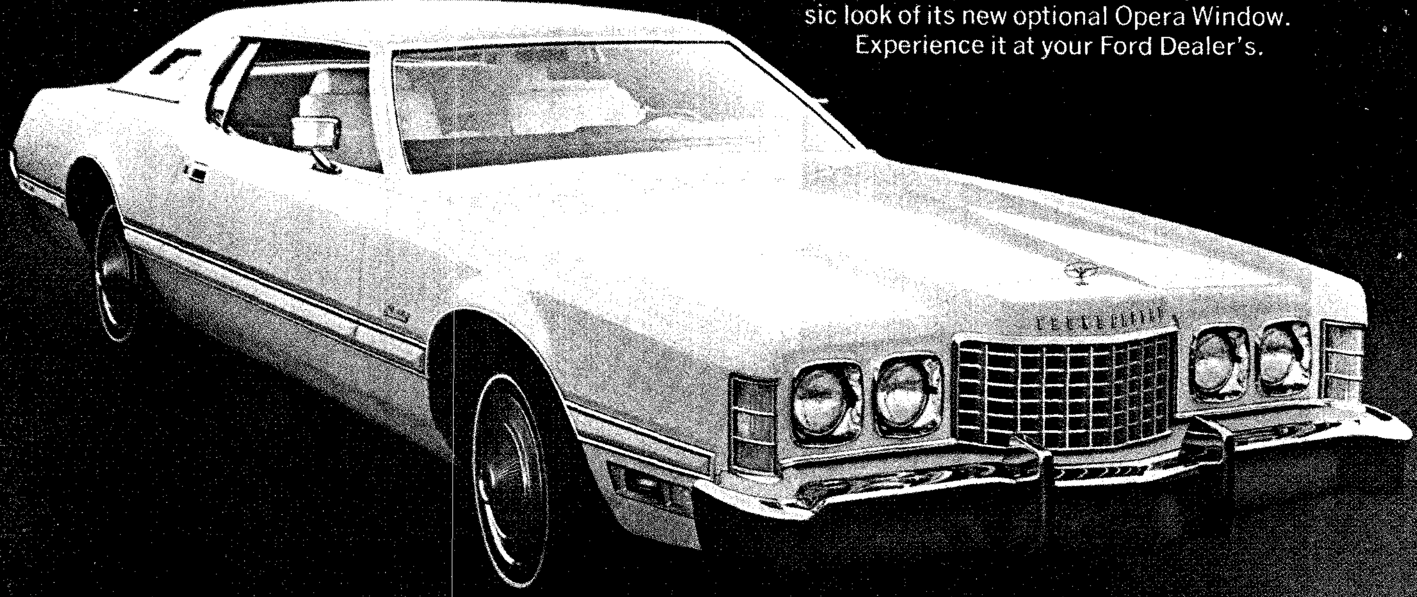


The automobile that is known for ride and luxury has even more to offer this year.

Its suspension system has been refined and tuned to its steel-belted radial ply tires. Tires that are tested to give the average driver 40,000 miles of tread life in normal driving. Result: an extraordinarily smooth ride.

Some other special luxuries: cushioned front seats with twin center armrests. The comfortable efficiency of Thunderbird's power brakes and power steering. The classic look of its new optional Opera Window.

Experience it at your Ford Dealer's.



A unique luxury automobile

THUNDERBIRD

FORD DIVISION Ford

The new 1973 Thunderbird pictured above also includes as standard equipment new energy-absorbing bumpers with bumper guards, left-hand remote control mirror and white sidewalls. Other equipment shown is optional.

note in *Antiquity* commenting on the Pennsylvania Declaration. The University Museum, they pointed out, "is primarily an excavating institution," and thus has a steady inflow of new objects, whereas the Boston Museum relies principally on gifts and purchases to expand its collection. Moreover, the Vermeules said, there was a striking contrast between the harshly restrictive export laws of countries like Turkey and the total freedom that prevails in the United States. They wrote, "Any Arab can possess the most basic examples of American heritage, as did the late King Farouk of Egypt . . . from George Washington's sword . . . to the gold seals of the Confederate States, without a murmur of nationalistic antiquity control. Free enterprise works both ways." One does not have to be very clever to detect a certain overstatement in arguments like this. America, however rich in other things, is poor in art, and by favoring free trade in the arts it has gained far more than it has lost. In the short space of a century, the United States has filled an empty continent with people, and empty buildings with art. It has achieved both results by means of liberal immigration policies. What the Vermeules did not discuss was the larger, more important matter of the primacy of Acquisition in the hierarchy of museum values.

"THE MONEY IS THE MESSAGE." This unflattering headline appeared in March, 1971, over a front-page review in the London *Times Literary Supplement* of centennial histories of the Metropolitan Museum and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The anonymous author, who was obviously well informed, made some telling points about the deficiencies of great American art museums. He spoke of the unceasing pressure to mount new exhibitions and make new purchases, invariably with the aim of increasing museum attendance. He referred to the "severe trial" imposed on young curators by the need to cultivate rich patrons who might be potential benefactors—an obligation that distracted them from their primary responsibility. A department head at the Metropolitan was quoted as saying, "Nowadays they serve us boot-blacking sandwiches in the canteen to get us properly used to the taste." The review noted, further, that few American museums have published catalogues of their holdings comparable to those issued by British and European museums, and that such catalogues as have been published have been written by Europeans imported for the purpose—for example, the catalogue of the Met-

Nature gives Barbados its beauty.
Sandy Lane gives Barbados its flair.

Sandy Lane has the special flair of a great plantation estate. And the special vitality and beauty of Barbados. So you'll find baronial arches, soaring ceilings and breathtaking passageways. And you'll find a beautiful Barbados beach, a scenic 18-hole golf course, illuminated tennis courts, and a huge free-form swimming pool. Our lovely, air-conditioned rooms make the most of a beautiful Barbados view. And our dining is a triumph of candlelight and cuisine.

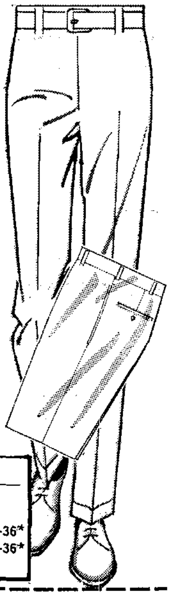
Some people find Sandy Lane surprising. Everyone finds it delightful. Ask your travel agent or call—New York (212) 586-3250. Miami (305) 871-1830. Los Angeles (213) 277-1261. Chicago (312) 321-9695.

Sandy Lane
HOTEL
ST. JAMES, BARBADOS, W.I.
A Trust Houses Forte Hotel

from the land of Erin
for today's pipe smoker
For smokers who value good, rich flavour and distinctive aroma.
MURRAY'S
ERINMORE MIXTURE
FINE TOBACCO
New 1¾oz. tin
Suggested retail price 90¢
IMPORTED
FINE TOBACCOS SINCE 1810

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
San Francisco's British Natural Shoulder Store Since 1946

"Fuller Cut"™ Straight Leg White Sailcloth Slacks $12*



White Walk Shorts 9.95*

White or Reversible Black-to-Brown Leather Belt 8.50

A "Fuller Cut"™ for the man who needs a more ample, comfortable & better fitting slack. These handsome White sailcloth slacks by Levi's® need no ironing. Ideal for travel, sports, tennis, leisure, work. Coordinates well with blazers. Classic belt loop model with pre-cuffed straight bottoms. *Size 44-50, $15.
*Classic White Dacron & cotton Walkshorts by Harris, sizes 30-42, 9.95. Size 44-48, 11.95.

1½" White or Reversible Black-to-Brown soft cowhide leather belt. 30-42, 8.50. Size 44-50, $10.

Waist, Inches	Length of Inseams
30-31	28-29-30-31-32
32-33	28-29-30-31-32-33
34-36-38	28-29-30-31-32-33-34-36*
40-42	28-29-30-31-32-33-34-36*
44-46-48-50 *	28-30-32-34

Mail Orders to: White Sailcloth Slacks & Shorts, Belts
Cable Car Clothiers, No.150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108

Circle Item	Qty.	Size	M.O. or Chk. ☐
Slacks or Shorts			Cable Charge ☐
Belt, White or Rev.			Sorry, no COD's

☐ **Please send catalogue** (415) 397-4740
Name..
Address..
....Zip..........
Add 1.75 Ship. & Hdlg. • 5½% Sales Tax in Cal. M3-31

Carry TEN TIMES a Wheelbarrow Load with INCREDIBLE EASE!

These BIG, strong carts are **perfectly** balanced on two huge wheels — roll easily over lawns and gardens — carry up to 400 lbs. of load — huge volume capacity means you make fewer trips — you'll save time and steps.

If you are **still** struggling with a wheelbarrow or inadequate cart (with tiny wheels) send for FREE Cart Catalog.

GARDEN WAY RESEARCH
Dept. C-5013
Charlotte, Vermont 05445

Several sizes—smaller models and Build-it-yourself kits!

SAILING FOR BOYS
Pleasant Bay **Cape Cod**
A great experience in a magnificent environment for boys, eight through fourteen. Expert training in Sailing, Racing, Survival and Swimming. Supplementary Land Sports and Overnight Sailing and Canoeing Expeditions.
June 27th to August 21st.
VIKING
Orleans, Mass. 02653 (617) 255-2739

ropolitan's French paintings, written by the European art historian Charles Sterling, and the catalogue of sculpture at the Frick, written jointly by the director and secretary of the Victoria and Albert Museum, Sir John Pope-Hennessy, and the keeper of the Department of Architecture and Sculpture at the Victoria and Albert Museum, Terence Hodgkinson. The writer went on:

> Is it too old-fashioned and too puritanical to suggest that too much money is at the root of most of the Metropolitan's problems? Too much money and too many people. Not bigger but *better* museums are what is wanted; not more visitors but more perceptive visitors. It may be platitudinous to say this, but platitudes are, after all, truths.

Anyone who takes the trouble to speak with younger museum curators about the *T.L.S.* review will find that it touched a nerve. The same misgivings that led Francis Henry Taylor to resign as Metropolitan director in 1954 cause many younger museum workers to wonder whether their jobs are, in the end, really worthwhile. Statistics are not necessarily a measure of excellence, whether the figure is the price tag on a work of art or the number of people who have passed through museum turnstiles. The truth, as these dissidents see it, is that their institutions have come to reflect all too accurately a national obsession with quantity and a national weakness for the star system.

In this sense, the debate over museum-acquisition policies really comprehends the larger dispute over the values of American life. The museum is a mirror as well as a public gallery, and it may be unrealistic to expect that even such a special institution can evince an outlook at odds with that of the society around it. Yet even if this may be so, there is evidence enough to suggest that American art museums could benefit from a period of pause, from a hiatus for reflection. In concrete terms, this could be achieved by a moratorium on acquisitions. The moratorium idea has occurred to a number of people since the beginning of this year. One of them is Allen Wardwell, curator of primitive art at the Art Institute of Chicago. In its evolution, his outlook has been much like that of other museum workers. When he assumed his post, in 1960, he bought freely, even when he knew that what he was buying was "hot," and on being reproached for buying a Mexican fresco he replied that if the Institute didn't make the acquisition, someone else would, and, moreover, the museum was preserving the fresco. Later, there was a furor

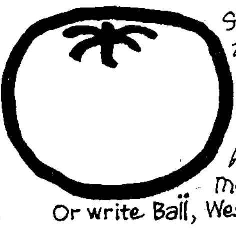
IN BOSTON:
a rather magnificent place to stay...

The Colonnade is the grand new alternative: old-world elegance with new-world efficiency.
The very best in new hotel accommodations for far less than you would expect to pay!
Unique, handsome, L-shaped guest rooms, larger than most, all with two double beds, direct dial service, color TV... Service?
Prompt, correct, and friendly.
Two restaurants, bars, lounge with nightly entertainment. Perfect location for business and shopping.
Free in-hotel parking.
The Colonnade is the best of both worlds.

Boston's best hotel value
THE COLONNADE
Huntington Ave. at Prudential
Mass. Tpke. Exit 22 • (617) 261-2800

$35* a day surrounds you with people as warm as the Jamaican sun. Out on a peaceful peninsula. Out in the middle of Montego Bay.

HERITAGE BEACH HOTEL
MONTEGO BAY · JAMAICA
Robert F. Warner, Inc., Int. Rep., (212) 586-4500.
*Winter rates based on double occupancy, E.P.



Stop complaining about store-tomatoes
Buy a few "BETTER BOY" plants and live happily ever after!
At garden centers most everywhere.
Or write Ball, West Chicago, Ill. 60185

CANADA, Nova Scotia
1,200 acres, 13,000+ feet of deep ocean frontage—excellent forest stand—good access—will subdivide in larger parcels—Digby area—survey and court title—Broker's inquiries invited. Price with terms, $260,000
Downeast Acreage Inc., Real Estate Brokers
151 Broadway, Suite H
Bangor, Maine 04401
207-947-4567

over museum acquisition of large-scale monuments, and, like other curators, Wardwell decided that it was justifiable to purchase only smaller, portable objects. But this was no solution. The demand for the smaller figurines and ornaments was so great that it stimulated large-scale destruction of burial sites. Wardwell had come to feel that a more basic answer was required—that it was time for all American museums to declare a two- or three-year moratorium on the acquisition of antiquities. This would provide time for them to think through their own priorities, and it would also encourage antiquity-rich countries to reconsider their laws with the aim of creating a legal market in exportable art. In a paper on the problem, presented in January at a symposium on primitive and pre-Columbian art at Columbia University, Wardwell reached this conclusion: "Fine as many of these antiquities may be as works of art, they are unfortunately tainted by suggestions of dishonesty, corruption, and greed. It is the responsibility of our museums to coöperate with the nations of the world so that these objects may truly fulfill their primary purpose: to express the greatest qualities of man."

One has the sense that the notion of a moratorium is an idea whose time is coming. New works would continue to flow to museums through gifts and bequests, and the money saved on purchases could be used to fulfill currently neglected museum functions. Moreover, new and imaginative loans and swaps could be arranged between museums; an example of this is the spectacular success of the Tutankhamen loan exhibitions in Paris and London in 1967 and 1972. Acquisition, it can be reasonably argued, has reigned long enough. Conservation, Study, Interpretation, and Exhibition—the other purposes named by Mr. Noble in his "Museum Manifesto"—could well be given a larger role in the American art museum. Otherwise, the Muses of Art and History will continue obscenely to consume each other. —KARL E. MEYER

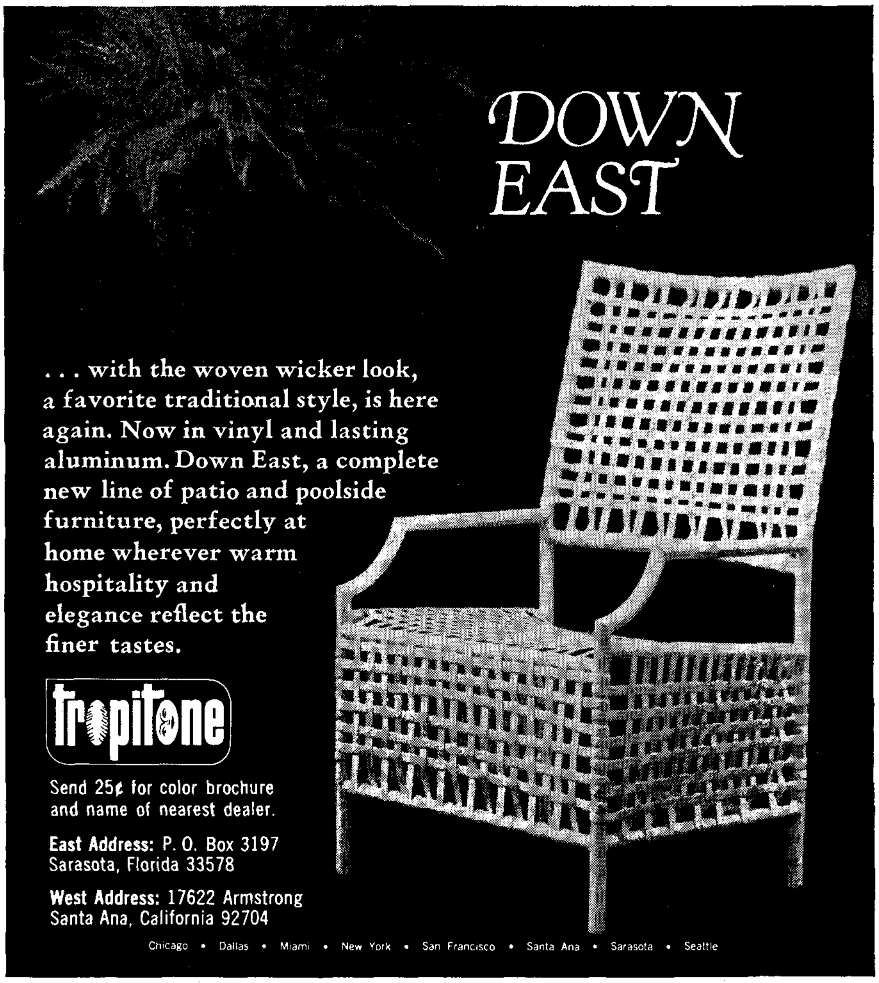
(*This is the second of a series of three articles.*)

•

The President picked Ruth Lewis Farkas, wife of George Farkas, chairman of the board and founder of Alexander's department stores in New York, to be ambassador to Accounting Office.

—*Washington Post.*

Where the natives dance to haunting rhythms and there's always a giant clearance sale.



DOWN EAST

. . . with the woven wicker look, a favorite traditional style, is here again. Now in vinyl and lasting aluminum. Down East, a complete new line of patio and poolside furniture, perfectly at home wherever warm hospitality and elegance reflect the finer tastes.

Tropitone

Send 25¢ for color brochure and name of nearest dealer.

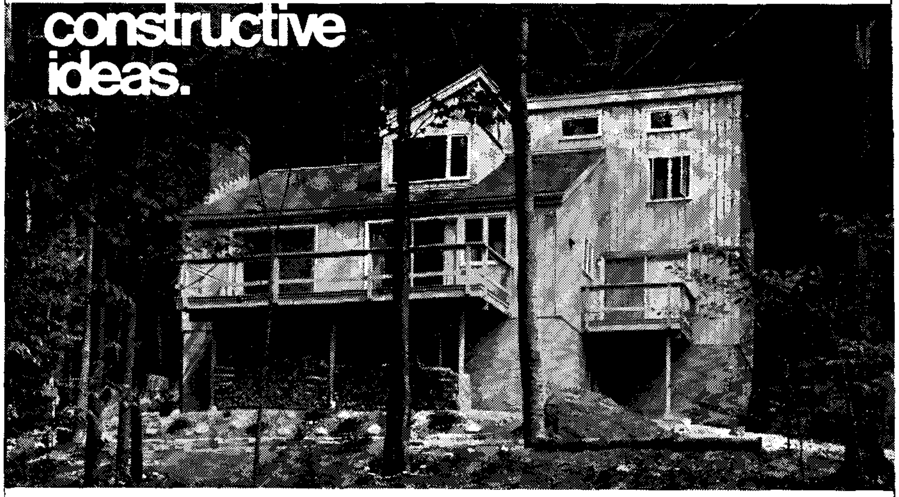
East Address: P. O. Box 3197
Sarasota, Florida 33578

West Address: 17622 Armstrong
Santa Ana, California 92704

Chicago • Dallas • Miami • New York • San Francisco • Santa Ana • Sarasota • Seattle

Acorn has 30 different constructive ideas for you.
Each a plan unique and innovative in design and technology.
We think constructively from start to finish.
Professional architects and designers plan the houses. Our quality oriented personnel produce the components with precision. Our network of experienced builder-dealers from Maine to Georgia make your home a reality.
All along the way, we provide you with the best in advice, materials, workmanship and engineering.
And we build in flexibility. So you can add your own constructive thinking to ours.

Acorn's constructive ideas. Acorn's constructive ideas add up to one thing: more house for you.



Send $2.00 for a complete Acorn Planning and Information Kit featuring 30 different models.

CROW'S NEST 1644 sq. ft., 4 bedrooms, 2 baths

ACORN STRUCTURES, INC.
Dept. 10 • Box 540, Concord, Mass. 01742 • Phone (617) 369-4111

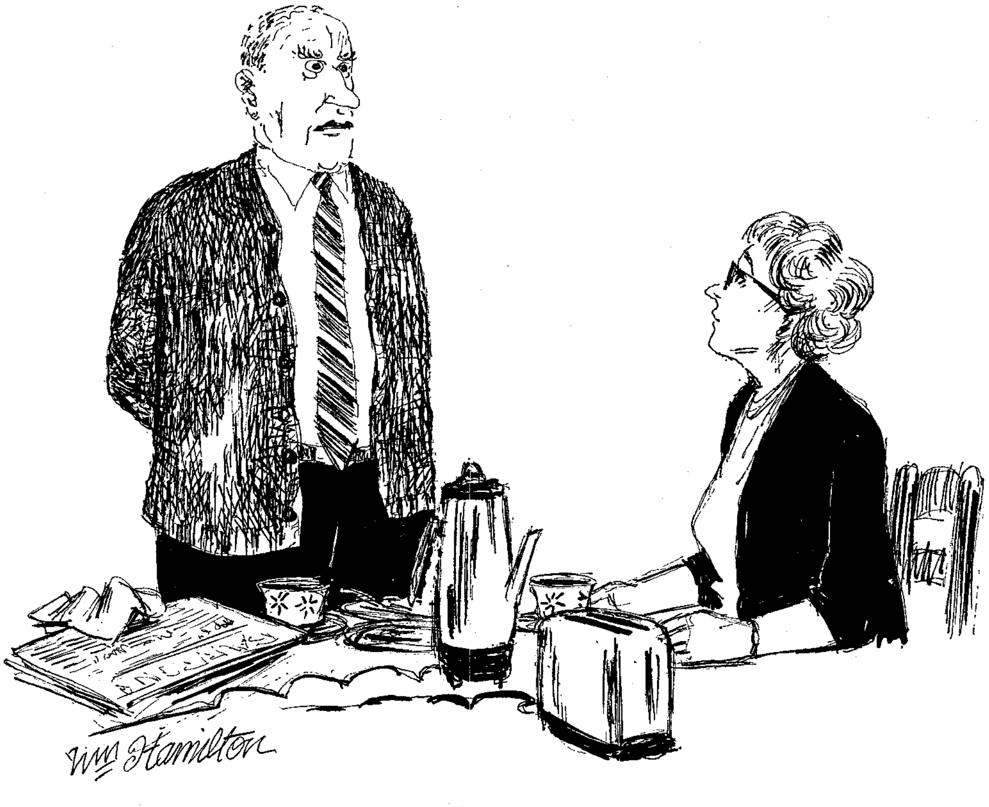
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Truffaut and Cagney

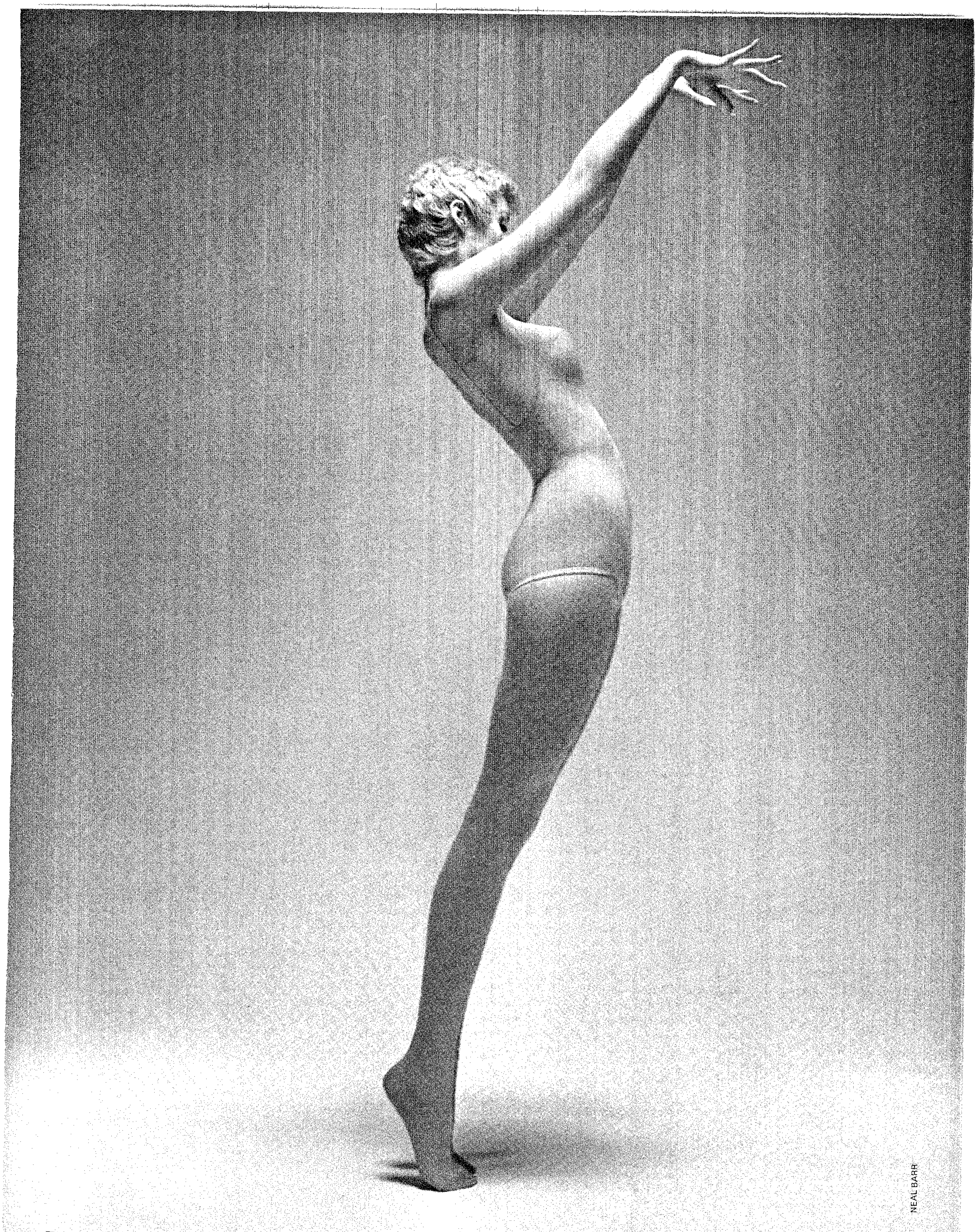
François Truffaut's "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" is a story of love and infatuation veiled as a tale about tracking down murder clues. The beloved object, in a story told entirely in flashback apart from the beginning and end, is morally speaking a multi-murderer, though she manages eventually to slither around all factual culpability. She is played by Bernadette Lafont to the hilt of sleaziness, with a hairdo like an Afro wig that has slipped. She finds a credulous supporter, who thinks for a long time that she has been wrongly accused, in a sociologist (André Dussollier). She bemuses him. At the start, he arrives in prison with his tape recorder to do a study of her as a specimen of criminal woman, and earns the scorn of the wardress for his choice. "Why not the giant who strangled her husband with one hand?" she says. But the luckless sociologist, a thin pedant in spectacles whose profession has unfortunately tutored him to approach the particular from the general and to back into it from the wrong end, is determined to turn up a prisoner to prove his thesis that a rotten childhood will always lead someone to be a rotter. The girl is a patent liar, who says that she is a singer though she has a voice like a nutmeg grater, and who earlier pretends offhandedly that her moon-faced husband is her brother when she happens on a good soul who speaks to her dank eroticism. Man after man falls for her, including an absolutely charming and very religious exterminator with the soul of a troubadour. The exterminator's name is Arthur. Nice name for a white mouse. He is played by Charles Denner, whose upright, good, alertly stupid face looks very like an exterminator's when you come to think of it. He drives a large truck with sky-blue sides announcing his Christian name and profession. His chief weapon against the evils of the animal kingdom—the evils of man overwhelm him, and he has decided not to take them on—seems to be a rusting gadget that puffs out fatal gases and looks much like some treadle sewing machine invented by James Watt when he was trying to arrive at a perfected version of the steam engine.

The story comes from a book by Henry Farrell, and the screenplay is by the director and Jean-Loup Dabadie (who has also worked with Claude Sautet and Philippe de Broca). The movie has more in common with Truffaut's "The Bride Wore Black," even to a plainly intentional reminiscent scene about a church tower, than with most of his other work. Truffaut is generally more absorbed than he is in this film by the spectacle of someone's muddle of criminality and solemn, absurd love. Most of the people in "Gorgeous Kid" are glad to be friendless. There are few of Truffaut's affectionate odd pairings (though I suppose a whore using an exterminator as her taxi driver is not to be sneezed at). "I adore other people's parents; that's about the size of it," says someone who is clearly speaking for Truffaut in "Bed and Board;" but there is no character here like this. Instead there is a central figure whose presence heavily says that, for all her sluttishness, she doesn't like haziness or the ambiguous or the equivocal, whereas Truffaut's more natural subjects are in league with ambiguity, although they often think themselves into insisting on a preference for the *définitif*. The crafty slob who is the gorgeous kid succeeds with a firmness that people seldom have in Truffaut. She is a fearsome mixture of the tawdry and the precise. Her choice is for the clear-cut. Her lies and machinations are razors. She ends up the winner at her macabre sports of seduction, false-trail-laying, and murder. We see her singing her unbeautiful larynx out in a night club, wearing jewelry handcuffs, and surrounded by more admirers. Perhaps it is because Truffaut finds her charmless and implausible that the audience does, too. You wonder why anyone in the picture is taken in.

A victory for the ambitious figure in a Truffaut film leaves it without a hero or heroine. I think the movie would have had more of his usual conviviality, drollness, and feeling for earnest alliances between tacit people (as in "The Wild Child," for instance) if the huge part of the girl had been played by someone who seemed either more hapless or to have more of the stylishness in amorality of, say, Catherine Deneuve in "Mississippi Mermaid." It could have been much cut, as well, to leave room for the more complex Truffaut small parts to flourish and expand. One likes the exterminator very much. One also responds a lot to the secretary called Hélène. She is played by Anne Kreis, a long-faced, straight-haired, obviously bright and uncompetitive girl. The secretary is crazy about her misled sociologist boss, but she has to type the transcript of the prisoner's testimony without blinking, though she can smell mendacity and showoff in every line of it. The credulity of her employer is wounding to her as well as amazing. She is a very appealing character, beautifully played by Miss Kreis, who is still a student. And there is a scene with an infant film buff that seems purest Truffaut. Hélène



"All right, Bea, let's get this damn retirement thing on the road, shall we?"



NEAL BARR

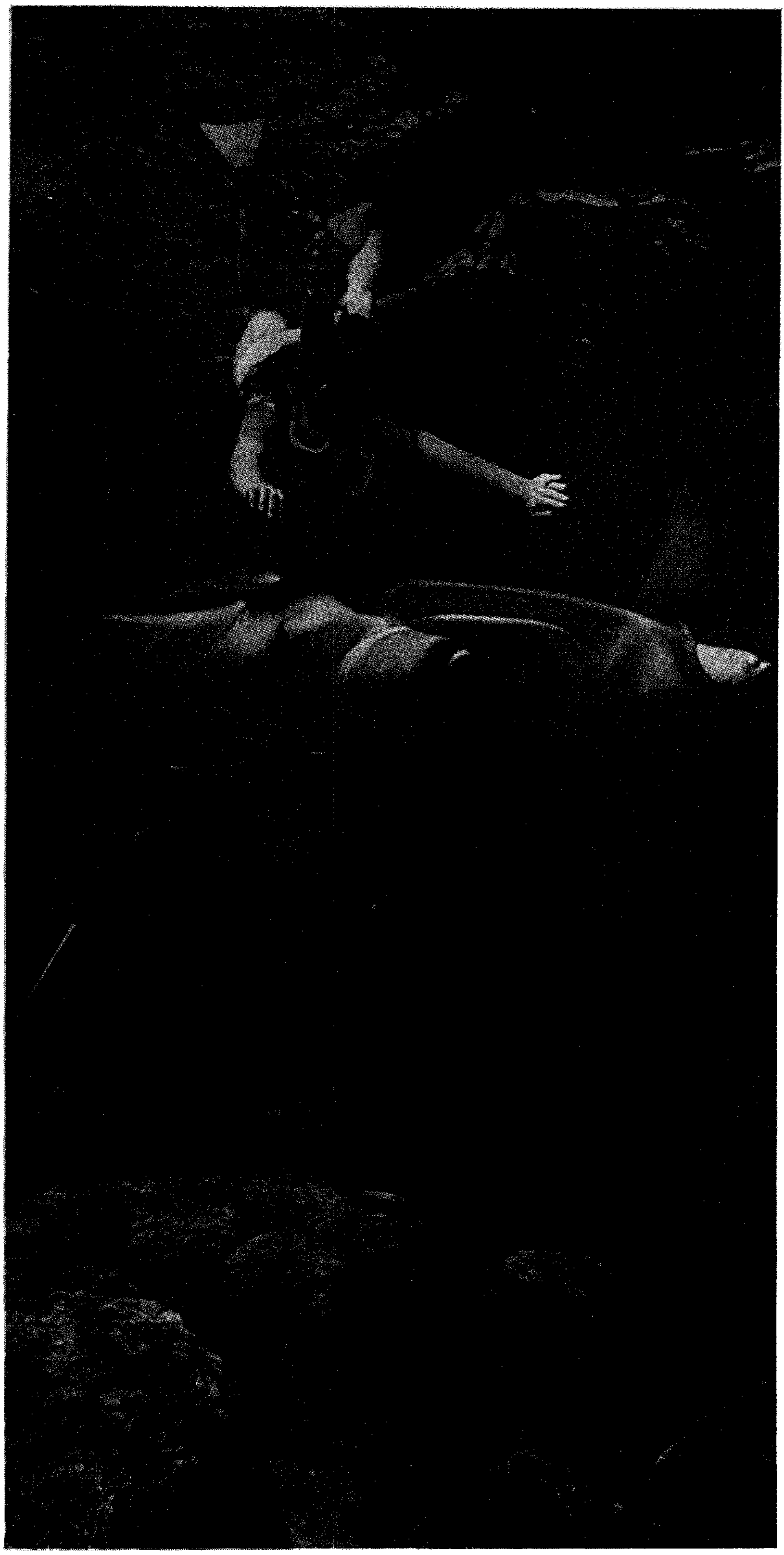
Become a Buff buff. It's the new nothing-on color you'll need from now on. Where does Buff stop and skin begin? Keep them guessing. Wear our new Switchcraft bodyshape with convertible straps under all your see-throughs, T-backs, low backs, no backs. In Curvalon® of Lycra® spandex, it even feels like nothing on. 32 to 36, ABC cups. About $11. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

VANITY FAIR

A company of VF corporation

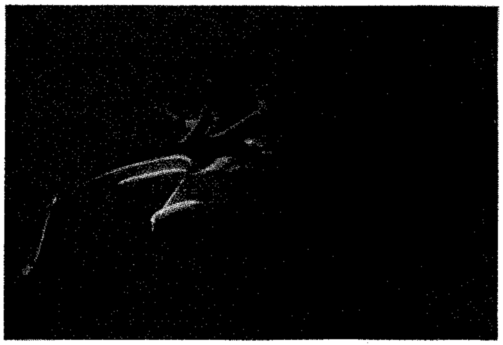
"Try to tell a 2000 pound Manta Ray you're only trying to hitch a ride.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA



"The waters of the Great Barrier Reef were as calm as a pond that day. And not a sign of its mightiest monster—the mammoth Manta Ray. Ordinarily he's a shy beast. But if aroused, he can churn into a ton of deep-sea death.

"'Don't take any more chances than you have to, Eva,' warned Ben as I plunged overboard. Several minutes later (it seemed like an hour), he was swimming beside me with his 35mm camera when suddenly . . .



". . . a black form surged toward us. I could see the Manta's mouth—big enough to swallow a man whole. And as I hitched on to his back, I remember hoping I hadn't arrived in time for the midday meal.

"Later at the Heron Island Hotel, we celebrated our adventure with Canadian Club." It seems wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its gentle manners and the pleasing way it behaves in mixed company. Canadian Club—"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

Canadian Club

Imported in bottle from Canada

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1972.

and the sociologist are on the trail of an amateur photographer who may have a vital piece of evidence. They come to a doorway and ask for Mr. Farrell (also the author's name—in-joke). "Mr. Farrell," says a nice bourgeoise at the door, "is dead." "Oh, excuse us, our condolences; your husband dead . . ." "No, not my husband," says the housewife, inexplicably brightening up a little at the red herring, "my son." "But such a fine *photographer*," the interlocutors plug on. "Ah, that would be my nephew," says the housewife, and she yells for an extremely small boy in an Eton collar, who reaches up to the amateur detectives' waists but nonetheless holds with dignity that he doesn't like showing his rushes before they are edited. Perhaps the most typical Truffaut flash in the whole of this film, in which he seems often to be marking time and sometimes to be quite off the track, is a scene in a prison yard when a wrongly accused prisoner with a neat turn of mind finds a bit of paper; sweeps it up; can find nowhere to put it, because prisons specialize in useless, Sisyphean jobs; and furtively shoves the scrap down a grating, as though that were a much worse crime than the murder he has been accused of. Truffaut has always been delicately rueful on behalf of the gulled. This would have been twice the film it is if it had been more open about Truffaut's standing topic, which is the mixture of comedy and damage that can lie in the train of perfidy. Sometimes the idea sticks out of the rather gaudy structure of the film like bones in the sun. There are scenes of disruption that are some of Truffaut's most perturbed since "The Soft Skin."

"I CAN'T lose anything, because I haven't got anything." "I'm a flop at this marriage business. Now, if it was a racket . . ." The speaker could only be James Cagney, a lot of whose films are showing at the New York Cultural Center from now until June 14th. (There is also a good, informative book by Homer Dickens called "The Films of James Cagney," just out.) Cagney's career began exactly with the talkies. Debonair and imitable though his quick, high voice was, it seems almost ironic that this supremely talented mime should never have made a silent movie. The dapper Irish redhead, height five feet eight, would certainly have lost an ell from his popularity stature if he had been six feet. He could speak with the hands as well as ZaSu Pitts could, and shout elation with his feet when he improvised a moment of dance in a scene. He was apt to do a quiet double

THE NEW YORKER

☐ A Year of The New Yorker, $12 (less than 24¢ an issue)
☐ Two Years of The New Yorker, $20 (less than 20¢ an issue)
ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America, and Spain $2.00; other foreign $4.00 per year.

Please bill my: ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge (include number over your name)
Acct. No.__________
Your signature__________

My Check for $_____ is enclosed.

Please print name
Address
City State Zip Code

4 13 3
25 W. 43 Street • New York, N.Y. 10036

THE NEW YORKER

☐ A Year of The New Yorker, $12 (less than 24¢ an issue)
☐ Two Years of The New Yorker, $20 (less than 20¢ an issue)
ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America, and Spain $2.00; other foreign $4.00 per year.

Please bill my: ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge (include number over your name)
Acct. No.__________
Your signature__________

My Check for $_____ is enclosed.

Please print name
Address
City State Zip Code

4 13 3
25 W. 43 Street • New York, N.Y. 10036

Paul Stuart

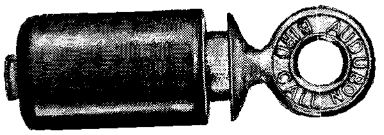
MADISON AVENUE AT 45TH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

THE TENNIS PLAYER'S TIE

Our own design, depicting tennis servers in action on fine English rep silk. Navy with red or white players, red with white players, maroon with yellow players. $12.50

Please add 75¢ per order for delivery.
N.Y. State residents add applicable tax.

the audubon bird call



ATTRACT WILD SONGBIRDS

...an amazing little device that really attracts birds. Handmade of pewter and birch, simple to use, it's a perfect outdoor companion for children and adults. Now the standard songbird call throughout the world. Ask for it at your favorite book, gift, garden shop, or sporting goods store . . . or send $2.00 to

ROGER EDDY
NEWINGTON, CONN. 06111

Mailed postpaid with instructions

Bird Watcher
(7½" high)

Collectors see their own children and grandchildren in the sensitive sculpture of Ann Entis. Her signed, numbered, limited editions in fired terra cotta ($45-65) make very special gifts. Send for photo-folder.
Studio Ann Entis,
Box 367, Marysville,
Ohio 43040

shuffle when, say, he had just got a date out of Jean Harlow. He liked working out with stunt men, this chipper dandy with the marcelled-looking hair, who was inclined to make the most graceful swatting movements with his arms, and who danced on those unmistakable straight legs, with his body at a clenched slant as though someone were picking him up by the back of his trousers.

He started life in 1899 on the lower East Side. (The studios later cooked the books and made the date 1904, to his rage.) He worked as a parcel wrapper at Wanamaker's, a switchboard operator, a bellboy, a copy boy at the New York *Sun*, something very menial at a branch of the Public Library. He spent years in vaudeville, mostly as a hoofer but for a short time as a female impersonator, which seems no more strange a transformation for this mysterious, dangerous, brave presence than his change into an ass as Bottom in the famous Reinhardt and Dieterle film of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Then he worked in musical comedy, and the Broadway play with Joan Blondell, "Penny Arcade," that became the 1930 film "Sinner's Holiday;" the play was bought by Hollywood on condition that the two stars stay in it. He was everything in Hollywood: extra, small-bit player, star. His first smash was in "The Public Enemy" (1931). Clever enough to avoid typecasting, he got himself into comedy in the same year, with "Blonde Crazy."

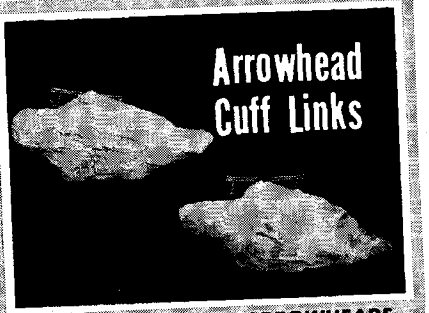
He always, correctly, gives the impression of having a mind as quick as his fists. In "Lady Killer" (1933), he is fired as a movie usher and becomes the brains of a gang. He belongs to the crowd of undernourished, clever kids who live at the bottom of the heap. His natural habitats seem to be East Side slums, dance halls, gyms, prizefight arenas, penthouse parties where he can talk his way fast out of gravely silly social situations and, given a little luck, pilfer something from some sightless rich dame or gigolo. He always conveys a fierce sense of Robin Hoodery. It goes with the real-life occasion when he managed to get himself a job as a waiter and then quickly filled the restaurant's other vacancies with three other Cagneys, and even started trying to get his mother a place as a cashier. No one knew more than Cagney about being jobless, about having to cringe to the boss, about the agonizing foolishness of producers in soft seats showing off at auditions. In "Footlight Parade" (made earlier in 1933; choreographed by Busby Berkeley), which

Confidential LOANS

$1,500 to $12,500

- The nationally recognized financial service used regularly by over 20,000 professional, executive, and technical men and women like you.
- **A quick and extremely confidential source of credit for immediate needs or as a *credit line whenever you need it.***
- No collateral . . . no embarrassing investigation. No charge for establishing your credit line.
- **Simple details handled over the phone or by personal mail from the privacy of your home or office.**
- *THE* quiet service for your financial needs. **Dial our private, toll free, number 800-328-7328** or write Charles R. Donner, Executive Loan Director.

Industrial Credit Financial Services
272 Hamm Building,
Saint Paul, Minnesota 55102
Member: American Industrial Bankers Association since 1937.



AUTHENTIC INDIAN ARROWHEADS paired according to size and color, and fashioned into cuff links with sterling silver studs — $25.00 a pair. Tie clasp — $15.00. Send check or money order to:
Inter-Tribal Art Center
130 West Evans
Apache, Oklahoma
All orders shipped post paid.

PRIMITIVE OUT ISLAND RETREAT

Small, private, remote, casual, quiet 1,000-acre island (Normans Cay, The Exumas, Bahamas) with 10 rooms in guest cottages. Dining room, bar, tennis, water sports. Rates and brochure: The Island Company, Ltd., 375 Park Avenue, NYC 10022 (212) 832-8830

Giordano
Northern Italian Cuisine
Credit Cards • Open 7 Days
409 West 39th Street, N.Y.C.
WI7-3883-4 • WI7-9811

includes Frank McHugh as a dance director of endearing gutter style who sings the girl's parts in love songs with a cigar in his mouth, Cagney seems to be altogether on the side of the chorus girls in bathing suits sweating it out while sopranos with bosoms like rolltop desks carol at the piano. He hates snobs. "I've sung before crowned heads," says one soprano crushingly, after being mellifluous in a hat. "They must have been cracked," says Cagney. His admiration is reserved for any girl who can play a pair of tens as if they were four aces. He is definitely not keen on naggers. The grapefruit in the face of Mae Clarke when she is being bossy in "The Public Enemy" is unforgettable. The great new star with the packed body and the curious sweetness around the mouth, contradicted by eyes that have a satanic slant to them, introduced an anomaly that made his rival, Humphrey Bogart, look like a Claudius overwhelmed by conscience. Without a worried crease in his forehead, Cagney initiated in gangster films the notion of the villain with virtuous instincts. These instincts are in no way at odds with the ethic of American individualism that has resulted at its grubbiest in the gun laws and at its best in a stance of lonely determination and in the barbed slang that Cagney perfected. He proffers a sense of play that, especially in scenes with his brother in "The Public Enemy," one can see as belonging to a new world. The brother, who is the good boy, stares into space with the lipsticky look of piety that dates from silent acting. Alongside him, the Cagney character commits mayhem with such gaiety that he makes most of filmdom's bad guys look overloaded with the worries of the world. Cagney's acting is a lesson to the profession now, just as he took lessons in Hollywood by quietly wandering onto a set to watch a performer he admired. There is an extraordinary spiral of acting in "White Heat" when he is in the prison mess hall and hears about the death of his mother. He stops eating, looks amazed, grins in maniacal spasms, and then goes berserk.

The patterns of his gangster films, though they may have been intellectually crude, were cinematically complex, like his performances. He could convince one of the existence of men who were as incapable of hypocrisy as animals. Cagney had feline dash and delicacy. It seems more than chance that so many of the killings in his films happen offscreen, just as his own swords of argot always find the mark but cause no wound.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

Myra is mentally ill. A lot of kids should be as lucky as she is.

At the Manhattan School for Seriously Disturbed Children, Myra's getting well. Day by day, we're helping her discover who she is, and how she fits into this confusing world.

Her school, run by the Association for Mentally Ill Children, has only 40 students. All are seriously disturbed. But they're all very lucky. Because while they receive the specialized education they so desperately need, thousands don't. There is simply none available. Their parents have nowhere to turn.

At AMIC, we're making everything we've learned at the Manhattan School available to more parents, in more places. To give more sick children the chance to get well.

But we can't work without money. Please fill out the coupon, and send it with a contribution. Mentally ill children shouldn't have to get lucky to get help.

AMIC

AMIC, 12 West 12th Street, New York 10011
I enclose my contribution* to AMIC
☐ Please send me the Manhattan School booklet
☐ I'm interested in becoming an Associate member of AMIC
Name__________
Street__________
City______ State______ Zip______
*All contributions are tax deductible. a

Honolulu waterfront house for rent

Charming, 2-bedroom, 2½-bath house with spectacular view of Diamond Head and mountains across Maunalua Bay, located 12 miles from downtown in quiet, residential area. Den possible as 3rd bedroom. Spacious, 43'-long, sheltered entertainment patio, formal dining room with butler's pantry, 2-car garage. Beautiful landscaping. Utilities, weekly cleaning and yard service included. Offered fully furnished, on lease, at $1,000 per month, for June, August or September, 1973. (July already leased). References requested.

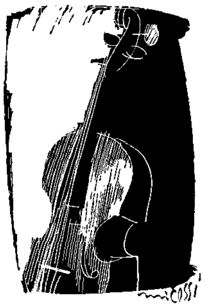
For further information, write:

Helene Allen
Earl Thacker Co., Ltd.
2222 Kalakaua Avenue Honolulu, Hawaii 96815

MUSICAL EVENTS

Wagnerismo

OPERA lovers feel at home in the Second Circle of Dante's "Inferno," where the company includes Semiramide, Dido, lascivious Cleopatra, Helen, great Achilles, Tristan—and Francesca da Rimini, speaking words that later drift across the lagoon to the ear of Rossini's Desdemona: "*Nessun maggior dolore/Che ricordarsi del tempo felice/Nella miseria*" ("No greater grief than to recall, in wretchedness, the time of happiness"). Italian truck drivers, we are told, can recite Dante by the canto; cismontane and cisatlantic readers probably retain at least some of those lines so charged with emotion that whole tragedies seem to be compassed in their syllables: from the Francesca episode perhaps "*Noi, che tignemmo 'l mondo di sanguigno*" and (as Francesca recalls how she and her brother-in-law Paolo read together the "Lay of Lancelot") "*Galeotto fu il libro, e chi lo scrisse;/Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.*" In plain English: "We who tinted the world with scarlet blood" and "A Galahad [pander between Lancelot and Guinevere] was the book, and a Galahad he who wrote it; that day we read no further." But no simple translation of the lines can render all they say. D'Annunzio's play "Francesca da Rimini," written for the Duse in 1901, amplifies their sense with, on the one hand, a Pre-Raphaelite profusion of medieval details lovingly observed and, on the other, a Wagnerian richness of supercharged, voluble passion. The publisher Tito Ricordi chose the play as a libretto for his new young composer Riccardo Zandonai, whom he was grooming as Puccini's successor, and made the abridgment himself. D'Annunzio provided some new verses to replace Paolo's account of his trip to Florence (where he met a young poet named Dante Alighieri) with the Tristanesque utterance "*Nemica ebbi la luce,/amica ebbi la notte*" ("Light was my foe, night my friend"). Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini" was first performed, with acclaim, in Turin in 1914 and again at Covent Garden a few months later. It reached the Metropolitan in 1916, with Frances Alda and Giovanni Martinelli as the lovers. On Thursday of last week, Eve Queler and the Opera Orchestra of New York revived the piece, in a concert performance, in Carnegie Hall. The evening was a great success, satisfying to opera freaks of every complexion. There was some lusty, full-throated singing to be heard and also—not always incompatibly—some distinguished, intelligent interpretation, and in general the event offered a clear, sharp view down a neglected byway of musical history.

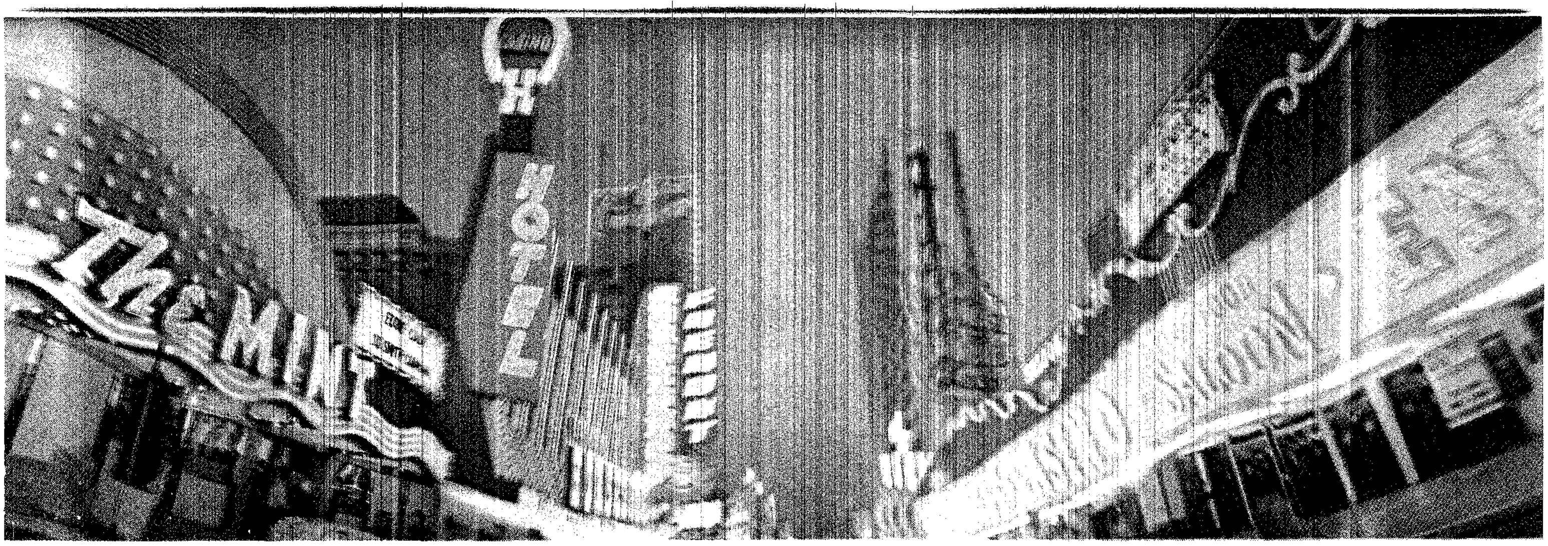


The interest of "Francesca" lies in more than just the sound of its music. It proves to be one of that crop of D'Annunzio-based operas—from Pizzetti's "Fedra" of 1905 to Montemezzi's "La Nave" of 1918—that represents an ambitious movement away from *verismo* toward a high-minded, heroic new romanticism with its roots partly in classical tragedy and partly in "Tristan." Puccini's "Turandot" (1924) was an aftermath. Since Puccini was a better composer than those mentioned, or than Franchetti ("La Figlia di Jorio," 1906) and Mascagni ("Parisina," 1913), "Turandot" still holds the stage, while the other works bear no more than an occasional revival. But such a revival can remind us, most fascinatingly, of those days when "serious" Italian composers were slightly ashamed of the popular Verdi and aspired to produce grand operas of a more intellectual cast.

At Carnegie Hall, a libretto with the Italian text and Arthur Symons' translation was on sale, and this was good, since "Francesca" while heard needs also to be seen by at least the mind's eye, and D'Annunzio's elaborate, explicit stage directions make this possible. The settings suggest Cardiff Castle, William Burges's High Victorian re-creation of medieval splendor. (For example, Act III plays in a "room painted in fresco, elegantly divided into panels, portraying stories out of the romance of Tristan . . . a beautiful alcove hidden by rich curtains . . . a sort of long chair without back or arms, with many cushions of samite;" round the octagonal hall of Act IV runs "a frieze of unicorns on a gold background.") For that matter, D'Annunzio's whole play suggests a heady, rich mixture concocted with ingredients from "Tristan," Tennyson's "Idylls," and Maeterlinck's "Pelléas." Visconti might be the man to produce it. As Symons remarks in the preface to his translation, "D'Annunzio has learnt something from Wagner, not perhaps the best that Wagner has to teach, in his over-amplification of detail, his insistence on so many things beside the essential things, his recapitulations, into which he has brought almost the actual Wagnerian 'motives.' " Much the same could be said of Visconti's recent works—and also of Zandonai's score. The composer has learned things from Wagner, both directly and by way of Puccini and Debussy, but not the true principles of music drama.

The play has five acts, the opera four, the last of them comprising two scenes corresponding to Acts IV and V of the play. Both play and opera suffer from a structural weakness, in that four of the five scenes are built in a similar fashion: a long, leisurely preamble replete with picturesque local color and historical detail that are heavily—too heavily—charged with symbolism and dramatic irony, an action-filled close accelerating to a strong curtain. The first, third, and fifth scenes all begin with Francesca's women onstage (six small solo roles in the play, five in the opera). Zandonai writes pretty music for them, evoking timbres of the past with the strains of lute and viola pomposa. Act II is set in a bastion, where Francesca learns about Greek fire, an early Malatesta version of napalm, ignites some, and apostrophizes the fierce destructive flame. (Her monologue seems to have been cut from the opera at an early date, though it remains in the score.) Zandonai underpins the poet's symbolism by a conscientious use of leitmotivs. As the climaxes approach, his style tends to become cruder both in sound and in harmony. He veers between tasteful, well-made music, in the manner of early Pizzetti, and uninhibited Mascagnesque outburst. But the tunes don't stick—not even that of the big love duet after Francesca and Paolo "read no further." "Francesca" fails, in the end, because its melodies are unmemorable.

Raina Kabaivanska played the heroine. She is, in the old phrase, a gentlewoman in all she does, untouched by coarseness, and dignified even in her most passionate outbursts, and so she was a fine Francesca. Her powerful soprano lacks the warmth generally termed Italianate; equally, it is free from any squalliness and spread, being clear, forward, and impeccably focussed. She *is* more Eames than Caniglia. One mannerism she indulged: a sudden *piano spianato* fined down to a level below the requirements of either



American Express takes pleasure in exposing Las Vegas.

What's left in Las Vegas to expose? Perhaps the forgotten fact that Las Vegas and vicinity is marvelous in the daytime.

Imagine. You and your Money Card have just been welcomed by the Las Vegas Hilton, the largest resort complex in the world. You chose a Lanai suite (or would you rather have a serene Oriental room, or one done in impeccable French decor?).

LAS VEGAS HILTON

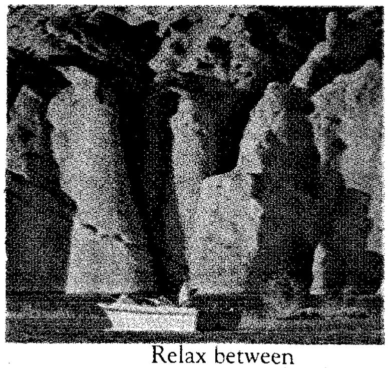
You're greeted with a fountain of fire and water.

Stroll out onto the 8½-acre recreation deck three stories up and you have more choices to make. A dip in the huge pool? Tennis? Squash? Badminton? Table tennis? Practice your putting on the 18-hole green?

It takes a cart to carry the night's winnings to the bank.

Hunger pangs soon force you to choose among five great restaurants. How about a Texas-size steak? Or would you prefer subtle Continental foods served on solid gold? Decide, and it's yours, on the Money Card.

Come evening, sample Las Vegas' casinos and entertainment extravaganzas. Did you know that *none* of the hotels have clocks in their casinos or restaurants? But don't worry.



Relax between excitements on placid Lake Mead.

While you're out, your youngsters will be discovering the pleasures of the Las Vegas Hilton's unique Youth Hotel. Guided by a staff of educators and recreation supervisors, children from 3 to 16 can enjoy a full day of activities, evening entertainments and even sleep overnight in carefully supervised dormitories—courtesy of the Hilton *and* the Money Card.

Next morning, a day trip to Lake Mead and Hoover Dam. It will be a day to remember, with spectacular scenery, fishing, swimming, boating and water-skiing. No need to lug along a rack of sporting equipment; you can rent all you need along the way with the Money Card.

From casinos to local rodeos, your Las Vegas vacation will be extremely varied.

You may discover you need a few more things to wear. The smart shops of Las Vegas will surely tempt you. All temptations, of course, fit on the Money Card.

Wherever you go in Las Vegas, or the world, the hospitality is warm for Money Cardmembers. If you don't have an American Express Money Card, you really ought to. For travel and entertainment, for business and pleasure all over the world. For an application, call (800) AE 8-5000, toll free. Or pick one up wherever the Card is honored.

RESTAURANTS

Imperial Room
Las Vegas Hilton

Villa d'Este
355 Convention
Center Drive

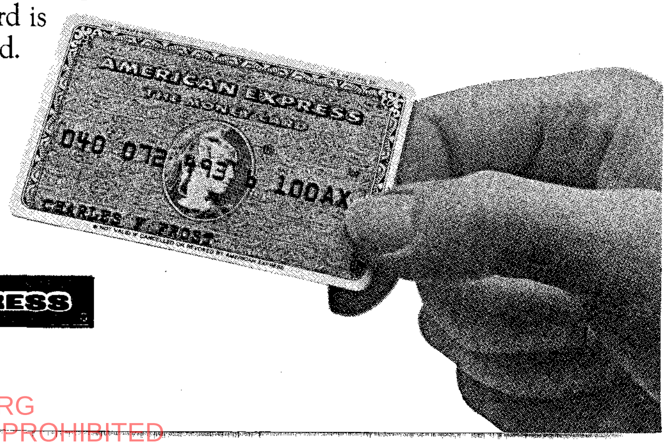
Golden Steer
308 W. Sahara Ave.

Black Forest
Las Vegas Blvd. So.

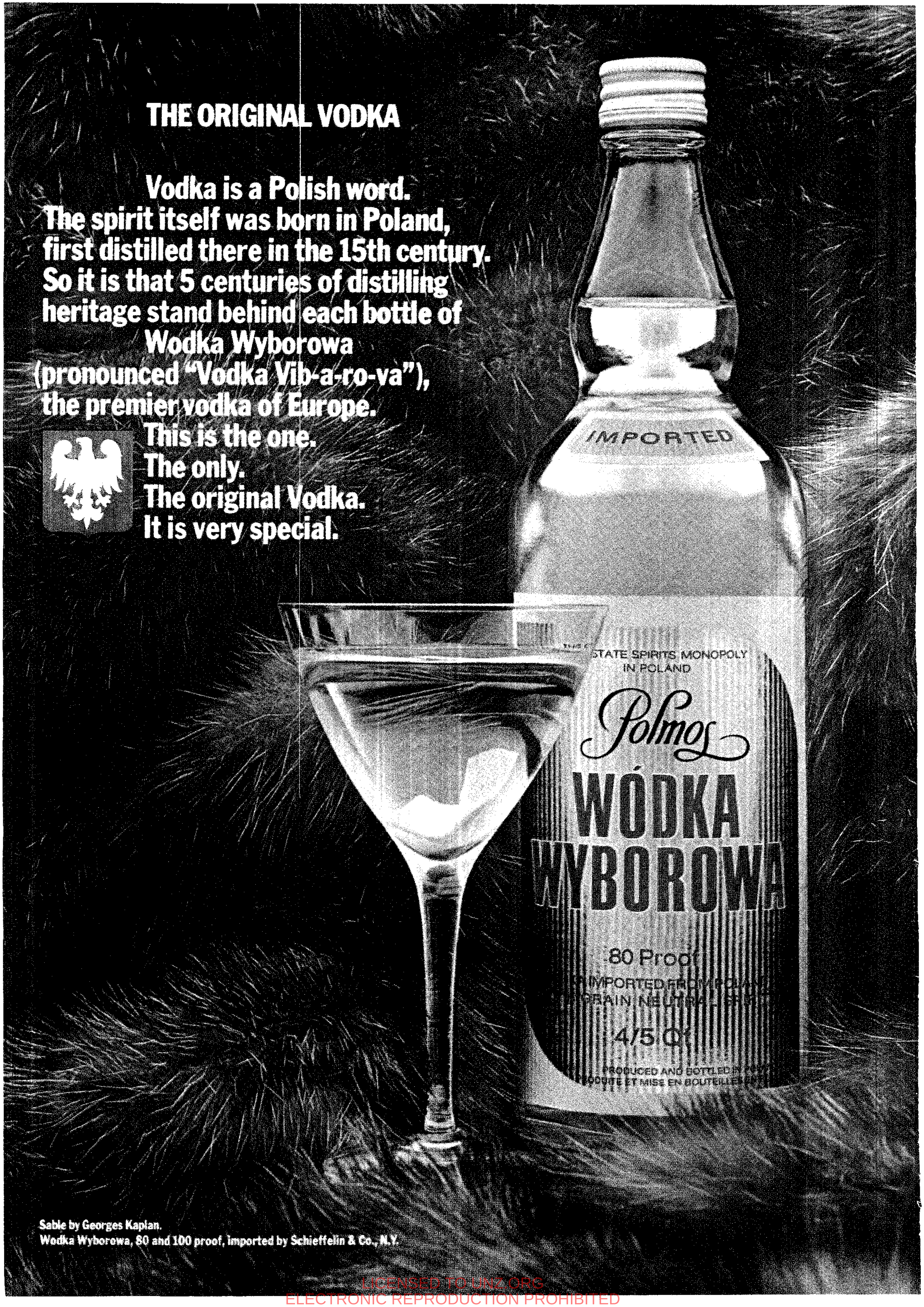
SHOPS

Cuzzens
Las Vegas Hilton
Men's fashions

Ron Postal
Riviera Hotel
Designs for men



AMERICAN EXPRESS
The Money Card



IMPORTED
STATE SPIRITS MONOPOLY
IN POLAND
Polmos
WÓDKA
WYBOROWA
80 Proof
4/5 Qt

THE ORIGINAL VODKA

Vodka is a Polish word.
The spirit itself was born in Poland,
first distilled there in the 15th century.
So it is that 5 centuries of distilling
heritage stand behind each bottle of
Wodka Wyborowa
(pronounced "Vodka Vib-a-ro-va"),
the premier vodka of Europe.
This is the one.
The only.
The original Vodka.
It is very special.

Sable by Georges Kaplan.
Wodka Wyborowa, 80 and 100 proof, imported by Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

word or musical phrase. Being a delicate kind of fault, it was easily forgiven. Her phrasing was smooth and sensitive. Her use of portamento was eloquent and well judged. Her words were tellingly uttered. Moreover, her demeanor on the platform was just right; there is an art of facial expression and pose—rather than overtly theatrical gesture—which helps to bring dramatic presence to concert opera, and Miss Kabaivanska understands it. Placido Domingo, as the fair Paolo, was in full, free voice. He made fine big sounds but brought no trace of intimacy to the gentle exchanges with Francesca. In a manner usually (but not rightly) associated with "Cavalleria Rusticana," he roared and sobbed and flung his arms about as if he were out to wow an Italian provincial audience. Matteo Manuguerra was an impressive Gianciotto—Francesca's husband, the King Mark or Golaud figure of the tale. His baritone is strong, vivid, and commanding, and his characterization was keen. The plot includes a third brother, Malatestino, a tenor, who plays Melot to Gianciotto's Mark; he, too, desires Francesca. Nuccio Saetta's singing of the part was as violent as his name but not inappropriately so in the role of a vicious young firebrand. The numerous small parts were capably done. As Ostasio, Francesca's brother, Harlan Foss produced a fresh, ringing baritone of such quality that one was sorry he had so little to do. Miss Queler has the measure of the score. She conducted it with a sure command of color and pacing. Though her baton technique may appear diffident, she proved—as in that vigorous "Lombardi" earlier this season—that she certainly knows how to bring an opera to life.

THE night before, there had also been concert opera in Carnegie Hall: Act II of Borodin's "Prince Igor," given by the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra, under Henry Lewis. The work is a patchwork of beautiful things, loosely stitched. There is almost no dramatic action. Onstage it can be a spectacular pageant based on the contrasts of Russian and Tatar. The music is bold, distinguished, and marvellously individual. In this performance, Marilyn Horne sang Konchakovna in smooth, opulent tones. As Vladimir, David Kuebler revealed a promising but still unfinished tenor. In the title role, Tom Krause forced his voice until it lost pitch and focus. Jerome Hines was a slightly worn but still vigorous Konchak. I like the New Jersey Symphony. Though the ensemble and the intonation may sometimes stray, its playing is always warm, picturesque, and enthusiastic. The members play as if they loved the music, and such zest is infectious. The act of "Igor" was preceded by a full-hearted account of the Dvořák Cello Concerto, with Lynn Harrell as a strong, glowing soloist.

—ANDREW PORTER

CONCERT RECORDS

Nothing But the Best

ALTHOUGH Montserrat Caballé has been there singing all the time, there has been an impression around the Metropolitan for quite a number of years that the only singer who could do the title role of Bellini's "Norma" is Joan Sutherland. It is a terribly difficult role, regarded as a mountain peak by sopranos, and few singers within memory have been able to cope with it. Maria Callas sang it accurately and with great musicianship, but at a time when her voice was declining and had developed a reedy sound. Both Zinka Milanov and Gina Cigna tried it, with very uneven results. Most elderly opera buffs thought Rosa Ponselle the last singer who could really do justice to it. But this February the Met turned the role over to Miss Caballé, and what happened surprised many operagoers. Now Miss Caballé's "Norma" has been issued on records by RCA Red Seal (LSC-6202, stereo, six sides), and it is a beauty. In the first place, she is surrounded by an ideal cast, including Placido Domingo, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ruggero Raimondi, Elizabeth Bainbridge, and Kenneth Collins. In the second place, the London Philharmonic and the Ambrosian Opera Chorus, also of London, give a performance under Carlo Felice Cillario that is propulsive, exciting, and altogether magnificent. And Miss Caballé proves to be a Norma with not only the requisite technical accomplishments but a special sort of passion and intensity seldom heard in this opera, as well as the purity of tone and the cultivated style that have long characterized her singing. Mr. Domingo, Miss Cossotto, and Mr. Raimondi are splendid singers, worthy in every way of their assignments. The album calls attention again to her superb earlier recordings: Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia," Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," Strauss's "Salome," and many single discs, such as "Verdi Rarities," "Rossini Rarities," "Highlights from 'La Traviata,' " and "Zarzuela Arias," all recorded by RCA (except for the "Manon Lescaut," which is put out by Angel), all

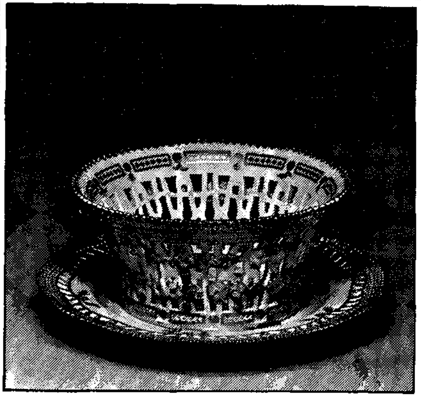
TED BODIN
MAKES IT
EASY TO BE
A WOMAN
ON THE
GO

Bodin Knits

The Stanley Steamer set would have adored traveling in Bodin Knits — the wash-and-wearable coordinates that dry to a speedy, wrinkle-free newness.

Pack a few of your favorite Bodin jackets, pants and shirts (that fit and look like no other shirts you've ever worn), and you'll have a wardrobe that goes everywhere. See Bodin's Fall Line. Dacron® polyester separates, sizes 6-18.

Available soon at Bon Marche, Gimbel's, Joske's, Mabley & Carew, Burdine's, Stern's, Bloomingdale's, Parisian, Jordan Marsh, and other fine stores.



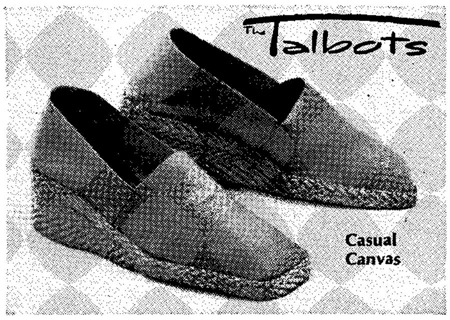
Flora Danica

This distinguished dinnerware has been made since 1789.
Flora Danica is overglaze porcelain.
Each piece is handcrafted.
The elegant flower decoration is painted by skilled artists.
Now we produce app. 52 complete sets a year.
The fruit-bowl today costs $ 408.–
The stand $ 121.–

Royal Copenhagen Art

Available at fine stores everywhere and from our shop:

ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN
573 Madison Avenue, New York 10022



Au courant and very comfortable, our espadrilles are imported from France and made with canvas uppers, crepe-rubber soles and rope-trimmed wedgie heels. Green, white, hot pink, yellow, red or navy. Whole sizes 5-10, N and M. $13.00. Add $1.00 for postage. **Send for free catalog.**

THE TALBOTS • DEPT. ES, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Duxbury, Lenox, Mass.; Mt. Carmel, Avon, Conn.

ADIRONDACK
WOODCRAFT CAMPS

Adventure for boys 7-18. 6 groups. 2 lakes nr Old Forge. Mt., wilderness canoe trips. Sailing, forestry, natural sc., riflery, fishing. Tutoring. Mature staff. Nurses. 48th yr. "One of the best".

Wm. Abbott, Box 2384,
Fayetteville, NY 13066. (315) 637-9501

brown ledge Mallett's Bay, Vt. "One of America's finest camps."

FREE DAILY RIDING FOR ALL. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping optional. Sailing, racing tactics, aquaplaning, drama, tennis, golf, archery, swimming, crafts, trips. "No extras"!

"THE COMPLETE AND DIFFERENT CAMP."
Girls 10-18,
Give Age. Write Winter Office:
Miss Barbara Brown Winslow
155 Dodds Court, Box N.
Burlington, Vt. 05401
JC COURSE

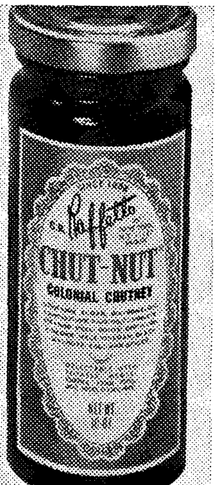
HORSES
WATER SKIING
Chris Craft

in stereo. They preserve one of the greatest soprano voices of our time.

SAINT-SAËNS: The Five Piano Concertos, Aldo Ciccolini as pianist, with the Orchestre de Paris, Serge Baudo conducting, plus the same composer's Septet for Trumpet, Strings, and Piano, performed by the Groupe Instrumental de Paris, with Jean Laforge as pianist, and the Étude en Forme de Valse, played by Mr. Ciccolini alone (Seraphim SIC-6081, stereo, six sides). Very famous during his lifetime, Camille Saint-Saëns has since become a composer of problematical stature. His composing technique was sure from the very beginning, and yet his melodic invention and his inspiration flagged here and there. Of these concertos, the popular Second is by far the strongest, though the seldom played First has the engaging originality one might expect of a twenty-three-year-old composer trying his spurs. Nos. 3, 4, and 5 are frequently dull and academic, but Mr. Ciccolini and Mr. Baudo make the most of them. The Septet and the Étude are trifles serving to fill out the last side.

EZRA POUND: "Le Testament de Villon," from the poem by François Villon, done by the Western Opera Theater (of the San Francisco Opera), Robert Hughes conducting, with Philip Booth, John Duykers, Renée Blowers, Dorothy Barnhouse, Dan Parkerson, Sandra Bush, Lawrence Cooper, and others (Fantasy, 12001, stereo, two sides). This recording is a credit to the performers (who sing well and generally cope excellently with the archaic French) and the enterprise of the Western Opera Theater and the people who have recorded the work. It is, however, a mere musical curiosity, and of mainly historical interest. Pound was a great poet, and he knew how words ought to be set to music. But his technique of composition was rudimentary, and he was incapable of filling out a score effectively. The "Testament" is written in an archaic style (it dates from the period of deliberate archaism that was fashionable in the twenties in the works of Stravinsky and the École de Paris), and, despite a tuneful moment now and then (particularly the "Priest's Aria"), it consists almost entirely of a lonely vocal line accompanied by inexpert writing for bassoons, trombones, kettledrums, and dissonant bells.

RACHMANINOFF: "The Covetous Knight" (Opera after Pushkin), by the Moscow Radio Symphony, Gen-



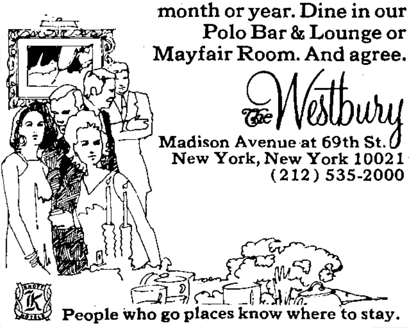
The sexier chutney.

Full bodied, exotic, exciting relish of fruits and black walnuts—serve it proudly with curries, meats, salad dressings and cottage cheese

Chut-Nut
by Raffetto

A fine location for the finer things in life.

Including the art of fine living. Stay in one of our handsome rooms or suites which are available by the day, month or year. Dine in our Polo Bar & Lounge or Mayfair Room. And agree.



The Westbury
Madison Avenue at 69th St.
New York, New York 10021
(212) 535-2000

People who go places know where to stay.

More than a restaurant...
Swiss Chalet
San Juan, Puerto Rico
Cocktails, Luncheon, Dinner, Dancing

Outstanding Forest Hideaway

Circa 1780 log house, fastidiously restored, elegantly furnished and equipped, in exquisite Appalachian setting on Tree Farm abutting National Forest. By week or month and yours alone. Year round. Information from Choppingale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia, 24432.

109 leading contenders for the 1973 NBA.

ARTS AND LETTERS

LEO BRAUDY—Jean Renoir: The World of His Films. *Doubleday*

ARLENE CROCE—The Fred Astaire & Ginger Rogers Book. *Outerbridge & Lazard*

STANLEY E. FISH—Self-Consuming Artifacts: The Experience of Seventeenth-Century Literature. *Univ. of California Press*

MICHAEL GOLDMAN—Shakespeare and the Energies of Drama. *Princeton Univ. Press*

PAUL GOODMAN—Speaking and Language: Defense of Poetry. *Random House*

DANIEL HOFFMAN—Poe Poe Poe Poe Poe Poe Poe. *Doubleday*

ALBERT MURRAY—South to a Very Old Place. *McGraw-Hill*

LINDA NOCHLIN—Realism. *Penguin*

HAROLD ROSENBERG—The De-Definition of Art: Action Art to Pop to Earthworks. *Horizon Press*

LEO STEINBERG—Other Criteria: Confrontations with Twentieth-Century Art. *Oxford Univ. Press*

LIONEL TRILLING—Sincerity and Authenticity. *Harvard Univ. Press*

ALEC WILDER—American Popular Song: The Great Innovators, 1900-1950. *Oxford Univ. Press*

ARTHUR M. WILSON—Diderot. *Oxford Univ. Press*

VERNON YOUNG—On Film: Unpopular Essays on a Popular Art. *Quadrangle Books*

BIOGRAPHY

INGRID BENGIS—Combat in the Erogenous Zone. *Knopf*

HORTENSE CALISHER—Herself. *Arbor House*

KENNETH S. DAVIS—FDR: The Beckoning of Destiny, 1882-1928. *Putnam*

LEON EDEL—Henry James: The Master, 1901-1916. *Lippincott*

ELEANOR FLEXNER—Mary Wollstonecraft: A Biography. *Coward, McCann & Geoghegan*

JAMES THOMAS FLEXNER—George Washington: Anguish and Farewell (1793-1799). *Little, Brown*

NIKKI GIOVANNI—Gemini: an extended biographical statement on my first twenty-five years of being a black poet. *Bobbs-Merrill*

JOHN HOUSEMAN—Run-Through: A Memoir. *Simon and Schuster*

DIANE JOHNSON—The True History of the First Mrs. Meredith and Other Lesser Lives. *Knopf*

GEORGE KENNAN—Memoirs, 1950-1963. *Atlantic/Little, Brown*

JOSEPH P. LASH—Eleanor: The Years Alone. *Norton*

MARGARET MEAD—Blackberry Winter: My Earlier Years. *Morrow*

PETER STANSKY & WILLIAM ABRAHAMS—The Unknown Orwell. *Knopf*

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

BETSY BYARS—The House of Wings (illus. by Daniel Schwartz). *Viking*

INGRI & EDGAR PARIN D'AULAIRE—Trolls. *Doubleday*

JEAN CRAIGHEAD GEORGE—Julie of the Wolves (illus. by John Schoenherr). *Harper & Row*

URSULA LE GUIN—The Farthest Shore (illus. by Gail Garraty). *Atheneum*

JULIUS LESTER—Long Journey Home: Stories from Black History. *Dial Press*

BETTY JEAN LIFTON & THOMAS C. FOX—Children of Vietnam (illus. by Thomas C. Fox with photographs). *Atheneum*

GEORGESS McHARGUE—The Impossible People: A History Natural and Unnatural of Beings Terrible and Wonderful (illus. by Frank Bozzo). *Holt, Rinehart & Winston*

ZILTHA KEATLEY SNYDER—The Witches of Worm (illus. by Alton Raible). *Atheneum*

WILLIAM STEIG—Dominic. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux*

CONTEMPORARY AFFAIRS

MICHAEL BARONE, GRANT UJIFUSA & DOUGLAS MATTHEWS—The Almanac of American Politics: The Senators, the Representatives—Their Records, States and Districts—1972. *Gambit*

HERBERT BLOCK—Herblock's State of the Union. *Simon and Schuster*

LYNN EDEN—Crisis in Watertown: The Polarization of an American Community. *Univ. of Michigan Press*

FRANCES FITZGERALD—Fire in the Lake: The Vietnamese and the Americans in Vietnam. *Atlantic/Little, Brown*

DAVID HALBERTSTAM—The Best and the Brightest. *Random House*

SEYMOUR HERSH—Cover-Up. *Random House*

STANLEY KARNOW—Mao and China: From Revolution to Revolution. *Viking*

RICHARD SENNETT & JONATHAN COBB—The Hidden Injuries of Class. *Knopf*

COLIN M. TURNBULL—The Mountain People. *Simon and Schuster*

GARRY WILLS—Bare Ruined Choirs: Doubt, Prophecy and Radical Religion. *Doubleday*

Attica: The Official Report of the New York State Special Commission on Attica. *Praeger*

FICTION

JOHN BARTH—Chimera. *Random House*

BROCK BOWER—The Late Great Creature. *Atheneum*

ALAN FRIEDMAN—Hermaphrodeity: The Autobiography of a Poet. *Knopf*

BARRY HANNAH—Geronimo Rex. *Viking*

GEORGE V. HIGGINS—The Friends of Eddie Coyle. *Knopf*

R. M. KOSTER—The Prince. *Morrow*

VLADIMIR NABOKOV—Transparent Things. *McGraw-Hill*

ISHMAEL REED—Mumbo Jumbo. *Doubleday*

THOMAS ROGERS—The Confessions of a Child of the Century. *Simon and Schuster*

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER—Enemies, A Love Story. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux*

EUDORA WELTY—The Optimist's Daughter. *Random House*

JOHN WILLIAMS—Augustus. *Viking*

HISTORY

JAMES D. BARBER—Presidential Character: Predicting Performance in the White House. *Prentice-Hall*

JOHN P. DIGGINS—Mussolini and Fascism. *Princeton Univ. Press*

RICHARD DUNN—Sugar and Slaves. *Univ. of North Carolina Press*

LOREN R. GRAHAM—Science & Philosophy in the Soviet Union. *Knopf*

DAVID LOVEJOY—The Glorious Revolution in America. *Harper & Row*

JERRE MANGIONE—The Dream and the Deal: The Federal Writers' Project 1935-1943. *Little, Brown*

ROBERT M. MYERS—The Children of Pride. *Yale Univ. Press*

ROBERT O. PAXTON—Vichy France: Old Guard and New Order, 1940-1944. *Knopf*

EDWARD E. RICE—Mao's Way. *Univ. of California Press*

ISAIAH TRUNK—Judenrat. *Macmillan*

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

SYDNEY E. AHLSTROM—A Religious History of the American People. *Yale Univ. Press*

SILVANO ARIETI—The Will to be Human. *Quadrangle Books*

GERMAINE BRÉE—Camus and Sartre: Crisis and Commitment. *Delacorte Press*

STANLEY CAVELL—The Senses of Walden: An Exploration of Thoreau's Masterpiece. *Viking*

WILLIAM A. CHRISTIAN, JR.—Person and God in a Spanish Valley. *Seminar Press*

ARTHUR C. DANTO—Mysticism and Morality: Oriental Thought and Moral Philosophy. *Basic Books*

WILLIAM LEISS—The Domination of Nature. *Braziller*

THEODORE ROSZAK—Where the Wasteland Ends: Politics and Transcendence in Postindustrial Society. *Doubleday*

MORTON WHITE—Science and Sentiment in America: Philosophical Thought from Jonathan Edwards to John Dewey. *Oxford Univ. Press*

THEODORE ZIOLKOWSKI—Fictional Transfiguration of Jesus. *Princeton Univ. Press*

POETRY

A. R. AMMONS—Collected Poems: 1951-1971. *Norton*

W. H. AUDEN—Epistle to a Godson and Other Poems. *Random House*

JOHN BERRYMAN—Delusions, Etc. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux*

RICHARD EBERHART—Fields of Grace. *Oxford Univ. Press*

SAMUEL HAZO—Once for the Last Bandit: New and Previous Poems. *Univ. of Pittsburgh Press*

JOHN HOLLANDER—Town & Country Matters: Erotica & Satirica. *David R. Godine*

DENISE LEVERTOV—Footprints. *New Directions*

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH—The Human Season: Selected Poems 1926-1972. *Houghton, Mifflin*

JAMES MERRILL—Braving the Elements. *Atheneum*

FREDERICK MORGAN—A Book of Change. *Scribner*

ISHMAEL REED—Conjure. *Univ. of Massachusetts Press*

LOUIS SIMPSON—Adventures of the Letter I. *Harper & Row*

THE SCIENCES

JOHN E. BARDACH, JOHN H. RYTHER & WILLIAM O. McLARNEY—Aquaculture: The Farming and Husbandry of Freshwater and Marine Organisms. *Wiley*

HERMAN H. GOLDSTINE—The Computer from Pascal to von Neumann. *Viking*

GARRETT HARDIN—Exploring New Ethics for Survival: The Voyage of the Spaceship Beagle. *Viking*

MORRIS KLINE—Mathematical Thought from Ancient to Modern Times. *Oxford Univ. Press*

LEWIS H. McKINNEY—Wallace and Natural Selection. *Yale Univ. Press*

PETER MATTHIESSEN & ELIOT PORTER—The Tree Where Man was Born/The African Experience. *E. P. Dutton*

VICTOR RICHARDS, M.D.—Cancer: The Wayward Cell. Its Origins, Nature and Treatment. *Univ. of California Press*

GEORGE B. SCHALLER—The Serengeti Lion: A Study of Predator-Prey Relations. *Univ. of Chicago Press*

ANN H. ZWINGER & BEATRICE E. WILLARD—Land Above the Trees: A Guide to American Alpine Tundra. *Harper & Row*

TRANSLATION

TRANSLATOR

LILY FEILER—Mayakovsky and his Circle, by Viktor Shklovsky. *Dodd, Mead*

MICHAEL GALLAGHER—Spring Snow, by Yukio Mishima. *Knopf*

RICHARD HOWARD—A Happy Death, by Albert Camus. *Knopf*

EDMUND KEELEY & PHILIP SHERRARD—Selected Poems, by C. P. Cavafy. *Princeton Univ. Press*

ISAAC KLEIN—The Book of Women: The Code of Maimonides, Book Four. *Yale Univ. Press*

ALLEN MANDELBAUM—The Aeneid of Virgil. *Univ. of California Press*

ELEANORE L. M. SCHMIDT—Studies on the Interior of Russia, by August von Haxthausen. *Univ. of Chicago Press*

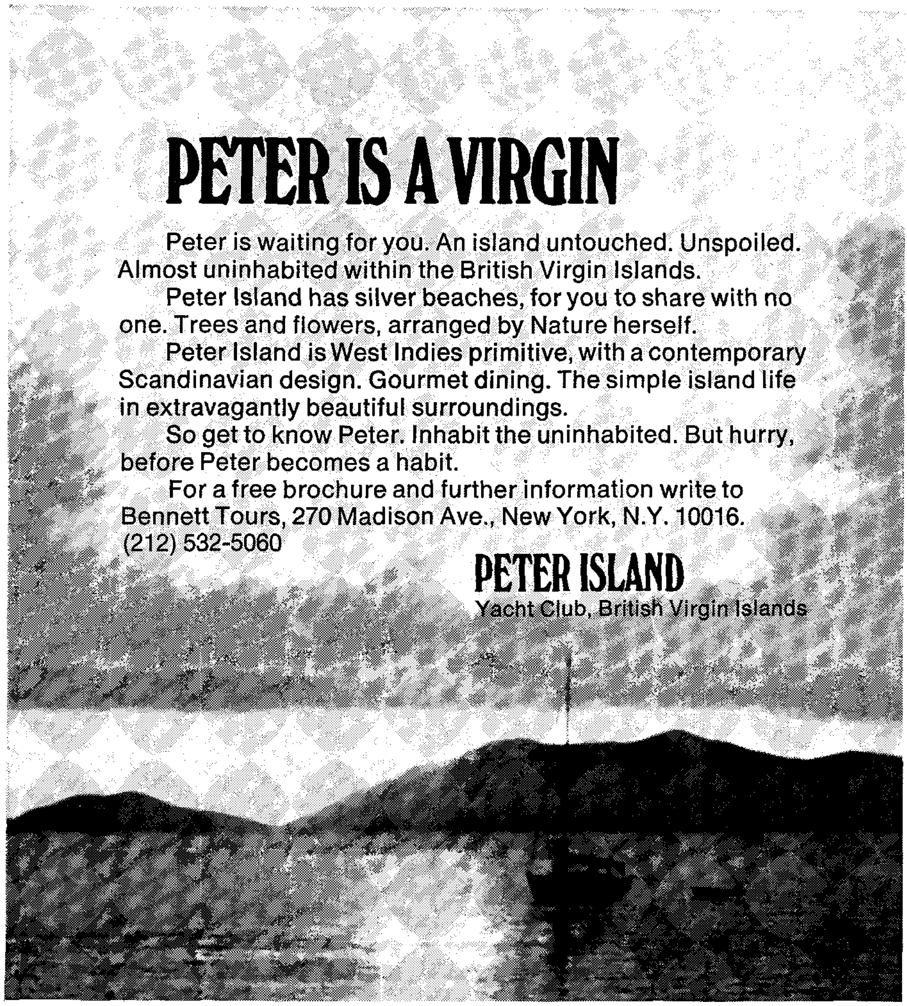
VICTOR TERRAS—The Gambler, with Polina Suslova's Diary, by Fyodor Dostoevsky. *Univ. of Chicago Press*

MAY SWENSON—Windows and Stones: Selected Poems by Tomas Tranströmer. *Univ. of Pittsburgh Press*

Ten panels of judges have nominated these 109 books for the 24th National Book Awards. Only one winner will be named for each of the ten categories. The winners will be announced on April 10th. And on April 12th, at a ceremony in Alice Tully Hall at New York's Lincoln Center, each winning author will receive a prize of $1,000 in recognition of outstanding achievement.

THE 24th ANNUAL NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS

The National Book Committee, a non-profit membership corporation, administers the Book Awards Programs on behalf of four donor organizations: the American Booksellers Association, the Association of American Publishers, the Children's Book Council, and the National Association of College Stores.



PETER IS A VIRGIN

Peter is waiting for you. An island untouched. Unspoiled. Almost uninhabited within the British Virgin Islands.

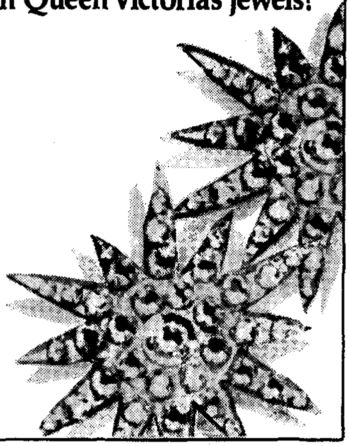
Peter Island has silver beaches, for you to share with no one. Trees and flowers, arranged by Nature herself.

Peter Island is West Indies primitive, with a contemporary Scandinavian design. Gourmet dining. The simple island life in extravagantly beautiful surroundings.

So get to know Peter. Inhabit the uninhabited. But hurry, before Peter becomes a habit.

For a free brochure and further information write to Bennett Tours, 270 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. (212) 532-5060

PETER ISLAND
Yacht Club, British Virgin Islands



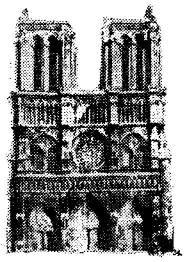
Has her own darling Prince of Wales stolen Queen Victoria's jewels?

OH!
WHERE ARE BLOODY MARY'S EARRINGS?
A Victorian Romp by Robert Player

"Deliciously irreverent."
—*Dorothy Eden.* "I can only use superlatives."—*Emily Kimbrough.* "Fine period entertainment."—*Barbara Bannon*

$6.95 at bookstores

Harper & Row
10 E. 53rd St., New York 10022
1817



Postscript to a Dead Letter
A MIDNIGHT NOVEL OF SUSPENSE
DONALD MacKENZIE

The U.S. has the Mafia. France has the Union Corse, whose influence reaches deep into government. When Ross Macintyre accidentally unearthed a story that would score his biggest beat as a reporter, he faced one big fact: with one small goof he'd get his head blown off.

At your bookstore • $5.95 HMCo

MIDNIGHT NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

nadi Rozhdestvensky conducting, with Lev Kuznetsov, Alexei Usmanov, Ivan Budrin, Boris Dobrin, and Sergei Yakovanko (Melodiya/Angel SRBL-4121, stereo, four sides). Rachmaninoff, who was a master of small forms, never quite succeeded in the larger ones, though he wrote several operas and numerous symphonies and piano concertos. This opera is an early work, dating from 1904-05. The all-male cast produces a certain monotony, and there is Rachmaninovian gloom throughout. I doubt whether the opera would survive in the West. Yet there are some stunning moments, among them the greedy Baron's ode to his gold, which occupies the whole of Side 2 and which would make a fine concert number for any bass. There is drama but not much characterization—partly because the libretto hasn't much, partly because the composer wasn't very good at it.

WAGNER: "Tristan und Isolde," by the Berlin Philharmonic, Herbert von Karajan conducting, with Jon Vickers, Helga Dernesch, Christa Ludwig, Walter Berry, Karl Ridderbusch, and others (Angel SEL-3777, stereo, ten sides). This is, on the whole, a superb recording. Karajan's interpretation is dramatic, sensitive, and flexible. Vickers makes Tristan into a real heldentenor. Dernesch is a youthful, warm, and affecting Isolde. Ludwig and Berry are, in their roles, the equals of performers you will find anywhere else. The sound is splendid, but so intimately miked that in order to hear all the details you have to play the recording in a very large room or an auditorium. Otherwise, the big climaxes are deafening or, if you throttle them down, muddy.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

The major remodeling was in the kitchen, enlarged to country kitchen size by including the pantry and a large walk-in freezer. The latter serves as a bright, spacious breakfast area with the addition of a large window.—*Flint* (*Mich.*) *Journal.*

And a buzzer in case the door won't open.

•

OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

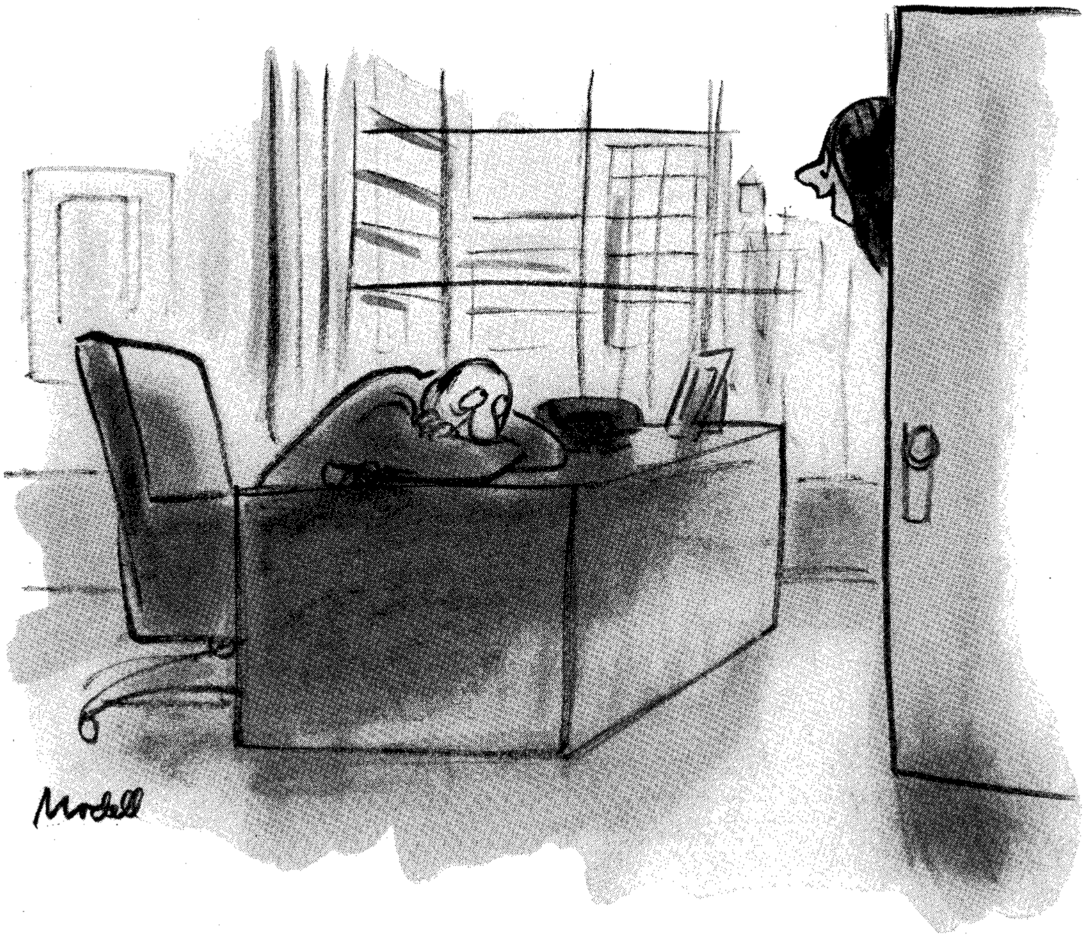
Cannon Ball Rental Co., Dallas.
Hansel & Gretel Baby Sitting Service, Anchorage, Alaska.
Transparent Shade Company, Los Angeles.
Aardvark Exterminating Company, Woodmere, N.Y.
Leather Jelly-Bean Co., Providence, R.I.

BOOKS

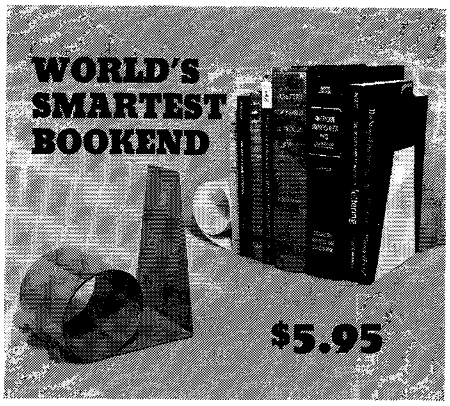
Indirection

"COUNSELOR AYRES' MEMORIAL" (University of California Press) was the last novel by the Brazilian writer Joachim Maria Machado de Assis. He finished it and saw it published in 1908—the year in which he celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday, and died. Although it is as crisp and laconic as the best of his earlier works, and as shrewd in its insights, it is very much an old man's book, concerned primarily with its elderly narrator's recognition that, along with the rest of his generation, he has become an irrelevant voyeur on the margin of the lives of the young, who still have destinies to fulfill or reshape. The story, told in the form of selected extracts from Counselor Ayres' diary, begins in a graveyard in which he is performing a vestigial act of ancestor worship with his sister. He has recently come home to Brazil after spending some thirty years abroad in the diplomatic service, and his sister has asked him to go with her to give thanks for his safe return beside the tombs in which their father and mother and her late husband lie. While she is praying, the Counselor, who has buried a wife in Vienna, notices an attractive young woman in widow's weeds at her devotions by a grave nearby. His sister is able to tell him who this person is: the child of people they know, grown up, who for two years has been mourning a husband with whom she lived for only a few months. On an impulse, the Counselor asserts that this widow will marry again. His sister, who has arranged her life around the idea of loyalty to the memory of her husband, denies the possibility. He replies that it is a certainty, and she comes back at him by saying that if he is so sure of it, he should, since the woman so evidently attracts him, try to get her for himself. In the unguarded instant in which he gives this challenge thought, he is visited by one of those concentrations of interest and feeling which Stendhal calls a crystallization, and this stranger to him takes possession of his heart and mind.

As a lover, Counselor Ayres does not amount to very much; he is a typical Machado de Assis hero in that his passions can do no more than draw him into the fringes of those regions in which they might become the springs of action. Some earlier happening in his life, barely hinted at, and, in the manner of a *no* play, never defined, has crippled him emotionally so that he is doomed to be a fly trapped in the amber of his self-consciousness, the imprisoned witness to a universe of feeling and experience in which he can never be more than a *spectator ab extra*. The Counselor is a blood brother to the hero of Machado de Assis's "Dom Casmurro," the big thing in whose life is his wife's adultery with his friend Escobar, and to the narrator of the same author's "Epitaph of a Small Winner," whose central experience proves to be a trivial episode in the history of another man's marriage: all that Counselor Ayres is to get out of his autumnal passion for the young widow is a little pain and knowledge of the greater pain that the marriage she ultimately makes is to inflict upon her devoted foster parents. Some may feel that the book is just another exact but, by definition, extremely limited study of the pathology of the small wounds through which the self-esteem of a certain kind of man drains away. But this is to mistake indirection for insufficiency, and to misread the aims and the accomplishment of a very shrewd and tough-minded writer, whose habit it is to keep the focal points of his compositions off-center, and sometimes out of sight. It is his special gift to be able to force things he has not set out on his pages into the consciousness of his readers; he compels them to complete his compositions in the only possible way. One thinks in this connection of Vermeer's rooms, where nothing much is happening, where nothing much has ever happened, filled with barely broken si-



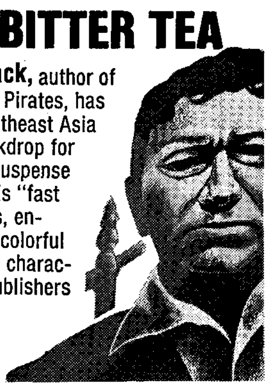
"If you're finished with your little snooze, Mr. Beldin is here to see you."



A BOOKWORM is a one piece bookend to end all bookends. Take a book out or put one in, BOOKWORM knows what to do—and does it by itself. Automatically, BOOKWORM's *ingenious spring steel* coil adjusts to hold from 2 to 22 inches of books, directories, magazines.

Imported from England. Winner of the British Design Center award. Available in satin smooth white, black, red and royal blue acrylic finishes.

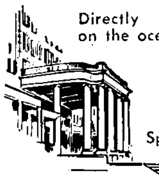
Pentalic Corporation NY5
132 West 22nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10011
Please send me (state number of each color) __white __black __red __blue BOOKWORMS.
Name__________
Address__________
City______State______Zip______
Add 50¢ per BOOKWORM for postage/handling.


A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

"Action and excitement"*
THE BITTER TEA
Gavin Black, author of A Time for Pirates, has picked Southeast Asia as the backdrop for this vivid suspense novel that is "fast and furious, enhanced by colorful scenes and characters."—*Publishers Weekly
$5.95

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

Newport Where the visual and performing arts are an integral part of the college preparatory curriculum. Coed—Boarding and Day—Grades 9–12. Credit courses in drama, dance, music and art including ceramics, sculpture, film, jewelry and printmaking. For information write:
Sidney S. Gorham III, Headmaster
The Newport School, Box 471-N
Newport, R. I. 02840. Tel: 401-847-0400


Directly on the ocean
THE Essex AND Sussex HOTEL
Spring Lake, New Jersey 07762
Reservations (201) 449-7000
Carl E. Lindblade, Gen. Mgr.

lences, which nonetheless contain a substantial part, perhaps the essential part, of life as one knows it.

—Anthony West

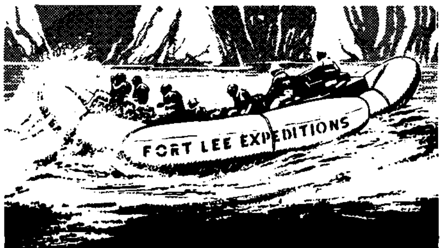
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Gasp, by Romain Gary (Putnam). It's that old reprobate the blind thirster after knowledge—or, as M. Gary puts it, the "eternal transgressor and seeker"—again. The unhappy villain ("He was nothing but a Stradivarius on which some cosmic Paganini was playing") is Marc Mathieu: a gloomy but sexy French physicist—he is unblushingly compared to Einstein and Gauguin—who discovers how to draw people's vital energy (called gasp) into little white containers (gaspers) at the moment of death, and use it for a kind of super-fuel. His discovery is universally welcomed at first (it solves the energy crisis), but before long the containers, which are made of stalinite and pascalite (get it?), start to leak; the fallout is found to have a horrible effect on the mind and nerves; and the Big Powers fall into a gasp race. Hundreds of clichés about spirit versus technology later, total annihilation of the earth is narrowly averted in a rather campy, sci-fi showdown that will probably look equally silly on the wide, wide screen that appears to be this book's true destination.

GENERAL

Half of Spain Died: A Reappraisal of the Spanish Civil War, by Herbert L. Matthews (Scribners). The author, now retired, was for years a *Times* foreign correspondent, and he reported the Spanish Civil War of 1936-39 for that paper. He was appalled by how inaccurately the war was being portrayed abroad—Loyalist atrocities were exaggerated and Nationalist massacres concealed, the government was described as Communist, and the rebels, whose most effective troops were Muslim conscripts and Nazi airmen, were painted as pious Catholics. Mr. Matthews recalls that Fascist and Communist intervention gave the war international implications, but today, in retrospect, he thinks that the war was essentially Spanish. The intensity and the multiplicity of the hatreds that brought it on belong, he feels, to Iberian, not European, history. Since Franco has never thought of reconciliation but only of



Explore Grand Canyon by River Raft

Travel Grand Canyon's "river road" now in a party of no more than 12 . . . with a skilled boatman and helper to give you personal care. Bring only your clothing, tooth brush. 3 DAYS — 60 miles — with lift out at the Little Colorado, $295. 6 DAYS—250 miles — helicopter into canyon, scenic flight out, $395. 8 DAYS—310 miles — Lees Ferry to Temple Bar, with flight back over the canyon or to Las Vegas, $495.

Call or write for Free Brochure.
FORT LEE COMPANY
P.O. Box 2103N Lees Ferry
Marble Canyon, Arizona 86036
602/645-3111 (or 602/645-3185)

La Maestra
A NOVEL BY MARY CARTER
Arabella is forty, widowed, an American in Florence. Her story is for every woman who knows that love is not just for the very young—and certainly not forever. $6.95
Atlantic-Little, Brown

VACATION ON A CHARTER YACHT
LOWER CARIBBEAN
The 60 foot sloop GOOD HOPE is now chartering after extensive remodelling. A classic ocean racer with a new interior layout: 2 private double staterooms, each with head and shower; 2 transom berths amidships for children or third couple. Professional crew of 3. Write for a brochure:
Solstice Corporation/N.C.S.
217 Jackson Street
Lowell, Massachusetts 01852
Or call:
Genie Rice 212-427-0021
David Higgins 207-883-4683

TRAMP TRIPS & LUXURY CRUISE GUIDE 1973 Ed.
116 pg. illus. guide encompassing world-wide cruises plus many select voyages on 12-passenger freighters. Send $2.50 to: TRIP LOG, Air & Marine Travel Service, 501 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

suppression, the implication of Mr. Matthews' theory is painful: another Spanish Civil War in the future.

VICTORIAN CHILDREN, by Graham Ovenden and Robert Melville (St. Martin's). Some of the photographs in this album of nineteenth-century nymphets are almost as unconsciously dirty as the writing in Henry James's "Watch and Ward." Others—pictures of child prostitutes and beggar girls—are as disturbing as a Mayhew report. But the book's value as a psycho-social document of the Victorian age is seriously compromised—and its value as a work of photography reduced to nothing—by the abysmal quality of the reproductions. Lewis Carroll, Julia Margaret Cameron, Robert Crawshay, David Octavius Hill, and Oscar Gustave Rejlander are among the photographers misrepresented; Robert Melville, an English art critic, wrote the book's eccentric and elegant introduction, and Graham Ovenden, an English painter, selected the photographs from his own collection.

GEORGE M. COHAN, by John McCabe (Doubleday). This critical biography is a remarkable feat of understanding and appraising a theatrical artist of a past time. The author, a formally trained actor, describes the personality and work of a self-taught song-and-dance man who became a successful playwright and, eventually, a profound actor. He recalls the innovations that Cohan brought to American musical comedy, suggests which of these are his legacy, and notes Cohan's particular gifts. Mr. McCabe never wallows in sentimental nonsense about "the good old days." He is playing to the intelligence and interest of his audience, and he does not disappoint either.

WILLEM DE KOONING DRAWINGS, by Thomas B. Hess (New York Graphic Society). Forty years of works on paper. They show, more discernibly than his paintings, de Kooning's consistent progress in freeing himself and his art. Until about 1945, de Kooning strove for the tight precision of classical picture-making. Temperamental impatience, however, or despair of matching models such as Ingres, kept him from completing his drawings, so, except in a few instances, they consist of beautifully worked out fragments—details of a shoulder, nostrils, a fold of cloth. With the abstractions of 1945 a loosening appears, and with

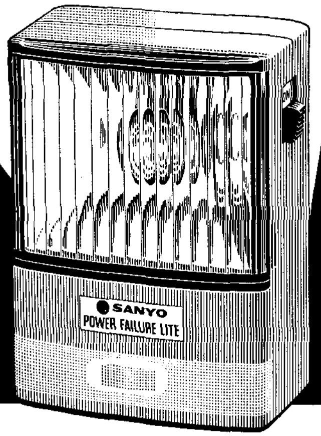
Our Sanyo PF (Power Failure) Light really packs a triple wallop. Keep it plugged into any socket to keep its nickel-cadmium batteries at peak charge and to serve as a soft nightlight. But let power be interrupted...and, presto, PF Light automatically switches on and provides brilliant area illumination until service is restored. Unplug it, and it's a hand lantern of broad beam and exceptional brightness. Shouldn't you have the Sanyo PF today—nightlight, automatic emergency floodlight, and great rechargeable flashlight for all occasions? It's beautifully priced: $14.95 (plus $1 postage).

SEND NO MONEY—CALL TOLL FREE TODAY
(800) 621-8200 (In Illinois call (800) 972-8302)

You are a nice person and your credit is good. We'll fill your order right away.

584 Washington Street
San Francisco
Calif. 94111
haverhill's
NY0331 366

WALLOP DARKNESS WITH 1 2 3 PUNCH!



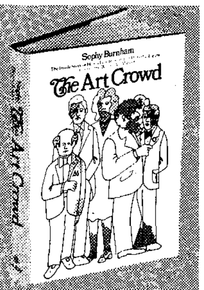
THE #1 BESTSELLER CHANGING MILLIONS OF LIVES IS NOW AN AVON PAPERBACK.

Open Marriage
A New Life Style for Couples
by Nena O'Neill and George O'Neill
$1.95 AVON

HANKY-PANKY!

Hanky-panky at the Metropolitan, also at MOMA, The Smithsonian, Los Angeles, and other temples of art, as exposed in Sophy Burnham's book THE ART CROWD, has sent directors, curators, trustees, donors, collectors, dealers, and critics scurrying for cover while artists cheer. Don't miss it.

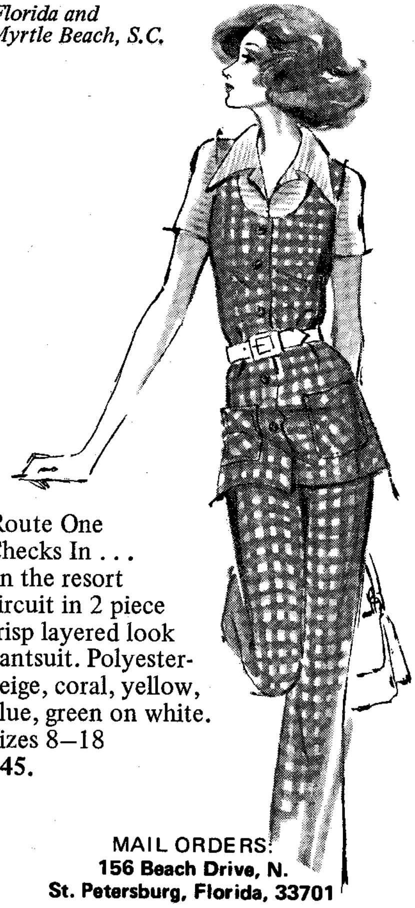
At bookstores/$8.95 McKAY



Become a skinflint gourmet!

GOOD CHEAP FOOD
by Miriam Ungerer
Good, sound, money-saving *real* food, based on the world's great cuisines, that you can cook well on next to nothing.
A WILLIAM COLE BOOK
Cloth $10.00; paper $3.95
THE VIKING PRESS

JOHN BALDWIN
Florida and
Myrtle Beach, S.C.



Route One
Checks In . . .
on the resort
circuit in 2 piece
crisp layered look
pantsuit. Polyester-
beige, coral, yellow,
blue, green on white.
Sizes 8–18
$45.

MAIL ORDERS:
156 Beach Drive, N.
St. Petersburg, Florida, 33701

An Irreverent Dictionary of Business & Finance
THE LANGUAGE OF Money
WILLIAM DAVIS
"Lucid, pointed, and above all informative."
—*The Financial Times*
At bookstores
$6.95
HMCo

ESCAPE TO THE STILL VIRGIN BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

Escape crowds, pollution, tension and television at our own private island—Marina Cay. Simple comforts, good food, wine, beach and near perfect weather all year (our summers are beautiful!). Bring books, forget ties and unwind. Write Marina Cay, Box 76R, British Virgin Islands. Or call Tortola 4-2174.

OLD·DROVERS· INN
DOVER PLAINS· N.Y.

Luxury
Country
Dining
•
Overnight
Accommodations
•
Reservations: (914) 832-3811 • Closed Tues & Wed

the magnificent black-and-white flowing compositions of 1950-51 the de Kooning of "Excavation" and "Woman I" has been launched. In these works, de Kooning has shaken off his masters and put an end to the distinction between finished and unfinished—every scratch is now a complete statement. Mr. Hess, who directed de Kooning's international retrospective for the Museum of Modern Art, in 1968-69, has assembled about a hundred and thirty drawings, from all of de Kooning's major periods, and has supplied a commentary on the artist, plus analyses of the individual drawings. His observations, obviously the fruit of prolonged reflection, combine biographical and technical data, formal and psychological speculations, and a close scrutiny of iconographical substance. It is an informative and enthusiastic presentation, and the reproductions are excellent. Twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents.

NOTE: "Forewords and Afterwords," a collection of essays by W. H. Auden, has been published by Random House, and "Divas," a collection of biographies of operatic sopranos by Winthrop Sargeant, has been published by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. Much of the material in both books appeared originally in this magazine. . . . The Dial Press has published "Thirteen: The Flight That Failed," an account by Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr., of the nearly disastrous flight of Apollo 13 to the moon. The material in this book, too, originally appeared here, in slightly different form. . . . "A. Philip Randolph: A Biographical Portrait," by Jervis Anderson, has been published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Again, most of the material originally appeared here in slightly different form.

•

The press statement, moreover, left the impression that the Egyptians and Romans had not reached full agreement on a coordinated strategy for the next phase of diplomatic efforts toward a diplomatic settlement.—*The Times.*

Marc Antony is never around when you need him.

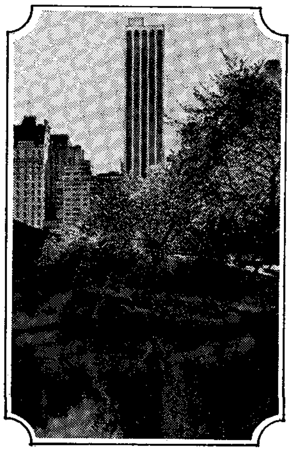
•

FONDUE BOURGUIGNONNE

Purchase prime quality, well-hung beef or pork fillet, skinned and defeated, and cut into one inch cubes. You will need 5 to 7 ounces (150 grams) per person. —*Recipe that came with a beef-fondue pot.*

Per depressed person, that is.

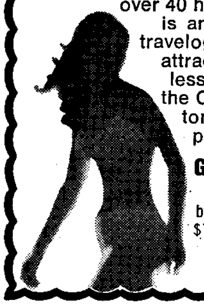
The height of luxury in New York City soars 46 stories over Central Park.



The Park Lane Hotel
36 Central Park South, N.Y. 10019
(212) 371-4000

PANORAMIC VIEWS • DE LUXE SERVICE
INDIVIDUAL CLIMATE CONTROLS
COLOR TELEVISION • REFRIGERATORS
LAVISH APPOINTMENTS
MOTOR ENTRANCE AND GARAGE

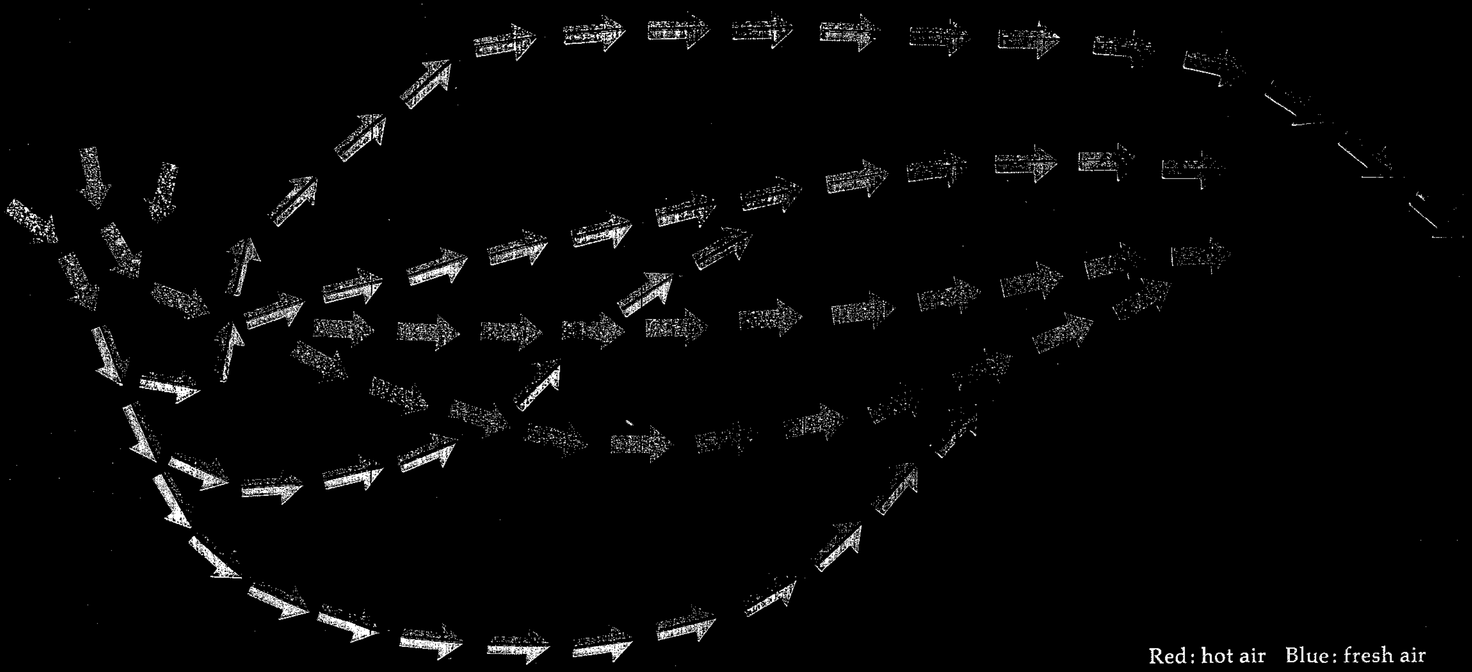
Paradise Past and Paradise Present



Gorgeously illustrated with more than 100 color photographs and over 40 historical prints, here is an exciting, full-scale travelogue about the most attractive (many of them lesser known) islands of the Caribbean—their histories and present-day pleasures. 8½" x 11".
GOLDEN ISLANDS OF THE CARIBBEAN
by Fred Ward & Ted Spiegel
$10, now at your bookstore
Crown

BOOK HUNTING?
Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: Dept. 73-NY.
BOOKS-ON-FILE
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY 07087
or shop: 7014 Park Ave., Guttenberg, N.J.

Jasper's
HOLIDAY Award Winner
featuring
•Veal Lemonata Doré
•Fettuccine a l'Alfredo
405 West 75th Street, KANSAS CITY
BEBE MANGIARE BENE



You're looking at one of the things the $3,995 Audi has in common with the $10,350 Mercedes.

It's a diagram of a remarkably efficient heating and ventilation system. One that not only helps keep you nice and warm but also helps keep you nice and awake.

This bit of wizardry is performed by 35 strategically placed vents that completely change the air every 30 seconds at 45 mph. So while you're getting warm air at your feet, you can also get fresh air in your face. They also have the knack of keeping the temperature variation in the Audi within 3 degrees, front to back. So you and your family are kept quite comfortable.

And speaking of comfort, it might interest you to know that both the Audi and the Mercedes have seats that were designed by those experts of the human body: the orthopedic surgeons.

The uncanny resemblance between both cars continues: both have plush carpeting, a wooden dashboard and a rear window that defrosts electrically.

Mind you, the $10,350† Mercedes-Benz isn't the only great car the Audi has something in common with.

The Audi has the same type of steering system as the racing Ferrari. And the same trunk space as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV.

It's got the same ignition system as the Porsche 911. And just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow.

It's got independent front suspension like the Aston Martin, front-wheel drive like the Cadillac Eldorado and it gets the same expert service as a Volkswagen.

When you buy a car you get what you pay for.

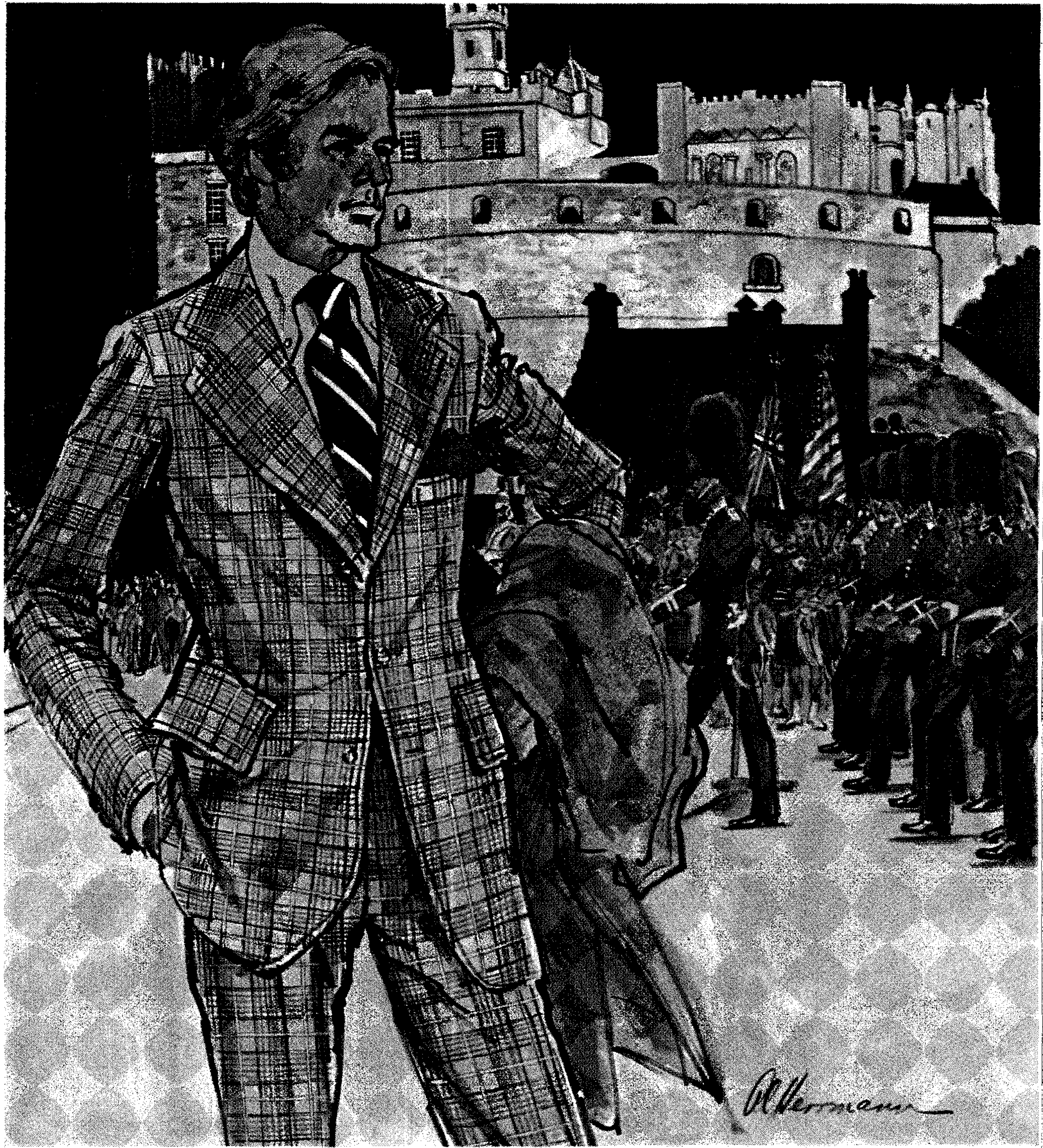
When you buy an Audi you get a lot more.

The $3,995* Audi®

It's a lot of cars for the money.

*Suggested retail price East Coast P.O.E. (West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher.) †Suggested retail price East Coast P.O.E. Mercedes-Benz 280SE $10,355. Local taxes and dealer delivery charges, if any, additional.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas



Gathering of the Clans

Graham & Gunn marshals a highland tattoo of plaids to enjoy now and on through summer. A skirl of crisply defined pattern and loch-clear colors in a weave of Dacron® polyester and finespun wool. Light as a mist. Cool as a glen. Tailored to a laird's liking in the long, lean lines of the Graham & Gunn Cumberland suit.

GRAHAM & GUNN, LTD.

Graham & Gunn suits are priced from $145 to $200, sport coats from $105 to $185 at these and other fine stores: COVENTRY HALL, Montgomery • ASCOT SHOP, LaJolla • HIBBS, Colorado Springs • RICHARD THOMAS, Hamden, Conn. • DOUGLAS ALLEN, Pensacola • MORRIS LEVY, Savannah • CAPPER & CAPPER, Chicago, Detroit • ROPER'S, Boise • FITZGIBBON, INC., Moline • FORBES CLOTHIERS, Quincy • SULLIVAN'S, Bloomington, Ind. • TERRY & JUDEN, New Orleans • MARCEL, Worcester • ED HELM, Jackson • LEW HUBBARD, Kalamazoo • JACK HENRY, Kansas City • SQUIRE'S, St. Louis • BARTH'S, Springfield, Mo. • ROOT'S, Summit, RedBank • F. R. TRIPLER, New York • WOMBLES, Raleigh • PEER GORDON, LTD., Cleveland • DAVID EDMUND, Lima • W. A. SNIFFEN, Marietta • KOUNTZ & RIDER, Pittsburgh • HARDIE & CAUDLE, Chattanooga • EVERETT HOLZAPFEL, Nashville • DU COTE'S, Beaumont • WASHER BROS., Ft. Worth • NORTON DITTO, Houston • JACK LYONS, Ogden • LITTLER, Seattle